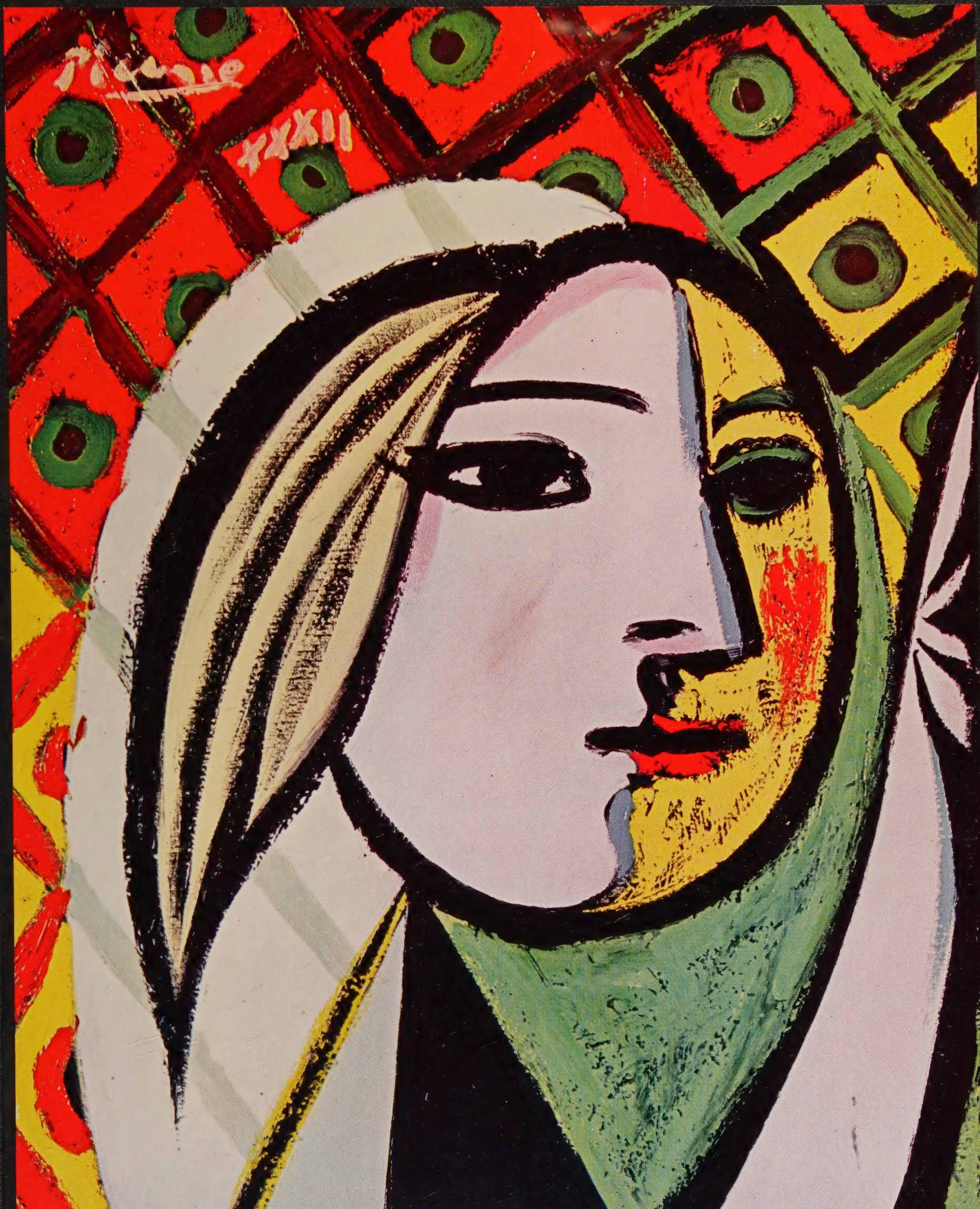
HORIZON


Picasso
XXXII

WINTER 1965

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HORIZON

WINTER, 1965 · VOLUME VII, NUMBER 1

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René Joffroy and the Vix Krater

"Unwearying Bronze," the title of Michael Ayrton's article in this issue, is, as the author notes, Homer's term for the metal from which the smith-god Hephaestus fashioned the armor of Achilles. More than one hundred lines of the *Iliad* are devoted to a detailed account of this brazen gear, so resplendent when it was completed that Achilles's awe-stricken comrades were forced to turn their eyes from it. As Mr. Ayrton points out, numerous magnificent examples of bronzework have survived from the ancient world; but nothing remotely comparable to this elaborate harness has come to light. It seems reasonable to conclude that Homer's description is a fabulous growth of some early legend.

Yet so much that was long considered myth and poetic allegory has been substantiated as historical reality by archaeological discoveries of the past several generations, that we are more trustful than our grandfathers in reading epics of the remote past. Still thinking of bronze, we find in the *Histories* of Herodotus references to a great krater, or wine bowl, ornamented with a frieze of figures about its rim and so huge that it would hold twenty-five hundred gallons. This vessel, he was told, had been made in the sixth century B.C. by the Lacedaemonians as a tribute to King Croesus of Lydia, whose friendship they treasured. However, for reasons not altogether clear to Herodotus, the gift never reached its destination. It was stolen or sold and reportedly placed in the Temple of Hera on the island of Samos. And its like is not again mentioned in the annals of antiquity.

Herodotus is not celebrated for his accuracy in details, and until recently scholars were inclined to accept his description of a bronze bowl of such colossal proportions as an amiable exaggeration of the facts. Beyond that, to be sure, had such a vessel actually been made, its survival to our own day was virtually inconceivable.

Then, in 1953, at Vix in Burgundy, a few miles from what the *Guide Michelin* refers to as *"la coquette ville de Chatillon,"* René Joffroy unearthed from the grave of a young Celtic princess the great bronze bowl illustrated on page 21. Dating approximately from the time of Croesus and apparently of Greek workmanship, this sensational find stands five feet four inches high, weighs almost a quarter of a ton, and is richly ornamented with a frieze of figures about its rim. It is the largest metal vessel known to

PHOTOGRAPHS ALBANE, PARIS

Joffroy and Vix krater

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have survived from antiquity; its similarity in size and in the nature of its decoration to the bowl described by Herodotus is startling. Just how and why such a magnificent import from the classical world should have found its way to a barbaric Celtic community in what is now the heart of Burgundy remains a matter for surmise.

Frieze from the krater

In this connection it is well to remember that in the centuries preceding Caesar's conquest of Gaul the Celtic tribes exercised sovereignty over a large part of Europe north of the Alps and the Balkans, and their bargaining power must have been considerable. Who and what the Celts were are important questions in the evolution of European civilization. In our next issue Geoffrey Bibby, the British archaeologist, will trace the emergence of these warlike people from the mists of prehistory—people whose tribal culture once prevailed over such a wide area of the Western world and left such enduring traces where it escaped the impact of the Roman conquests.

THE EDITORS

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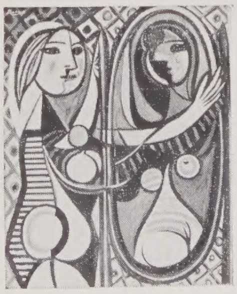

COVER: No single painting can wholly epitomize the protean art of Pablo Picasso, but this detail from his *Girl Before a Mirror* (shown in full at the left) combines in one complex image two extremes of his style: the revolutionary and, in the girl's pure classical profile, the traditional. The artist is the subject of an article by John Canaday beginning on page 65. The painting (1932) is in the Museum of Modern Art, New York, a gift of Mrs. Simon Guggenheim.

The Pleasures of

"A Fine Slope to the Grave,"
said one Georgian commentator;
but Bath's charm and gaiety
were very much alive, and beguiled
the best society of England

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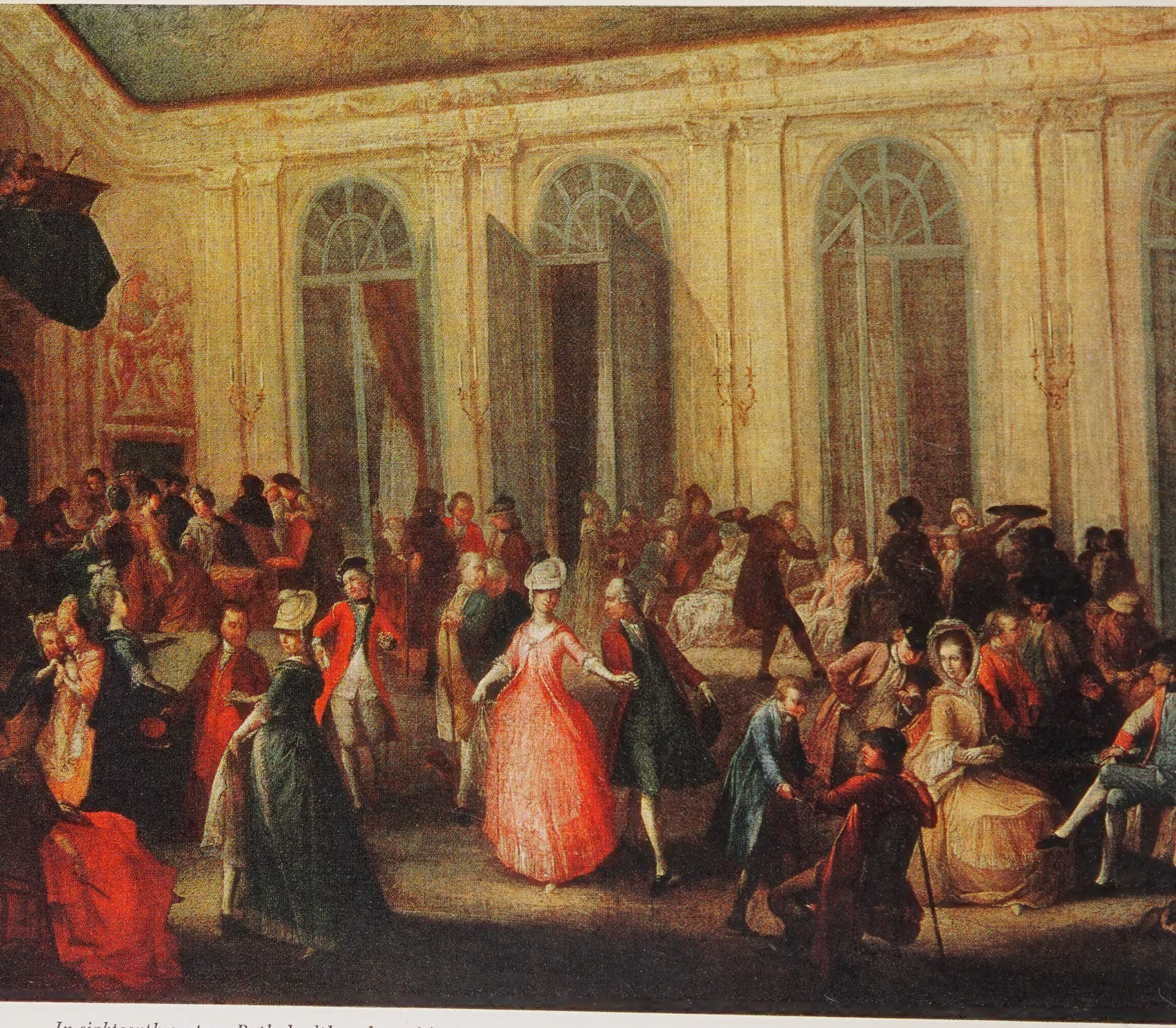
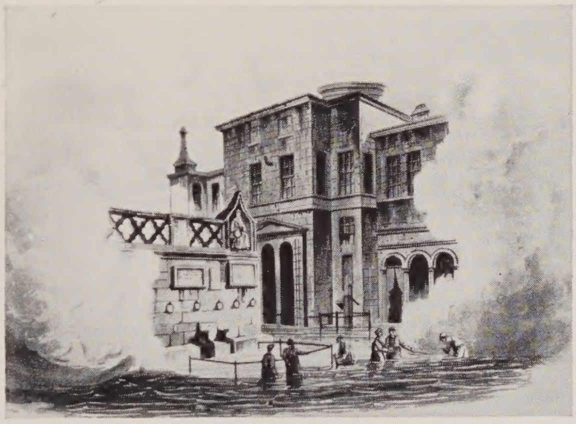


In eighteenth-century Bath, health-seekers visited a public bath each morning and then repaired to the Pump Room to sip glasses of hot mineral water. Judging from this contemporary painting of the Pump Room in 1780, the effect was highly restorative.

Bath in the Eighteenth Century

By IRIS ORIGO

There is, and has always been, an especial magic attached to the idea of healing springs. In antiquity they were believed to be the abode of nymphs, or sometimes of a god; in the Middle Ages a saint was often considered to have imparted his virtue to the waters. Moreover the spas that have sprung up around them have always been places to which people have gone not only for health but for pleasure, healing being promoted by gaiety, and gaiety increased by the return of health. Dancing, music, theatregoing, gambling, picnicking, and the joys of love—these are the traditional pleasures of watering places, and there are few cities in which they have been cultivated more assiduously and delightfully than in Bath, in the west of England.



Close to the Pump Room was the steamy King's Bath

The legend of this city's foundation goes back a long way. In the days of Lud Hudibras, king of Britain—who was believed to be the great-grandson of Aeneas—his son Bladud became afflicted with leprosy and, flying from the splendors of his father's court, became a humble swineherd in the oak woods beside the Avon. Here he observed that his pigs, which had contracted his disease, rushed to wallow in the hot, bubbling swamps that lay below the wood, and emerged cured of their affliction; he hastened to follow their example and was likewise healed. He then cleansed the springs, and founded the city of Bath.

In Roman times this city, then called Aquae Sulis, was occupied very soon after the conquest, and was probably much frequented during the reigns of Claudius and Nero and especially under Vespasian, Tacitus's theory being that the use of these waters formed part of Agricola's subtle plan to complete the conquest of the "rude and primitive" Britons by softening and enervating them. "Little by little they were lured to the blandishments of vice, to porticoes and baths, and to luxurious feasts," thus learning "to mistake the path of servitude for the highroad to culture." The hot and bubbling springs, rich in radioactivity, arose in Roman times from the center of what is now the King's Bath—beside which lay the Great Bath, the smaller Circular Bath, and the sweating chambers, while not far off stood the small temple of Sul-Minerva, in which coal fires burned perpetually. Here, according to the wise policy of Rome, the cult of the local deity, Sul (perhaps a Celtic sun god), had not been destroyed but merely merged with that of Minerva, whose owl and helmet may still be seen beneath a shield portraying a fierce and apparently Celtic male gorgon.

After the departure of the Romans and the occupation of the west of Britain by the Anglo-Saxons in about 577, Bath disappears for a while into oblivion, but by the tenth century it was already the site of a great Benedictine monastery, and in 973 King Edgar was crowned in the Abbey Church. For some centuries the life of Bath centered around its monastery and the building and rebuilding of its great church, but the use of the springs also continued, though the descriptions left of them by their patrons suggest that they were much less agreeable than in Roman times. According to John Leland, during the reign of Henry VIII the baths were promiscuously frequented by patients diseased "with Lepre, Pokkes, Scabbes, and great Aches," as well as by women seeking an aid to fertility (later on, both Catherine of Braganza and Mary of Modena were among these), in water which "reeketh like a seething Potte continually." In the time of James I the baths were described as being "like so many Bear Gardens . . . People of both Sexes bathing by Day and Night naked; and Dogs, Cats, and even human creatures were hurl'd over the rails into the water." Even Pepys, though he enjoyed seeing so many fine ladies, wondered (when he came there in 1668) whether it could be clean "to go so many bodies together in the same water," and as late as 1716 the Duchess of Marlborough wrote that she had never seen "any Place Abroad that had more Stinks and Dirt in it than Bath."

The streets were dark, narrow, and unpaved, the lodgings expensive and dirty, the carriers of the sedan chairs rude, and—if we are to believe Steele and Smollett—the ignorance of the Bath physicians (before the advent of the good Dr. Oliver) was only equaled by their eagerness to acquire patients. As to diversions, they were extremely restricted: there was no regular entertainment but gambling, the only theatre was a small, airless room, and if the visitors wished to dance, they could do so only upon the bowling green.

All this was changed by the arrival in 1702, in the wake of Queen Anne, of an enterprising young adventurer whose name is permanently linked to Bath's—Beau Nash (see page 8). A young man whose chief gifts were a fine taste in clothes and manners, a knowledge of the laws of precedence and etiquette, an authoritative manner, a passion for gambling, and a warm and generous heart, he was soon appointed Master of the Ceremonies, and he then ruled for forty years, in his three-cornered white hat, as the uncrowned king of Bath. He caused the streets to be properly paved and lighted; he opened with great éclat a new Pump Room and also the first Assembly Rooms, close to the North Parade—in which, according to Lord Chesterfield, he "looked so fine" on one occasion, in his gold-laced clothes, "that, standing by chance in the middle of the dancers, he was taken by many at a distance for a gilt garland." He inspired the building of a theatre, and later, with Dr. Oliver (page 13), of the Royal Mineral Water Hospital. For visitors he drew up a code of behavior which not only increased their elegance—since no woman was allowed to appear in the Assembly Rooms in an apron, nor a man in riding boots—but also improved their manners and their morals: dueling and the wearing of swords were forbidden, and scandal was discouraged. If a man appeared in riding boots, the Beau would go up to him and ask whether he had forgotten his horse; he once tore a white apron off a duchess, declaring that she looked like her own waiting woman; and he refused the favor of one more dance beyond the established hours to George II's daughter, the Princess Amelia. In short, he maintained, as Goldsmith put it, that "although ceremony is very different from politeness, no country was ever yet polite which was not first ceremonious."

It was during his time and with his encouragement that Bath began to take on an entirely different aspect: the one that it still has today. Two men were largely responsible for this change: the generous and civic-minded Ralph Allen, who (in addition to reforming the English postal service) developed the local quarries of soft, honey-colored stone used for the buildings, and John Wood, an architect from Yorkshire who, imbued with a passion for classical architecture, planned a city beside the Avon with buildings as harmonious as those with which Palladio had adorned the banks of the Brenta and the Po. It is to Wood that we owe, in addition to the Royal Mineral Water Hospital and the North and South parades, the dignity and grace of Queen Square and Gay Street and the fantastic virtuosity of the Circus, and it was his son, the younger Wood, who designed and built the exquisite Upper Assembly Rooms and the magnificent thousand-foot sweep of the Royal Crescent, one of the most completely satisfying architectural creations in England.

By the second half of the century Bath had become one of the most beautiful towns in Europe, and the fashionable society of London flocked there—no longer only to drink the waters but to enjoy themselves. "They went there well," said Horace Walpole, "and came away cured." Many, however, did not like the new buildings nearly as much as we do today. Smollett, for instance, declared that the Circus seemed to him merely "a pretty bauble . . . like Vespasian's amphitheatre turned outside in," while Mrs. Montagu, the famous bluestocking, considered the houses much too small. "I always take the largest that can be got in the Circus or Crescent," she wrote in 1779. "On the outside it appears a good stone edifice; in the inside, it is a nest of boxes, in which I would be stifled, if the masonry were not so bad as to let in the winds in many places." As for Walpole, he found the whole place exceedingly disappointing. "Their new buildings," he wrote, "that are so admired, look like a collection of little hospitals; the rest is detestable, and all crammed together, with perpendicular hills that have no beauty."

Even Horace Walpole, however, conceded the dignity and grace of the two wide-spreading wings and boldly projecting Corinthian portico of Prior Park, the magnificent country seat which the elder Wood had built on Widcombe Combe for Ralph Allen. Here the self-made Maecenas, whom Alexander Pope referred to in his verses as "humble Allen," entertained the leading men of letters, actors, and artists of the day—Pope and his inseparable companion Martha Blount, Fielding and Richardson and Smollett, Garrick and Quin, the Woods and Gainsborough and Hoare—and here, we are told, "the great Lord Chatham used to repair, devoured by gout, resentment, and disappointment, and leave the government to its fate." Allen was endowed with one grace rare in patrons

A favorite promenade for people of fashion was the North Parade (opposite above), commanding a broad view of the town. The bridge, spanning the Avon, is by Robert Adam. Lansdown Crescent (opposite below), one of the several crescents of classically ornamented row houses that give Bath such architectural distinction, was built in the last decade of the century by John Palmer.

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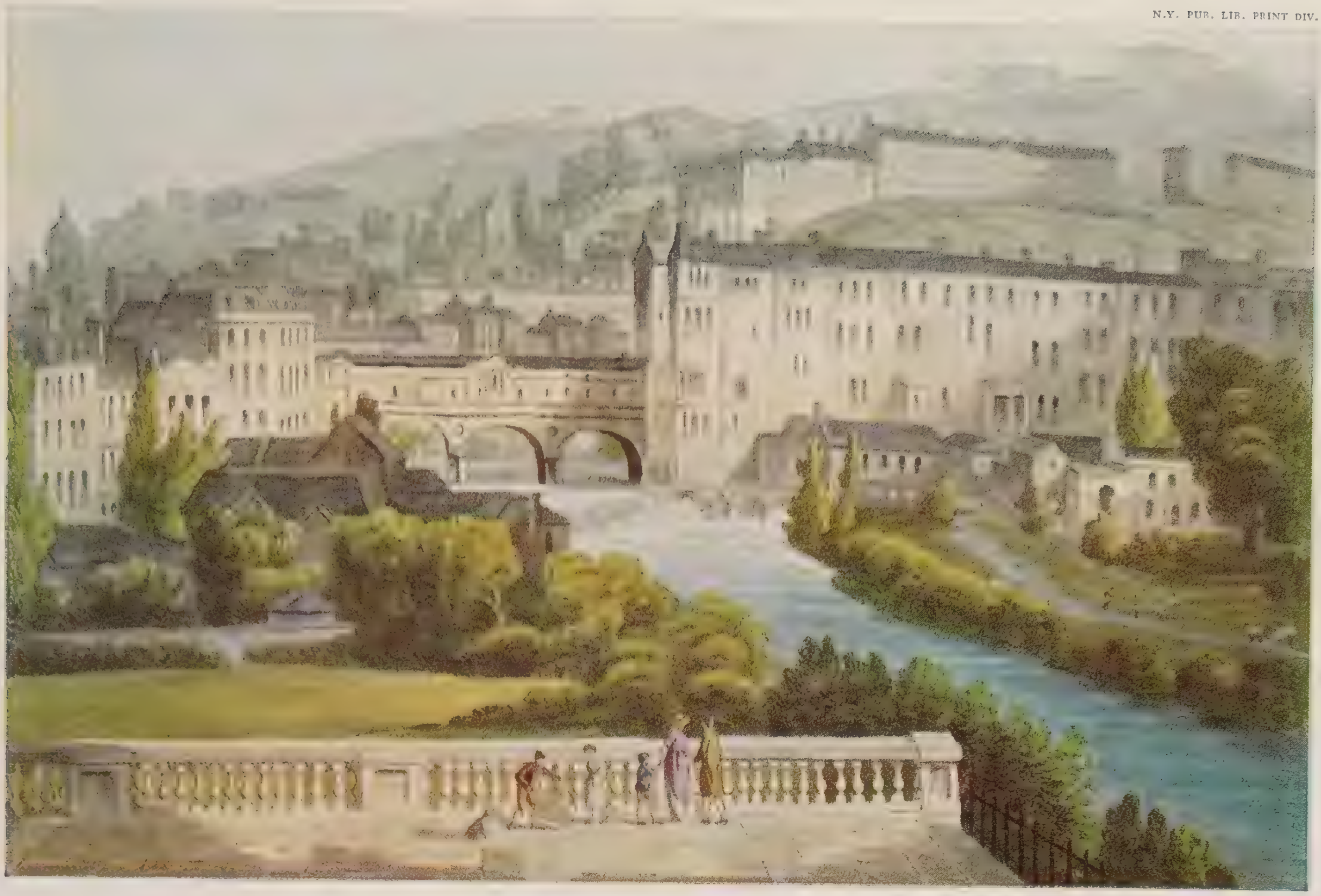

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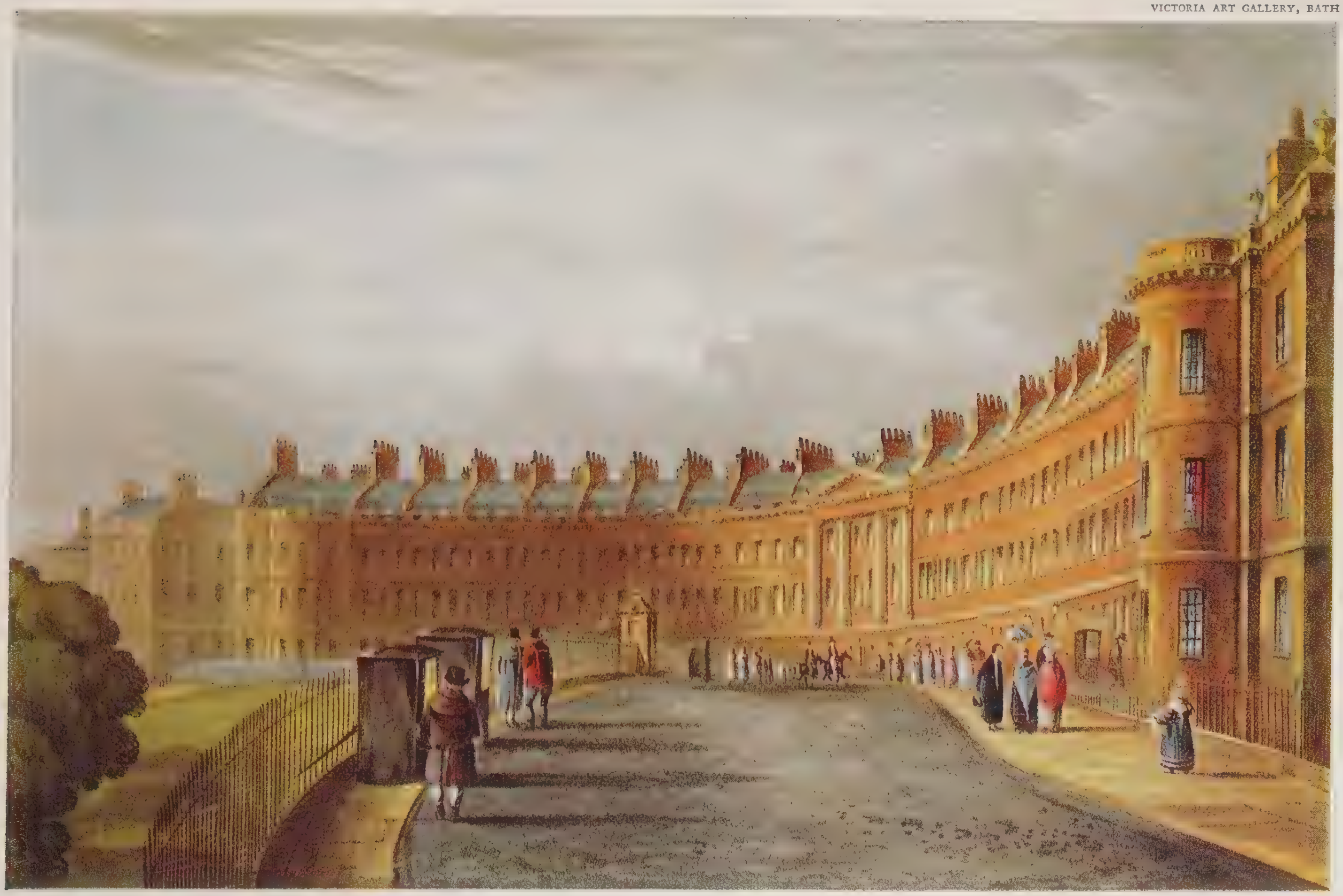
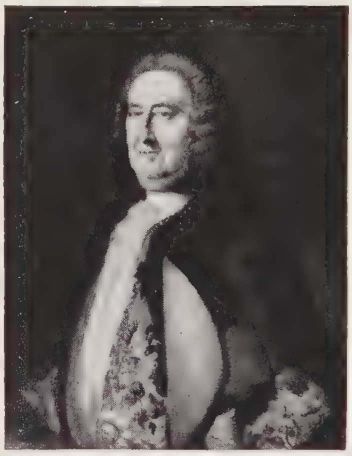


of any age: he left his guests in peace. It was he whom Fielding described in *Tom Jones* under the name of Squire Allworthy: "Neither Mr. Allworthy's house, nor his heart, were shut against any part of mankind, but they were both more particularly open to men of merit. To say the truth, this was the only house in the kingdom where you were sure to gain a dinner by deserving it . . . every person in this house was perfect master of his own time."

It is largely owing to these literary guests at Prior Park that we have so vivid a picture of eighteenth-century Bath and are able to share the daily life of its visitors, hour by hour. After three days on the road, guests from London were welcomed by a peal of bells from the Abbey, which informed the whole town of their arrival, and from that moment they never needed to pass a single hour idle or alone. First, before breakfast, they could spend the early morning drinking the waters or bathing in the Cross Bath or the King's Bath, the men dressed in linen drawers and jackets, the ladies in palm-leaf hats and a brown linen costume that billowed out and concealed the figure, and moving, according to Pope, with a motion "something betwixt swimming and walking." Each lady had a little floating bowl beside her, to hold her handkerchief and scented nosegay and beauty patches, and perhaps also some snuff. The shorter women were well advised to leave the bath when any very tall companion entered it, such as the gaunt Dowager Duchess of Norfolk, who ordered more water to flow in until it reached her chin, causing ladies of lesser stature and rank to fly shrieking to dry land. After the bath, the visitors were carried in sedan chairs to their lodgings and wrapped in warm blankets for a thorough sweat. They would come out again an hour or two later to be ferried across the Avon for a breakfast party in the Spring Gardens. It was very damp in this "sweet retreat," and the richness of the sweet buttered rolls counteracted some of the benefits of the cure (although it was believed that to dance there was good for rheumatism). After this, the ladies could show off their elegant gowns while walking up and down the Parade, or reading and gossiping in the bookshops. The afternoon could be spent in visits, and the evening either at the Orchard Street Theatre, at a concert or a dance in the Assembly Rooms, or at a private party.

VICTORIA ART GALLERY, BATH



Beau Nash had a dazzling lot of embroidered coats, but his hat was invariably a large white tricorn.

Private parties, however, were not held in Bath until the later part of the century. Under the rule of Beau Nash, there had been only one society in his city: that of the Pump Room and the Assembly Rooms. It was not until after his death in 1761, in poverty and neglect, that each section of that varied society was also able to seek, in private parties, the company which it preferred. For, that the society of Bath was now an extremely diversified one, all accounts confirm. There were the fashionable visitors from London; there was the pious congregation of Methodists, patronized by the austere Countess of Huntingdon; there was the feverish world of the gamblers and the circles of the writers, artists, and musicians. And there was also, according to Smollett, "Every upstart of fortune . . . Clerks and factors from the East Indies . . . planters, negro drivers, and hucksters, from our American plantations, enriched they know not how . . . usurers, brokers, and jobbers of every kind; men of low birth, and no breeding . . . and all of them hurry to Bath, because here, without any further qualification, they can mingle with the princes and nobles of the land."

These societies mingled indeed—in the sense that they jostled each other in the baths and the Assembly Rooms—but they did not mix. The Methodists considered Bath to be, in Wesley's phrase, "Satan's own headquarters"; the great ladies from London thought the Methodists gloomy, sanctimonious, and ill-bred, and wondered that Lady Huntingdon should give them her support. "It is monstrous," the Duchess of Buckingham wrote to her, "to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl the earth . . . and I cannot but wonder that your Ladyship should relish any sentiments so much at variance with high rank and good breeding." The lively young people came to Bath chiefly for its balls, held twice a week in the Assembly Rooms, which began, as in Beau Nash's time, with formal minuets. "Here," wrote Henry Greville in his memoirs, "my Uncle Harry Greville, the handsomest man of his day, used to dance minuets, while all the company got on to tables and chairs to look at him." The gamblers lived in a world of their own, losing and winning enormous sums night after night at ombre and faro, and especially at a kind of roulette called EO, limiting their conversation, as Mrs. Montagu complained, to their health and their cards. " 'How d'ye do' is all one hears in the morning," she said, "and 'What's trumps?' in the afternoon." Lord Chesterfield said that, while there were both sharpers and gentlemen among them, he himself preferred to play with the sharpers, because the courtesies exchanged between gentlemen often ended in his not being paid at all. Cheating received violent and summary treatment: one culprit was thrown out of the window by his fellow players, and another had his hand pinned to the table by a fork. "Sir," said his adversary, "if you have not got a card hidden under that hand, I apologize."

There were also, however, many visitors who greatly preferred to spend their evenings in small parlors at home, talking to each other. Some of them went to Mrs. Thrale's lodgings on the North Parade, to which she had come in order to distract herself from her grief at the death of her little son. "Be not solitary," the great Dr. Johnson had advised her, "be not idle." He helped her to follow his advice by going to Bath with her, and was often to be seen on her doorstep, turning out his pockets for a swarm of beggars, in spite of the protests of his companions that the money would only be spent on gin and tobacco. "And why," he thundered, "should they be denied such sweeteners of their existence? Life is a pill which none of us can bear to swallow without gilding; yet for the poor we delight in stripping it still barer." And a few minutes later he would be in his chair by the fire upstairs, with "his whole vast person looking," according to Fanny Burney, "as if it were going to roll itself from his chair to the ground at any moment . . . blowing out his breath like a whale" and declaring that he considered the mixed bathing in Bath "an instance of barbarity that he believed could not be paralleled in any part of the world."

And then, of course, there were the celebrated literary parties of Sir John and Lady Miller at Batheaston—"a new Parnassus," wrote Walpole, "composed of three laurels, a myrtle tree, a weeping willow, and a view of the Avon." These parties were extremely absurd, but very well attended. One day no fewer than fifty carriages were observed drawn up before the villa, four of them containing duchesses. According to Fanny Burney, Lady Miller's movements were "bustling, her air mock-important, and her manners inelegant." But she had been to Italy and had bought a large antique vase; she had attended the Arcadian Academy and had listened to the impromptu composition of verses to given rhymes. She decided that Bath should benefit by her experiences. Once a fortnight she gave out a subject, on which her guests wrote verses and slipped them into the vase; then "some young nymph put in her delicate arm" to draw out a verse, which was read aloud, and the winner was awarded a crown of myrtle. "There was never," said Walpole, "anything so entertaining, or so dull." But one day there was a contretemps. Some unkind wit put into the vase some verses "which wounded the delicacy of all the blushing fair ones present." What was actually said, we can only surmise, but one lady wrote that poor Lady Miller had been "severely and hardly used." And the meetings were given up, forever.

The Batheaston parties, however, represented only that fringe of the world of letters—the fashionable world playing at Bohemia—which has always been characteristic of English society. The real artists, musicians, and actors gathered elsewhere—at Prior Park, at the taverns, or in each other's houses—and regarded the cavalcade of visitors from London chiefly as food for copy, or the source of their daily bread. The artist who most frankly expressed this opinion of his fashionable patrons was Thomas Gainsborough. "Damn gentlemen," he wrote from Bath to his friend William Jackson, the organist of Exeter Cathedral. "There is not such a set of Enemies to a real artist in the world as they are, if not kept at a proper distance. They think (and so may you for a while) that they reward you by their Company and Notice, but I, who blow away all the chaff, and by God in their eyes too, if they don't stand clear, know that they have but one part worth looking at, and that is their purse." "Painters' Plagues" was his name for his patrons, especially when they pestered him to deliver their portraits punctually. "I wish you would recollect," he wrote to one of them, "that Painting and Punctuality mix like Oil and Vinegar."

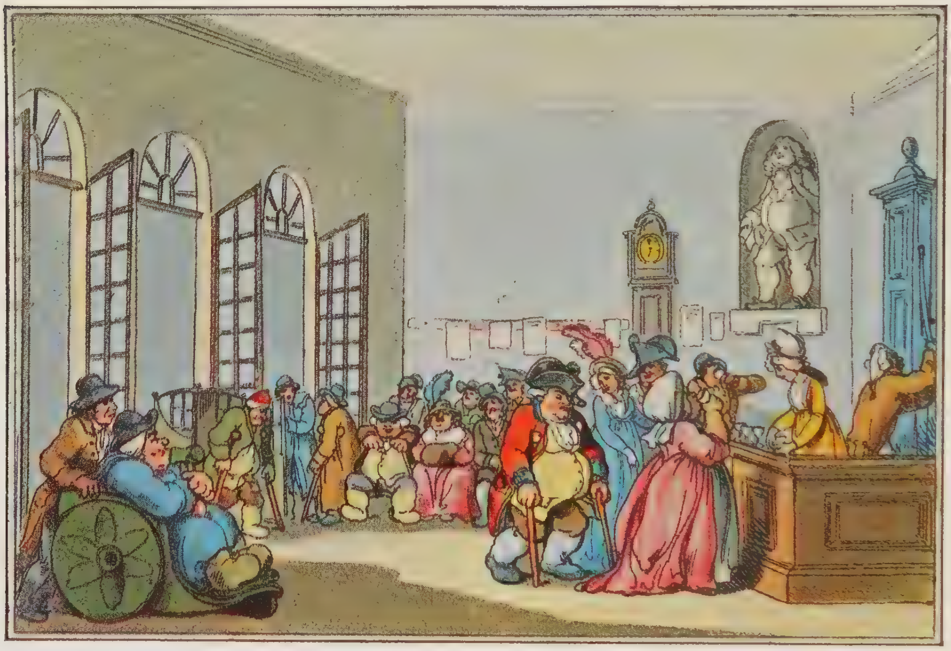
It was then the fashion to be painted in fancy dress, but Gainsborough—who prided himself above all things in catching a true likeness, which he called "the principal beauty and intention of a Portrait"—often refused point-blank to satisfy his clients in this respect. "Nothing can be more absurd," he wrote to Lord Dartmouth, "than the foolish custom of painting people like Scaramouches and expecting the likeness to appear . . . A Tune may be so confused by a false Bass that, if it is ever so plain, simple, and full of meaning, it will become a jumble or worse, and just so shall a handsome face be overset by a fictitious bundle of trumpery of the foolish Painter's own inventing."

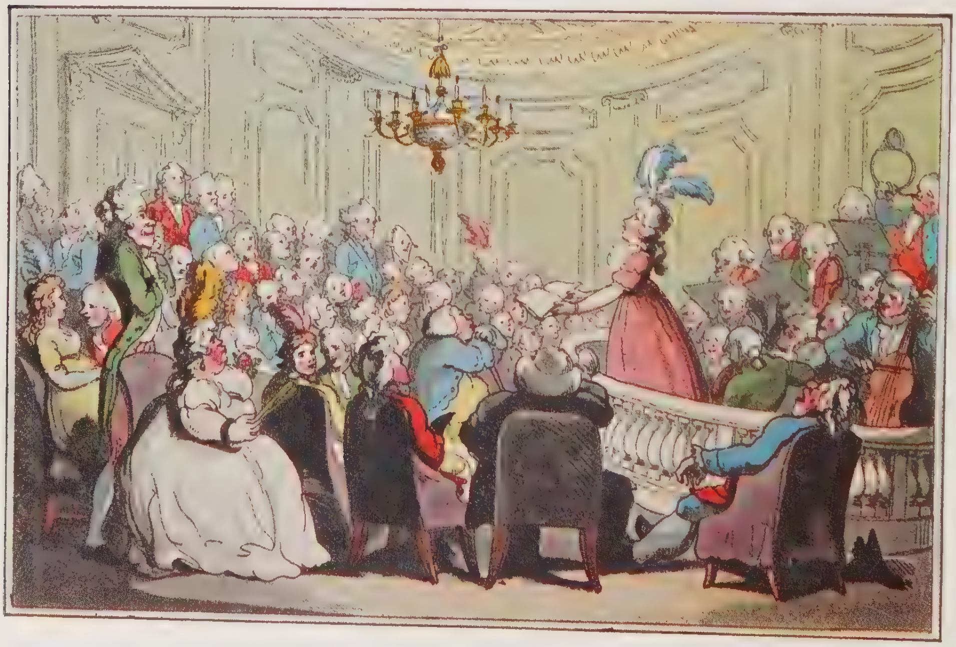
Gainsborough lived in Bath for sixteen years, from 1759 to 1775, and during that time he painted some of his loveliest landscapes—in particular near Hampton Rocks and beside a great elm tree which has since been called Gainsborough's Elm. But mainly he painted portraits—first at five guineas each, then at eight, and then at forty—his subjects including all the most fashionable visitors from London, the great actors of the day, the painters and musicians and demimondaines, and even some of the literary men, though they were, according to Jackson, "his aversion." "So far from writing," Jackson added, "he scarcely ever read a book" (being in this like another visitor to Bath, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, who exclaimed: "Books? Pray don't talk to me of books. The only books I know are men and cards"). But undoubtedly the subjects Gainsborough best liked to paint were the great actors and musicians.

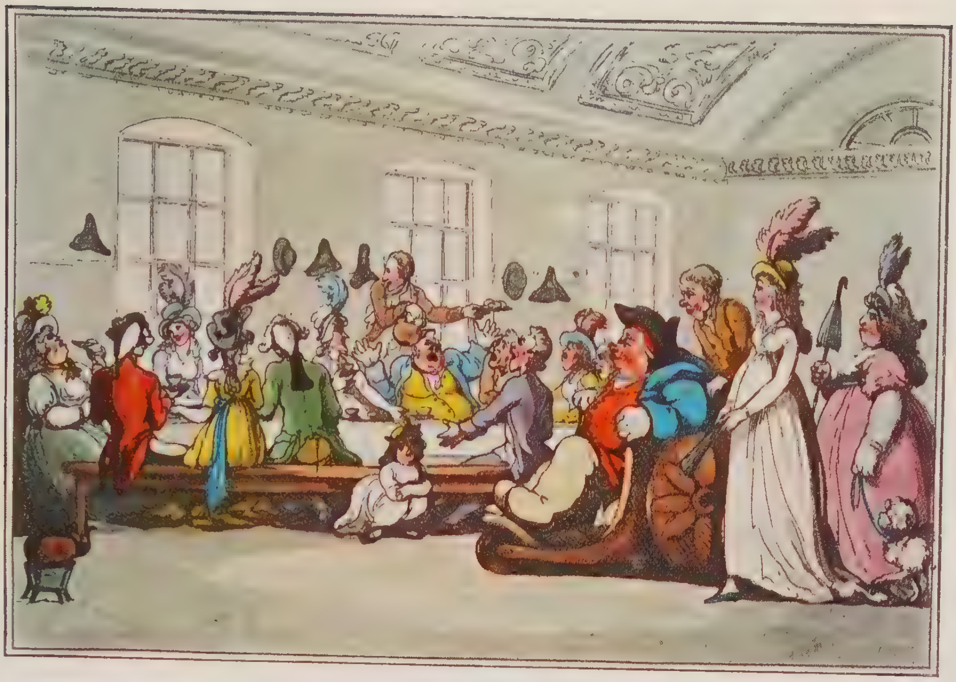
If painting was Gainsborough's profession, music may be said to have been his passion. "There never was a poor devil," he said of himself, "so fond of harmony, with so little knowledge of it." There has been much controversy among his biographers as to whether he was really as technically inept as would appear from the stories of his friends, who said that he was "too capricious to study any instrument methodically." But that music was his greatest delight, every story confirms. On one occasion he was so enchanted by the violin solo of one of his friends, a Colonel Hamilton, that he promised to give him one of his pictures, *The Boy and the Stile,* if only he would go on playing—and this his guest did, departing an hour later in a hackney coach with the picture under his arm! Gainsborough also exchanged two of his own

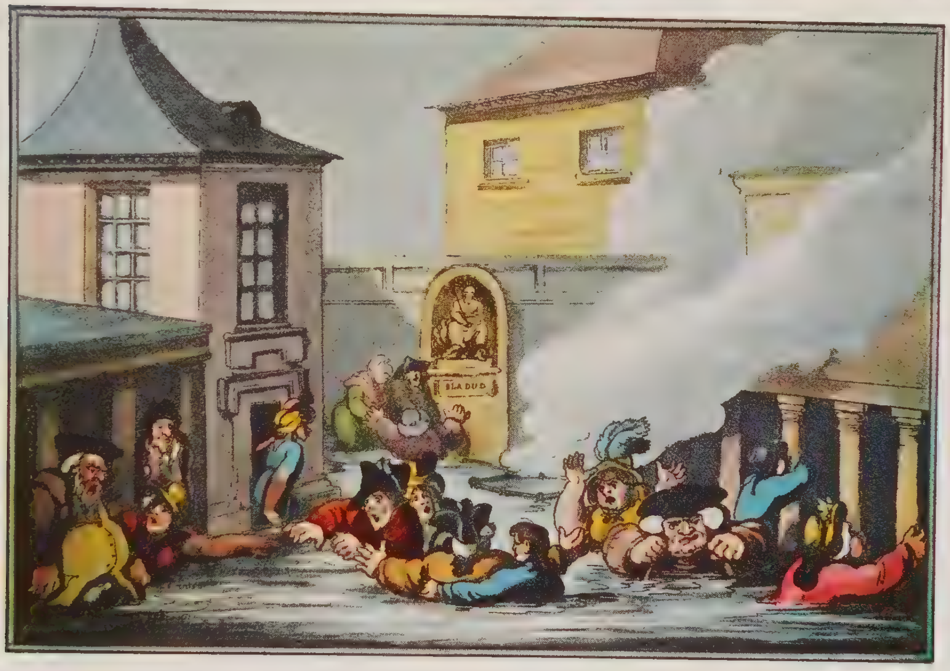
The Comforts of Bath

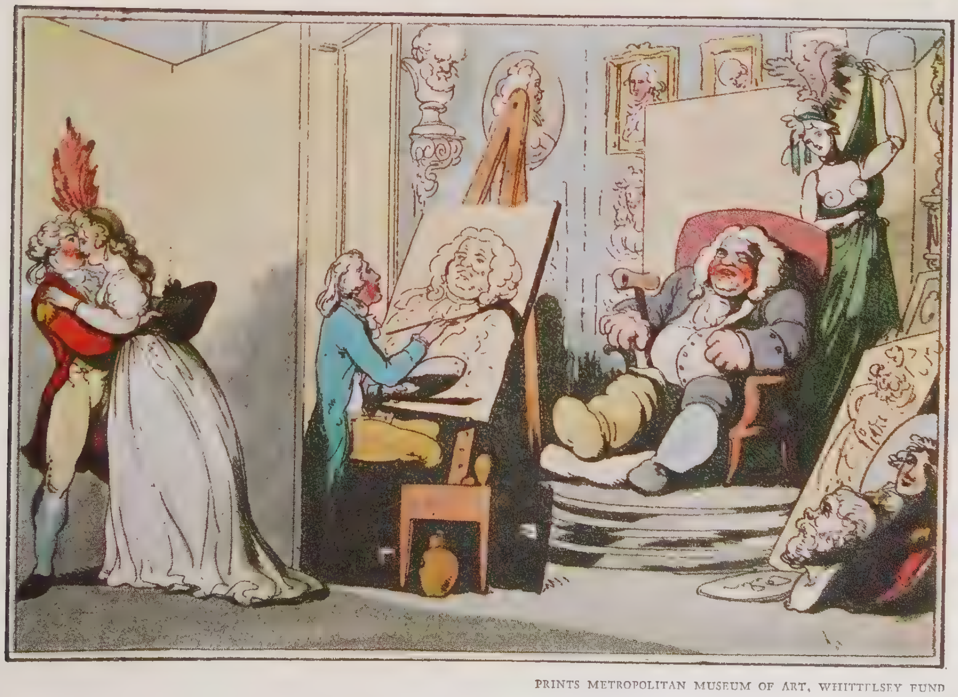
By the end of the century, the best society of Bath had abandoned the Pump Room and Assembly Rooms in favor of private parties. In 1798 Thomas Rowlandson published a series of prints under the title "Comforts of Bath," recording the progress of a gout sufferer through the diminished splendor of Beau Nash's precincts. Five of these prints are reproduced here: the first shows the old gentleman about to sample the waters at the Pump Room (the statue represents Beau Nash); the second shows an Assembly Room concert. On the opposite page our hero arrives at a breakfast party. This does not look likely to improve his gout, and neither does his next adventure—a wallow in the King's Bath, where he strives to hold himself upright in the swirling waters. Nevertheless, he apparently feels well enough to sit for his portrait—while a young couple in the corner concentrate on matters of more importance to them.











PRINTS METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, WHITTELSEY FUND landscapes for a viola belonging to the German violinist Abel, and when the violinist Giardini was playing in Bath, he "was frantic until he possessed the very instrument which had given him so much pleasure—but seemed surprised that the music of it remained with Giardini!"

The two greatest actors of the day, too—Garrick and Quin—were among Gainsborough's subjects. When, for the Shakespearean Festival at Stratford-on-Avon in 1767, the corporation of Bath asked him to paint Garrick's portrait, he gladly accepted, deciding to show the actor with his arm around a bust of Shakespeare, but to portray Shakespeare's expression as he himself imagined it. "Damn the Original Pictures of him," he wrote, "for I think a stupider face I never beheld . . . I intend to take the Form from his picture and statues, just enough to preserve his likeness past the doubt of all blockheads, and supply a Soul from his Works."

It was in this same year, 1772, that Garrick sent a new young actor to Bath—a Mr. Henderson, who first appeared in the Orchard Street Theatre in the part of Hamlet. Gainsborough hurried to hear him, became his friend, painted his portrait, and advised him to model himself upon Garrick in every respect. Whether on account of this advice, or in spite of it, Henderson became one of the best actors of his time. It was during one of his Shakespearean performances in Bath that a little lame Scottish boy of four was brought for the first time to the theatre to see *As You Like It,* and after watching the brothers' fight in the first act, called out in shocked surprise, "A'n't they brothers?" His name was Walter Scott, and, as he wrote later on, a very short acquaintance with family life after he returned home to Scotland was enough to convince him "that a quarrel between brothers was a very natural event." But what he could never forget was the magic of his first introduction to the stage. He described the "light, brilliant as that of day," the music, "the slow rise of the shadowy curtain, disclosing, as if by actual magic, a new land . . . inhabited by a race of beings different from ourselves, whose language is poetry."

It was a pity that Scott could not have stayed on in Bath for three years longer, for then he might have seen the debut of the woman for whom poetry was indeed the language of daily life, both on the stage and off it—the incomparable, if somewhat formidable, Mrs. Siddons. A beautiful young woman of twenty-three, struggling to make her name while at the same time looking after her two small children, she had been unsuccessful in Garrick's company in London; but Henderson declared that he had discovered in her "an actress who never had an equal," and it was in the Orchard Street Theatre in Bath, in a play of Vanbrugh's, that she scored her first success and was given a permanent engagement at three pounds a week. But her life was indeed an exhausting one: plays were performed three times a week both in Bristol and in Bath, so that, after rehearsing in Bath on a Monday afternoon, she would drive twelve miles to Bristol to act there that same night and on Tuesday would hurry back to Bath to rehearse and to perform there again that evening, studying her parts as best she could while traveling, or while her children were asleep.

Gainsborough was able to paint her, as he preferred, in contemporary dress, but it was in costume (as Zara and as *The Grecian Daughter*) that two early drawings were made of her by another famous painter, whose genius and life were to be closely intertwined with hers: young Master Thomas Lawrence, then a handsome, charming, and singularly precocious boy of thirteen. His facility with a drawing pencil and his gift for reciting verse had been exploited from his earliest childhood by his father, an innkeeper, who told all his guests that Reynolds had called his son "the most promising genius he had ever met with." On moving to Bath he put an advertisement in the *Bath Chronicle* stating that "Master Lawrence takes very striking likenesses of ladies and gentlemen for a charge of one guinea for an oval crayon," and soon so many sitters flocked to the young artist's studio that, while Mrs. Siddons was still supporting her whole family on three pounds a week, Tom was bringing home nine or ten. It is hardly surprising that when an offer came from a patron to pay for the young genius's education in Rome, his father firmly replied that "his son's talents needed no further cultivation." He did, however, take him to hear Mrs. Siddons, and the impression that she made upon the boy lasted for his whole life.

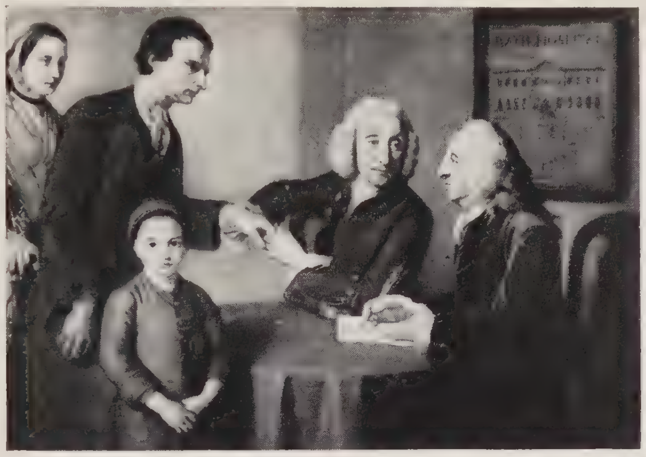
He was only thirteen—and we may guess that Mrs. Siddons, busy with her own children and her own struggles, merely smiled at the handsome boy. But little as she might guess it then, the bond between Lawrence and her family was to last for nearly a lifetime, since the painter, later on in London, had an unhappy three-cornered love affair with Mrs. Siddons's two daughters.

But with Mrs. Siddons and Lawrence we have wandered too far from the daily life of Bath—and from the music which, quite as much as the stage, had become one of the city's chief attractions. One place it could be heard was the Methodist Chapel, where a choir of boys and girls sang hymns in parts, to the tunes of old Scottish ballads. It became fashionable to go to hear them; but they sang for too long. "One would think," said Walpole, "that they were already in eternity, and knew how much time they had before them." On Sundays, too, one could go to the Abbey to listen to the organist, Thomas Chilcot, and every evening there were concerts in the Assembly Rooms, conducted by Thomas Linley, who had studied in Naples with Paradisi. Linley's chief claim to distinction lies in his passion for the works of Handel, which he restored to the notice of the public both in Bath and in London—and also instilled into his own children to such a degree that, we are told, his young daughter Maria raised herself upon her deathbed and sang a phrase of Handel's aria "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Linley's nine children, whom Dr. Burney called "a nest of singing linnets," played quite as large a part in the musical scene of Bath as their father. All nine of them were endowed with beauty, grace, and great musical gifts. "We are all geniuses here," one of them is supposed to have said in childhood to an amused visitor.

Their training began early, but this was not uncommon at the time. We first hear of Elizabeth Linley at the age of eight, "gracefully holding up her little basket for her father's benefit concert at the Pump Room door," and at the ages of twelve and eleven, she and her brother Tom made their own debut and then regularly took part in their father's concerts. Just as Master Lawrence had supported his father by his pencil, so the young Linleys, as a matter of course, assisted theirs, and once, when one of Handel's oratorios was being given, we hear of "the whole family supporting the singers, down to the seven-year-olds." Elizabeth, indeed, was formally articled to her father, which meant that until the age of twenty-one all her earnings were legally his. It soon, however, became plain to Mr. Linley that a girl like Elizabeth could do even better than go upon the stage. When she was only sixteen, he accepted on her behalf a rich suitor of at least sixty—a Mr. Walter Long who had a fine house in Gay Street. Settlements were made, jewels bestowed, but Elizabeth—though she had come to dislike singing in public so much that she would have welcomed any other escape from it—had the courage to tell her father that "if she married at all, she would marry only to be *free*," and finally wrote in despair to Mr. Long himself, asking him to end the engagement. Mr. Long behaved very well: he not only withdrew his proposal but insisted on her keeping his jewels and settled £3,000 upon her. But unfortunately the incident was not yet closed. A minor playwright, Samuel Foote, in search of sensational material, presented the whole story in a play entitled *The Maid of Bath,* in which Elizabeth was called Miss Linnet, and Long caricatured as "an old, fusty, shabby, shuffling, money-loving, water-drinking, milk-marring, amorous old hunks, Mr. Solomon Flint." The play was performed in London at the Haymarket with a prologue by Garrick.

ROYAL NATIONAL HOSPITAL FOR RHEUMATIC DISEASES, BATH



Dr. William Oliver (right) and another leading physician of Bath examine charity patients for the Royal Mineral Water Hospital, completed in 1742. (The plan is shown on the wall.)

It is at this point that a new figure enters the story, which has become one of the classic romances of the eighteenth century. Young Richard Sheridan, who had recently moved to Bath with his family, met and fell in love with Elizabeth. When, a few months later, she was being pestered by the attentions of a Captain Matthews of the Militia, a married man much older than herself, she decided that to save herself she would go off to France, where, by hiding in a convent until she was twenty-one, she could free herself both from Captain Matthews and from her obligations to her father. She enlisted the aid of Richard, who whisked her into a post chaise for London and secured a free passage to Dunkirk, but, on arriving in France, told her that he would not leave her until she had married him. Since she "already preferred Sheridan to every other man," she agreed, and the ceremony was performed in a Catholic church.

The odd thing about this marriage is not only that it was never consummated and was legally invalid (both parties being minors and Protestants) but that, on their return to England, both Sheridan and Elizabeth behaved as if it had never taken place, each of them vowing to their respective parents that they would never see one another again. For meanwhile Captain Matthews had published an advertisement in the *Bath Chronicle* denouncing Sheridan publicly as "a Liar and a treacherous Scoundrel." and Mr. Linley had hurried off to France and brought his daughter home again. All the traditional scenes of tragicomedy then took place. The fathers stormed, the lovers wept; they exchanged verses; they met in secret. Sheridan and Matthews fought two duels, in the second of which Sheridan was seriously wounded. Poor Elizabeth could not get to him, but she could write, and from her letters it is plain that by now she was quite as much in love as he. One particularly charming note was finished at midnight upon her knees, "half-naked" beside her bed. "My sister is very impatient that I don't come into bed, but I feel more happiness in this situation, tho' I am half froze, than in the warmest bed in England." But at last Mr. Linley's opposition gave way, and on April 13, 1773, the two were again married—this time for good—in Marylebone Church.

The Sheridans moved to London, but in the play with which Dick suddenly leapt into fame, *The Rivals*—and also later on in *The School for Scandal,* subtitled *A Pump-Room Scene*—we are back in Bath again. There is nothing to be gained by trying to identify the scenes in *The Rivals* with Sheridan's own story, or the characters with his wife, Matthews, and himself. For the real protagonist of these plays is Bath itself. The Pump Room and the Assembly Rooms, the circulating library and the Parades—it was there that, day after day, young Sheridan had become acquainted with Lydia Languish and Mrs. Malaprop, with Bob Acres and Captain Absolute. The gay, artificial, scandalous, busy comedy of life in Bath needed no falsification and little alteration to become a comedy of manners: the candles of the Assembly Rooms turned into the footlights of London. For Sheridan, and for Gainsborough and Lawrence and Mrs. Siddons, Bath had been the forcing house of their young talents: they went on to gather their laurels elsewhere.

With their departure, and as the turn of the century approached, Bath began to follow the fate of all watering places: it became less fashionable, less crowded, and also less expensive. "There is no place I have seen," wrote Fanny Burney (now the wife of the crippled General d'Arblay and returning to Bath with him after Waterloo), "where the inconveniences of a limited fortune are so lightly felt, nor where the people at large are so civilized . . . Town and country are united, health or pleasure bring here almost everybody. Equipage, servants, table, jewels, though, as elsewhere, very desirable, are not here indispensable."

A reflection of this change, too, may be found in the difference of atmosphere between the Bath of Jane Austen's *Northanger Abbey* (which she wrote—and sold for the sum of ten pounds—in 1803) and that of *Persuasion*, written some thirteen years later. In *Northanger Abbey* the great events of the day for Catherine Morland were still her visits to the Pump Room and the Assembly Rooms, where the crowd was so great that Catherine "linked her arm too firmly within her friend's to be torn asunder by any common effort of a struggling assembly," and, since "there was not a genteel face to be seen," the ladies "hastened away to the Crescent, to breathe the fresh air of better company." But in *Persuasion* Bath is no longer described as either gay or crowded. Brighton, thanks to the preference of the Regent, had become the elegant resort and Bath chiefly the residence of elderly invalids, retired officers from the Napoleonic wars, or impoverished landowners like Sir Walter Eliot, who found that "he might there be important at comparatively little expense." And when, in 1837, Dickens sent Mr. Pickwick there, the scene that he described in the Pump Room was as much a parody of its former elegance as Angelo Cyrus Bantam, Esq., M.C., was a caricature of Beau Nash. Bath, in short, had become what Quin had called it many years before: "The Cradle of Age, and a Fine Slope to the Grave."

One last belated figure of the eighteenth century, however, had arrived upon the scene in 1822, like one of the sputtering rockets that suddenly light up the sky when the blaze of fireworks has faded away. That eccentric and mysterious traveler William Beckford bought two houses, joined by a gallery, in Lansdown Crescent and erected on Lansdown Hill a tower 130 feet high, crowned with a cast-iron model of the temple of Lysicrates which contained pictures by Perugino, Raphael, and Bellini, ebony cabinets inlaid with lapis lazuli, Oriental paintings, and collections of precious stones. Here the author of *Vathek*—surrounded by an aura of mystery and by tales of the strange exotic rites which, it was whispered, took place behind the crimson curtains of his tower—spent the last years of his life. In Bath itself he found nothing to please him but the Abbey, and he described the city as "incredibly dingy and wretched . . . a paradise of idlers and corpses." Yet sometimes he would ride down there on his gray Arabian horse—attired in full eighteenth-century dress and attended by a small dwarf—and would bring back to his tower some surprised young man, to whom he would expatiate, in a Byronic vein, on the highly romantic emotions that music aroused in him. "Music destroys me—and what is worse—I love being destroyed." He would describe, too, how as a child of six he had received "lessons in composition" from Mozart, then aged nine, on his visit to Fonthill—and, seating himself at a piano, would play the aria *"Non più andrai"* from *Figaro*, which, he claimed, he himself had inspired Mozart to write. Thus the man who had maintained that he was only happy "in the air of illusion," had himself become a figure in his own dream. With his death, we must say farewell to the Bath of the eighteenth century.

But Bath remains. The sedan chair has long ago given place to the Bath chair and the taxi; the exquisite Upper Assembly Rooms were destroyed in the air raids of 1942, and the two wings of Lansdown Crescent badly damaged, as well as the south side of Queen Square. But Bath is still—with its great Abbey lying beside the winding Avon and its classical terraces rising in perfect symmetry from the valley to the hills—the finest example in England of the fusion of the medieval and classical traditions. And in the past six years, with the Festival organized every June under the inspiration of Yehudi Menuhin, music and the arts, too, have returned there. The most gifted musicians and artists in Europe may be heard again in the Abbey and the Town Hall, and the Parades are crowded with brilliant and elegant visitors. The "city lulled asleep by the chime of passing years" is once again awake.

Iris Origo, whose forebears are American and English, is married to Marchese Antonio Origo, and lives in Rome and Tuscany. Among her many distinguished books is The Merchant of Prato, *the biography of a fourteenth-century merchant. For* HORIZON *she has previously written the article on "The Education of Renaissance Man" (January, 1960).*

The gardens of Sydney House (opposite above), a hotel built in the 1790's, achieved fame as the most popular spot in Bath. Private parties could gather there in secluded alcoves and enjoy a concert, a fireworks display, or, simply, the passing scene. The square in front of the Bath Abbey (opposite below) was called the Orange Grove—but not because any oranges grew there. An obelisk, "erected in compliment to the Prince of Orange by Mr. Nash," stands in the center.

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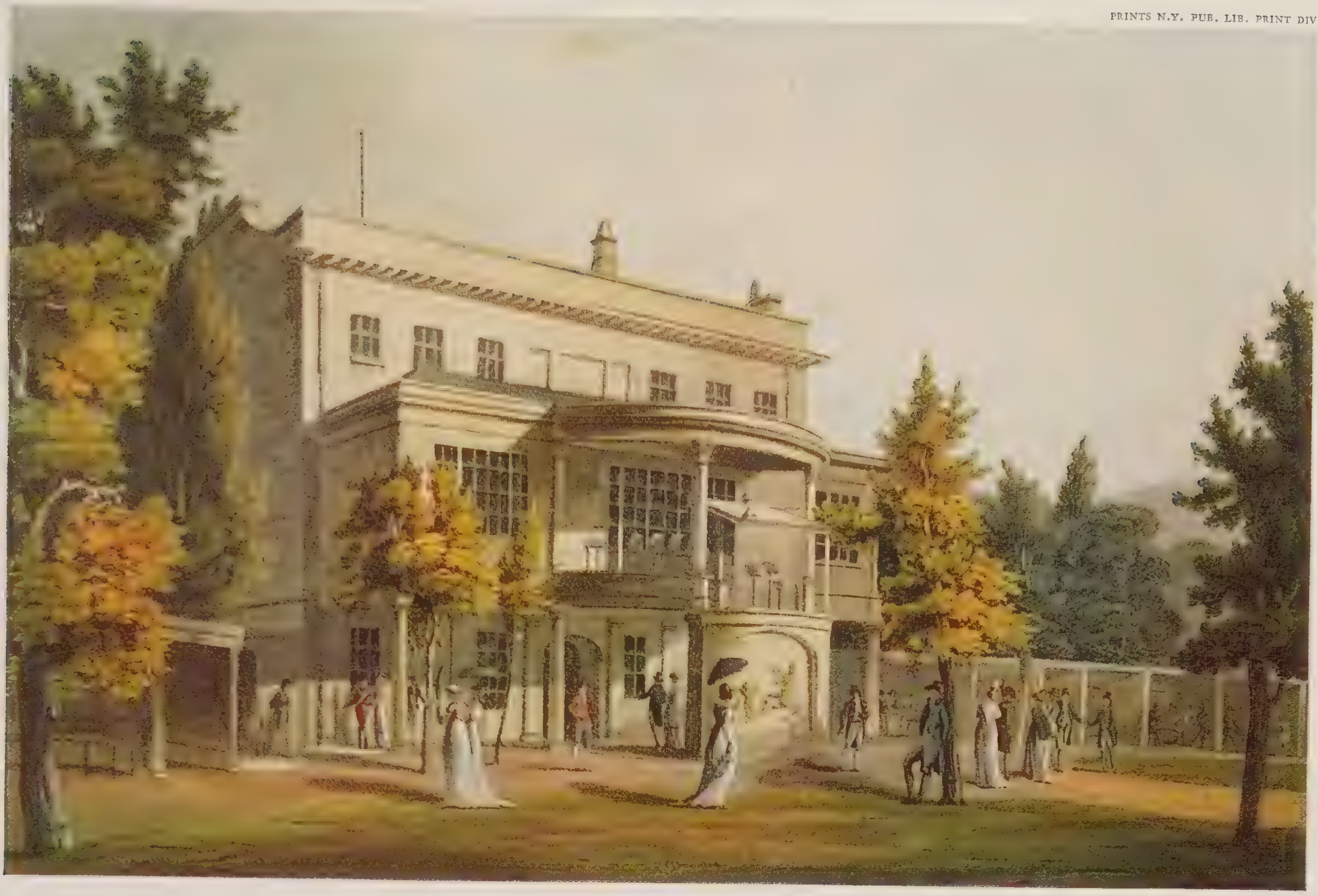
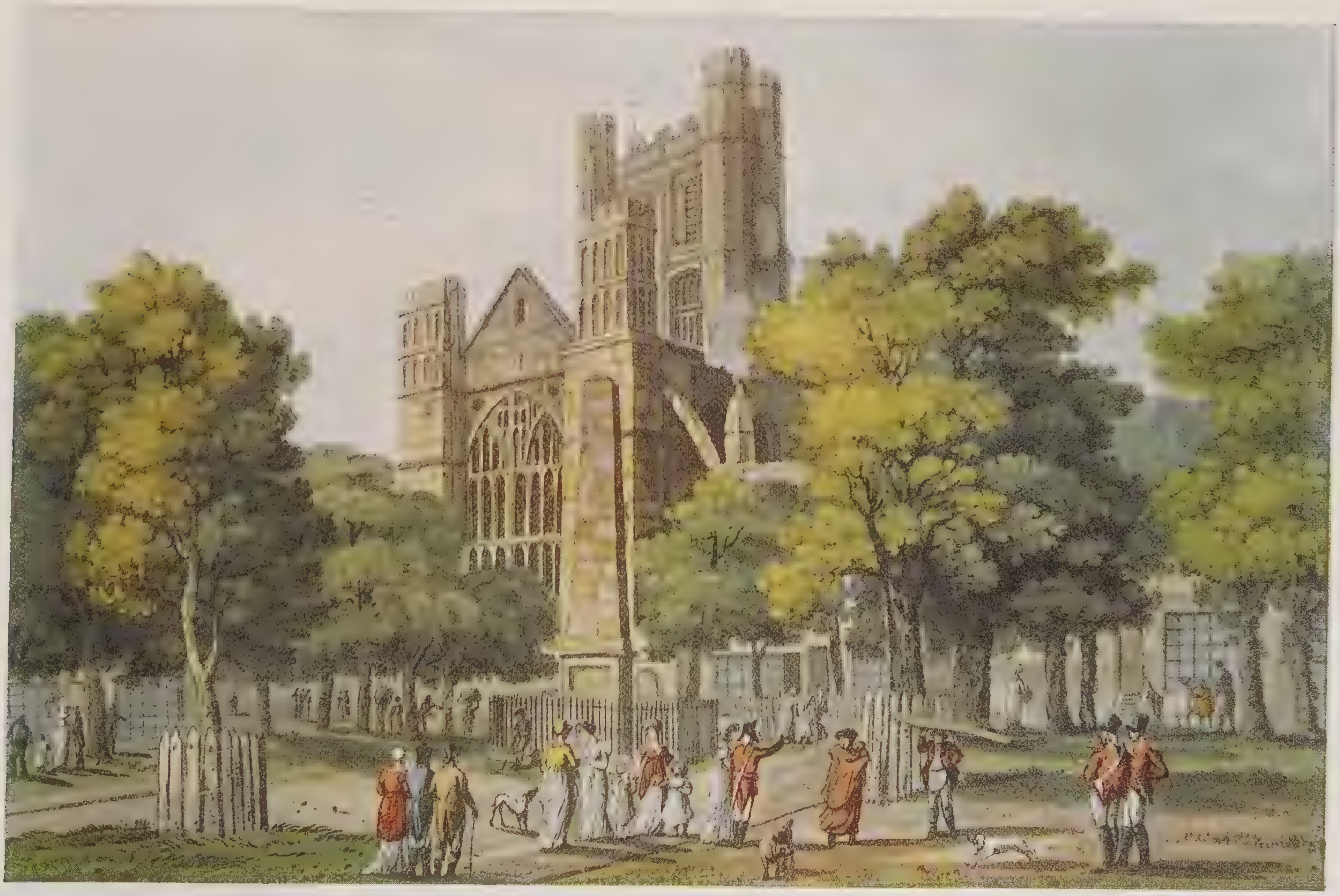




UNWEARYING

Gold and silver are more precious,
but many-colored bronze has
given its name to an entire age
and its enduring qualities to
five millenniums of masterpieces

Bronze is an alloy of copper and tin. In the course of five thousand years small quantities of other metals have been mixed into it either deliberately or by accident, but copper and tin combined are bronze, and nine parts copper to one of tin is the common proportion.

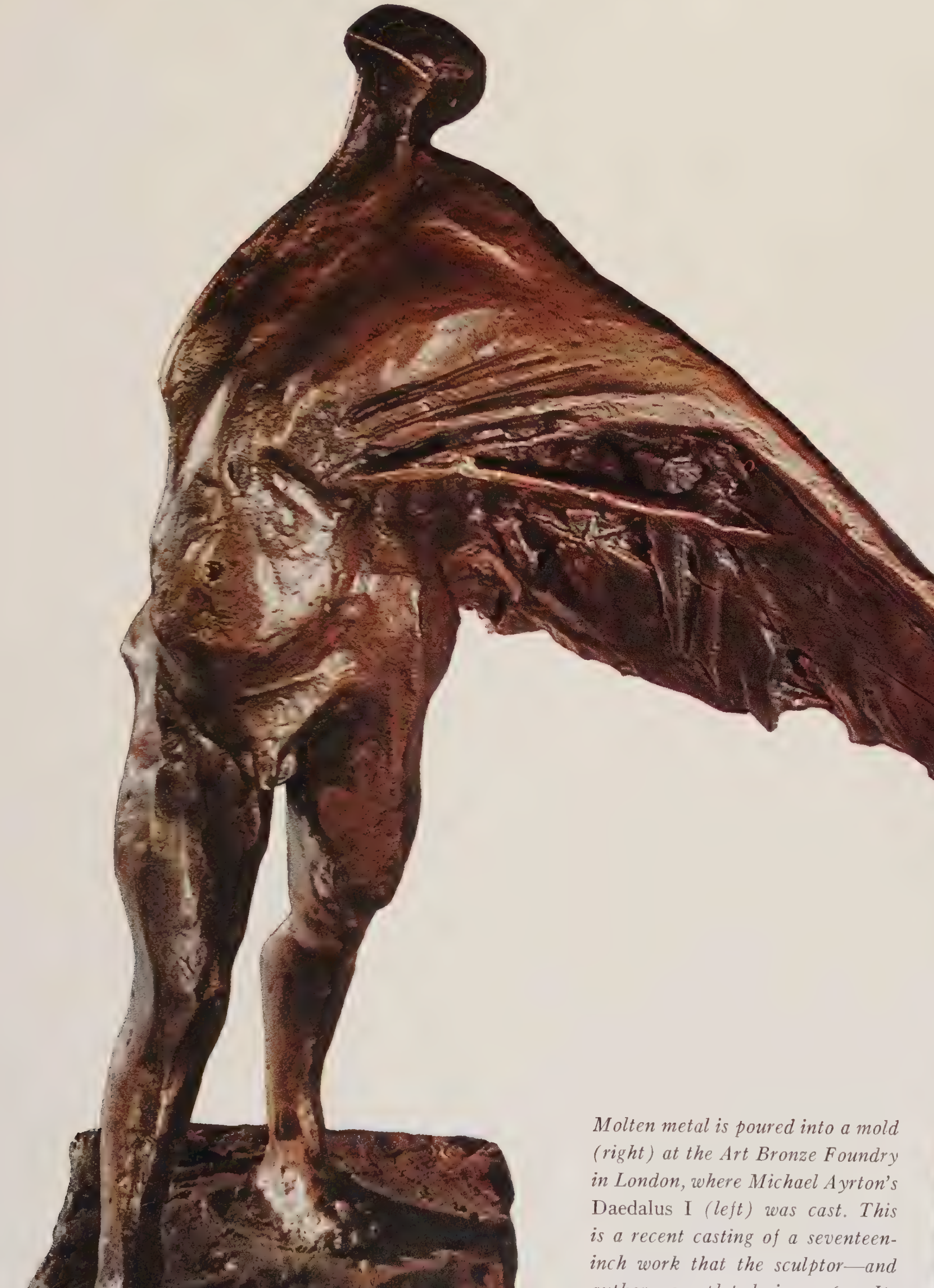
Where, and by what chance, that one part of tin was first added to copper will never be known. Utensils and sculpture were made of smelted copper in Sumeria and in Egypt before bronze was invented; and even before smelting was practiced, men had used soft native copper, beaten into shape, for ornaments and tools. True bronze came into use early in the third millennium B.C.; and when Homer, two thousand years later, described how Hephaestus, the smith-god, smelted the metals for the armor of Achilles, he called the bronze "unwearying." It was not weary then, nor is it now. To Homer the vault of heaven itself was solid bronze, and Hesiod, in his *Theogony,* tells us that Day and Night meet and greet each other upon a bronze threshold.

There is in this metal a deep magic which is not explained by its practicality, by the fact that it pours molten more easily than copper and is harder when it cools, or that its color moves mysteriously from red-gold to deep green or azure as time handles it; it is not that bronze served all practical purposes before iron slowly replaced it for common implements and thus elevated it to the metallic aristocracy; it is not even that much of the world's greatest sculpture has been made in bronze. Not being a precious metal, it does not prompt greed before admiration. It prompts love and it has inspired myth.

I have watched Henry Moore pick up a bronze of mine in the foundry and brush it hard and obliquely with the palm of his hand to wake the

BRONZE

By MICHAEL AYRTON



Molten metal is poured into a mold (right) at the Art Bronze Foundry in London, where Michael Ayrton's Daedalus I *(left) was cast. This is a recent casting of a seventeen-inch work that the sculptor—and author—completed in 1960. Its color is still the red-gold of newly cast bronze, but in a few weeks it will begin the subtle process of change that might, some day, leave it green or even blue.*

DEREK BAYES, LONDON

metal. Under his rough-skinned touch it came alive; it seemed to stretch itself like a cat, and its surface sleeked like fur. He told me then that he remembered one foundryman whose hands had so particular and subtle an abrasive surface that he could burnish a bronze just by handling it. So if I have accepted and given currency to the myth of the magic hands of a bronzesmith, that myth can join the earlier one of the Dactyls who lived on Mount Ida in Crete, whose name means "finger men," and who, some say, invented bronze itself.

The Book of Daniel speaks of five ages—clay, gold, silver, brass, and iron—and Tubal Cain in the King James Version of the Bible is called an "instructor of every artificer in brass" (which is a mistranslation of the word "bronze"). His counterpart in Greek mythology is Daedalus, whose name means "cunning maker," and who was a bronze craftsman of marvelous skill. So was his nephew Talos, whom Daedalus is supposed to have murdered from jealousy (Talos had cast the skeleton of a fish in bronze and thus invented the saw). Daedalus fled to Crete, where he entered the service of King Minos, and, to his surprise, whom should he find there but Talos translated into a creature of bronze and the guardian of the island. Talos had a single vein through which his life ran, like the channel through which metal is poured into the mold, and he died when Medea unplugged it. Daedalus fell afoul of Minos and had to flee once again, this time on wings of wax and feathers that he made for himself and his son Icarus in order to fly westward to Sicily. Icarus flew too near the sun, the waxen wings melted, and he fell into the sea and was drowned. But Daedalus flew on and took his skills into the West; there was bronze sculpture thereafter in Sicily and Sardinia.

Wax, from which the wings were made, is an essential factor in bronze casting. The melting of Icarus's wings from the heat of the sun is a legend that may have come from the lost-wax process, which is still the method generally used for casting sculpture in bronze. The lost-wax process served to cast the head of a ruler who is thought to be Sargon I of Akkad (page 24) in the third millennium B.C. at Nineveh, just as it served Myron and Polycleitus in fifth-century Greece, Ghiberti and Donatello in Renaissance Italy, and Rodin in nineteenth-century France.

As a technique it was mastered in the third millennium B.C., somewhere between the Black Sea and the Persian Gulf —possibly in the area of Lake Van, where copper and tin ores are found together. During succeeding centuries the technique passed through the Fertile Crescent to Egypt, Crete, and the mainland of Greece in the west, and northward to the basin of the Danube. Later still it traveled east to China by routes unknown.

If I describe the way in which a Minoan craftsman cast the image of a worshiper now in the British Museum (page 25), I am to all intents and purposes describing how my own small bronzes are cast today. More complex processes have been discovered for casting large sculptures, but for the casting of small bronzes from wax little has changed in thirty-five centuries save the method of heating the crucible. Charcoal, made at its best from ash wood, was the ancient fuel. Hard coke is our substitute.

Suppose yourself to be in need of a votive image, say in 1500 B.C., and watch what happens. You will see, because you are not an initiate, several mysteries. The image is first made in wax, carved and modeled, and then sticks of wax are attached to it for reasons that will presently be clear. This image the craftsman coats with a mixture of wet clay and powdered terra cotta, mantling it entirely except for the ends of the wax sticks (or "runners" and "risers," as they will one day be called) which are allowed to protrude slightly. The figure, buried in its clay sarcophagus, he now places in a fire, so that the wax melts away.

There is now no figure; he has destroyed it. That is the first mystery. All that remains is the clay husk with its vents and openings where the wax sticks have been. Now the craftsman smelts his ores, some lumps of a heavy brown-gray rock or of a bright-green powdery earth, and a very little silver-gray material. The lumps are native copper (usually malachite, the commonest and most conspicuous copper ore), which will melt at 1,100 degrees centigrade. The gray substance is cassiterite, the ore from which tin will be extracted. It will melt at 232 degrees centigrade.

The man now blows up the charcoal fire with bellows of goat or oxhide. You will not see it, but the copper and tin freed from the ores are combining and fusing into bronze—not so pure as in later times, for there are traces of lead, nickel, silver, and arsenic in the mixture. These traces will affect the ultimate color of the bronze, but not for some time.

Meanwhile a pit has been dug. In it the dry clay husk that once held the wax figure is buried, packed in damp clay, so that only the openings and vents are visible. Within that husk a perfect negative exists where the wax figure has been burned out. With long tongs the smith takes from the kiln the crucible, filled with liquid fire; the substances once brown or green or black or gray are now a blazing golden red. He pours this golden fluid into one of the openings until it rises through another and gases hiss from a third.

It must now wait many hours to cool, but when it does and when, like a nutshell, the clay crust is broken off, from that carapace a small, heavy, rough but recognizable figure will emerge, glinting and dusty from its earthen womb. That is the second mystery.

You have seen a wax figure destroyed and reborn in heavy metal from liquid fire. You have watched a brown sponge or sea-green powder become a dust-colored image which the smith, with tools and abrasives, proceeds to hammer, scrape, and polish into a red-gold, for that is the color of new bronze. The umbilical cords of metal which once were the wax sticks, and then the empty vents, are now cut off. Lovingly chased and burnished, the image is ready to act out your gift in the shrine. That is the third mystery. In time the weather and the fates will turn the red-gold to a warm brown or green or azure once again. That is the total mystery.

If you watch the same process today, there will be differences. The heat will come from a coke-fired draft furnace and not a charcoal one, and perhaps the image will be cast hollow instead of solid. The contents of modern bronze will vary but will be about 87 per cent copper, 8 per cent tin, 4 per cent lead, and 1 per cent zinc. There will be less "cold work"—the chasing, hammering, and polishing of the newly emerged bronze—for we prefer our bronzes a little raw, but that is a matter of taste. Otherwise, your journey back through time will have altered nothing except perhaps your state of mind.

For many centuries and in many places, craftsmen like the one you have watched made the harness and armor, the weapons and the images, that gave power to kings and warriors, and the tools and utensils that gave men sufficient leisure to build civilizations.

The simplest of these tools and weapons were made not by the lost-wax process but by piece molding. This requires a negative impression of the object in two or more sections which can be keyed and fastened together, filled with molten metal, and then separated when cool. In these cases the mold survives and can be used again and again. Stone molds of spear and axe heads survive from the second millennium B.C. A much later alternative method, still in use, is sand casting, where the object to be duplicated is pressed into tightly packed wet sand and molten metal is then poured directly into the impression.

Given these several techniques, the problem of hollow casting, which was the next vital stage in the evolution of bronze sculpture, required the solution of one significant problem: *how to introduce a core of heat-resistant material around which the metal would flow,* so that, when cool, this core could be removed.

How and when this problem was solved is unknown. Traditionally (but erroneously) the credit for the invention of hollow casting is given to Rhoikos and Theodoros, two sculptors from the great metal-working community on the island of Samos, in the mid seventh century B.C. Whoever was responsible for it, the importance of the invention is obviously enormous. Quite apart from the weight and cost of the metal required to cast a life-size figure in solid bronze, the difficulties are almost insurmountable.

In any case the larger the object being cast, the slower and longer must be the process of pouring the molten metal. As it cools, bronze contracts violently, so that if the flow is interrupted by cooling, parts of the mold will not fill. When the crust is broken off, a leg may be found to have no foot or a hand no fingers. It was the fear of precisely this kind of disaster to which Benvenuto Cellini referred when he described the hazardous casting of his bronze *Perseus* (page 31) for Cosimo de' Medici.

There are, in fact, two methods of introducing the core into bronze; it is the later method that was used by Cellini. He first modeled his figure in clay, on an iron framework now called an armature, making it slightly smaller than the finished bronze would be. He baked the clay and then spread wax to a thickness of perhaps a quarter of an inch over the whole figure. In this wax he then modeled the surface of the figure in its final form. Duke Cosimo saw the work at this stage and insisted that it could not be cast satisfactorily, for which comment he got a sharp answer. The model complete, Cellini mantled the whole in clay and "drew off the wax with a slow fire."

(What he does not precisely describe in his *Autobiography* is the most difficult part of the whole trick: how to keep the core at exactly the right distance from the mantle so that the thin space between shell and kernel remains open to receive the bronze. In fact, the problem of suspending the core troubled the Greeks no less. Polycleitus is recorded as saying "the work is most difficult when the clay is on the [finger]nail," and although this remark has been variously interpreted, it may mean that the core, held suspended by iron rods which were thrust into it through mantle and wax, balanced as precariously as something suspended from a fingernail. If it is not absolutely secure, it will shift and the work will be ruined.)

Cellini constructed a funnel-shaped furnace around the bulky clay parcel which contained that delicately adjusted envelope, the negative of his *Perseus*. With the wax drawn off during two days and two nights in the furnace and the mold well baked, he sank the whole thing gently into a pit and banked it in with tight-packed earth, leaving vents strategically placed to allow air and gas to escape during the pour.

The bronze smelting now began. In torrential rain, and with the artist sick from fever, the terrible story of this smelting reads like a sojourn in hell. The furnace in which the bronze was smelting exploded, blowing off its cap, and the flaming metal escaped and had to be controlled. Then the metal did not flow properly, due to an inadequate tin content, and the wretched sculptor threw all his pewter plates and household utensils into the crucible to lower the melting point of the alloy. Eventually, the plugs of the great crucible were withdrawn and the metal flowed down through the prepared channels into the mold. After a fervent prayer and, oddly enough, a plate of salad, the weary master went to bed. Two days later he began gradually to uncover the statue. Incredibly, the masterpiece emerged complete save for the toes of one foot. He himself attributed his success to the unusual heat of the metal and the hasty inclusion of all his pewter cups and plates. Duke Cosimo was confounded. Cellini had cast a larger-than-life-size figure in a single pour.

An element of pure sixteenth-century vainglory had much to do with his attempting it. Once the techniques for casting monumental bronzes had been rediscovered during the Renaissance, nothing would content the craftsmen but to do it the hardest possible way. In 1699, when the largest single casting in the world up to that time was poured, Diderot was so struck by the event that he gave much space to it in the celebrated *Encyclopédie*. The statue in question was Girardon's huge equestrian portrait of Louis XIV (page 29), which stood in the Place Louis-le-Grand (now Vendôme) in Paris until it was melted down during the Revolution.

The Greeks in the sixth century B.C. cast their large bronzes in sections, socketing and riveting the sections together as shown in the figures on the famous Foundry Vase (page 26). They did this not from expediency but because the Greek tradition of monumental sculpture was one of carving, not of modeling. The figures of youths called *kouroi*, which are

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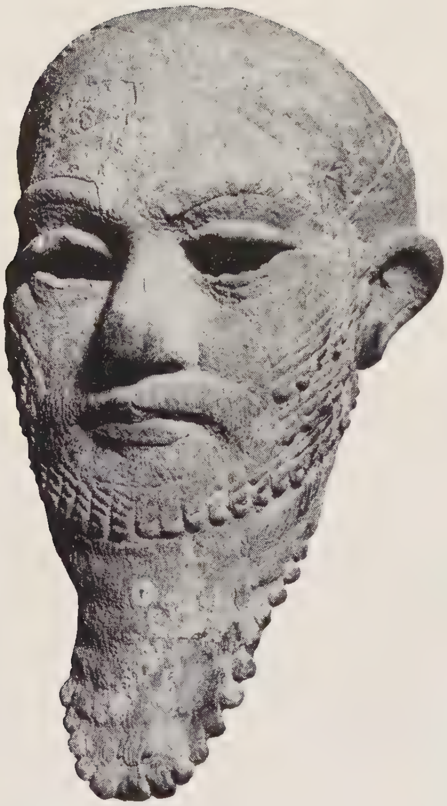
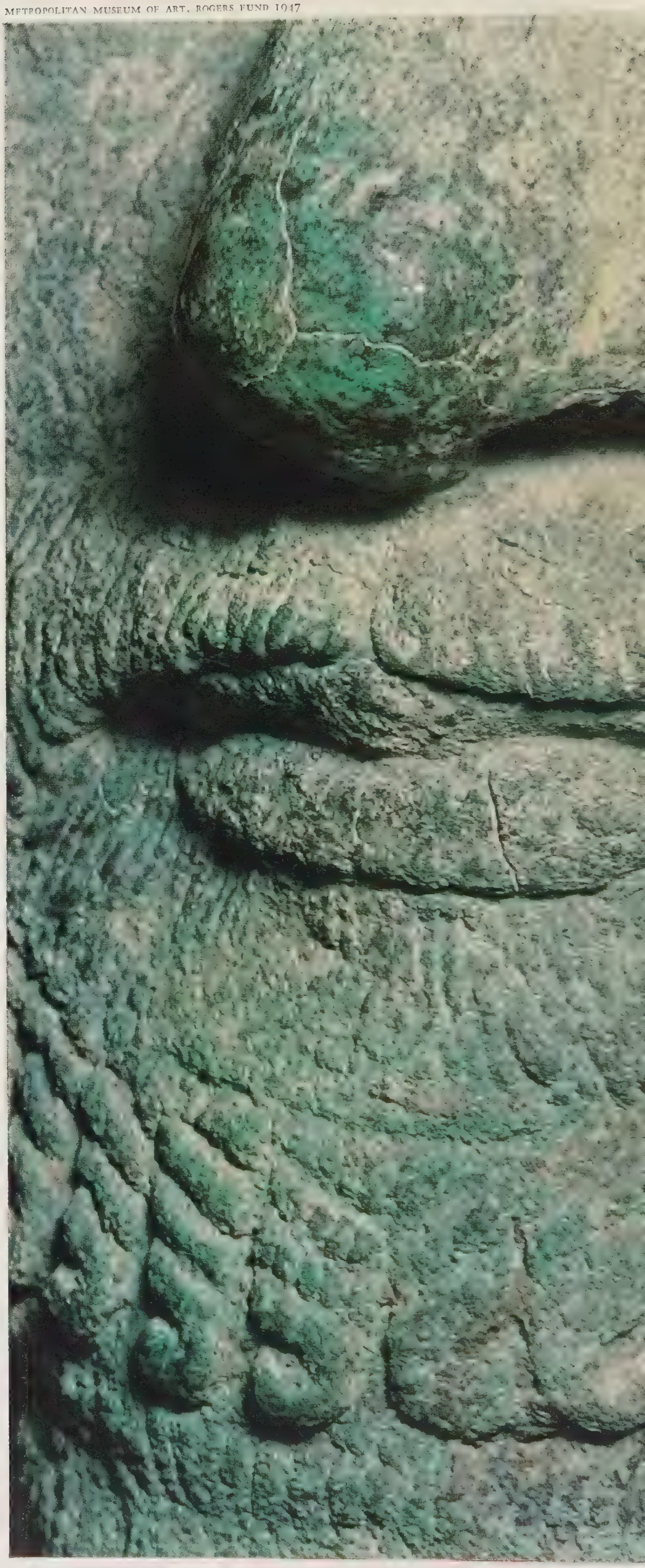
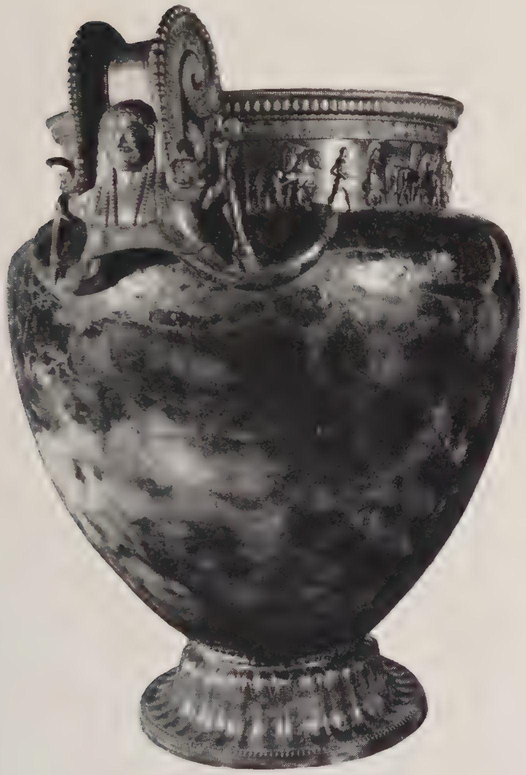


METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, ROGERS FUND 1947

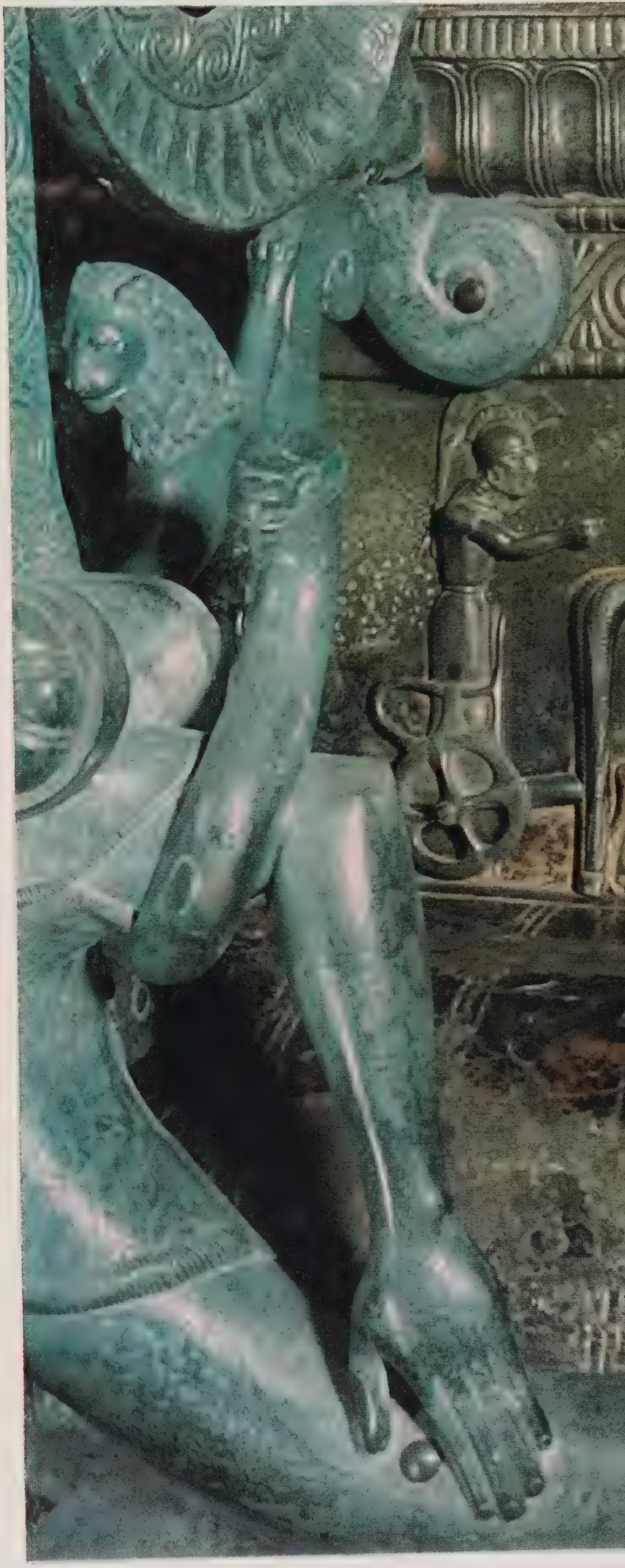


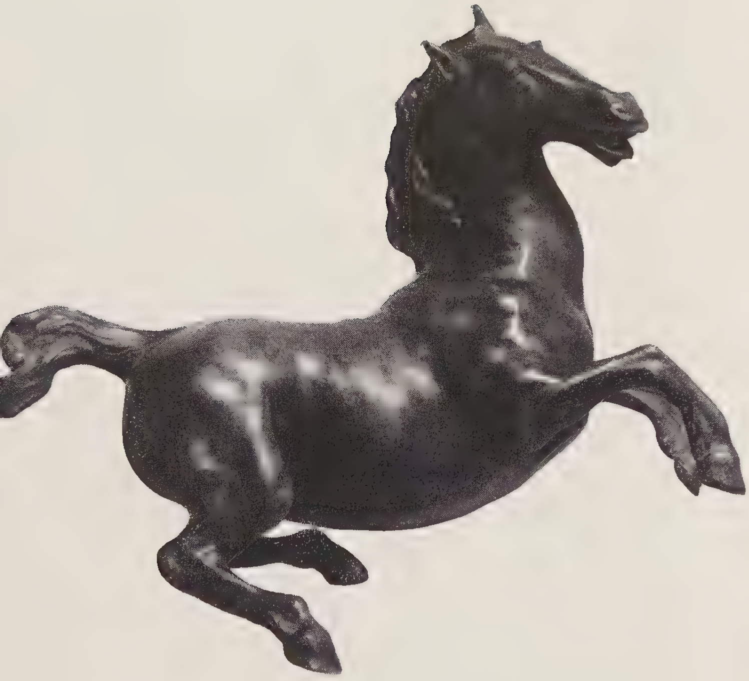
Because the process of corrosion has been going on so long, very old bronzes are likely to be bright green—the more so if the metal contained a higher proportion of copper than it ordinarily does now. A good example is the richly colored surface at the right, with its brilliant patches of malachite. This is a detail of the Elamite head above, which came from northwestern Iran and is some three thousand years old. It is thirteen and a half inches high and was cast solid, like other Elamite sculpture of the time—such as one figure in the Louvre that weighs almost two tons.

Twenty-five hundred years of chemical reaction with the earth in which it was buried has given the great bronze krater below a patina of soft bluish green (see detail at the right). Although it was found in a Celtic tomb at Vix in Burgundy, it is apparently Spartan work of the sixth century B.C.*—but whether this gigantic wine vessel (it is more than five feet tall) was made in Laconia itself or in a colony, and how it came to rest, so appropriately, on the Côte d'Or, are matters of conjecture. The frieze is made up of twenty-three reliefs fastened to the neck with rivets.*

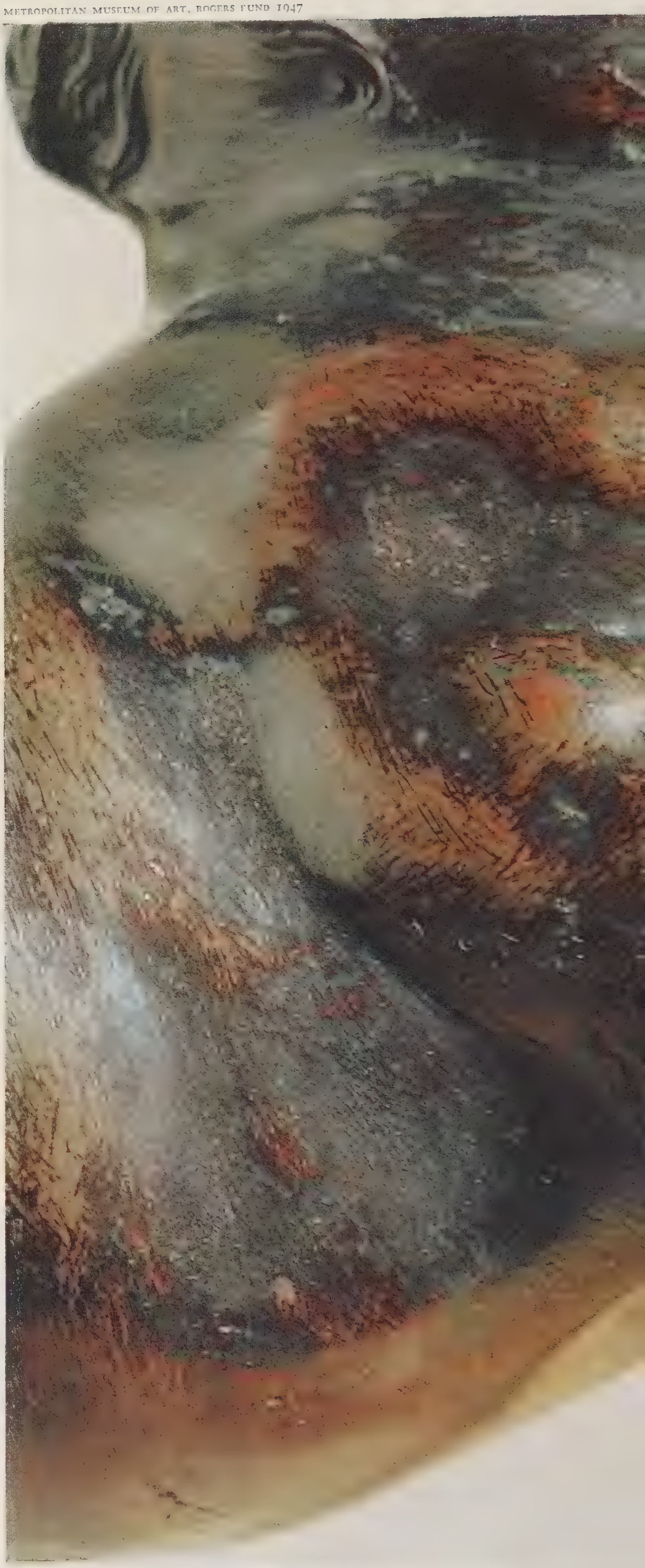


COURTESY MUSEE ARCHEOLOGIQUE, CHATILLON-SUR-SEINE—ALBANE, PARIS; BELOW: PHOTO HASSIA



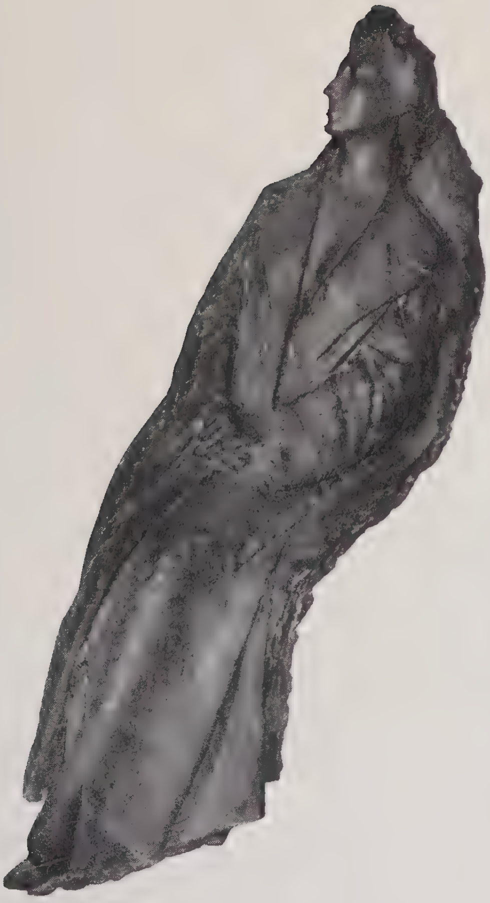


The Renaissance was so enamored of the forms and colors of antiquity that its sculptors tried to give their own bronzes the time-stained look of the ancient ones. To this end they invented numerous artificial patinas, such as the one now called "Renaissance black"—which involved painting the piece with a solution of copper nitrate, heating it over a smoky straw fire, burying and reburying it in milk-saturated sand, covering it with chalk, and so on for four or five weeks. The small horse above may owe its dark, velvety surface (detail at the right) to a similar treatment. It was cast from a model based on Leonardo da Vinci's drawings for the colossal Trivulzio *statue, an ambitious project that was never actually consummated.*

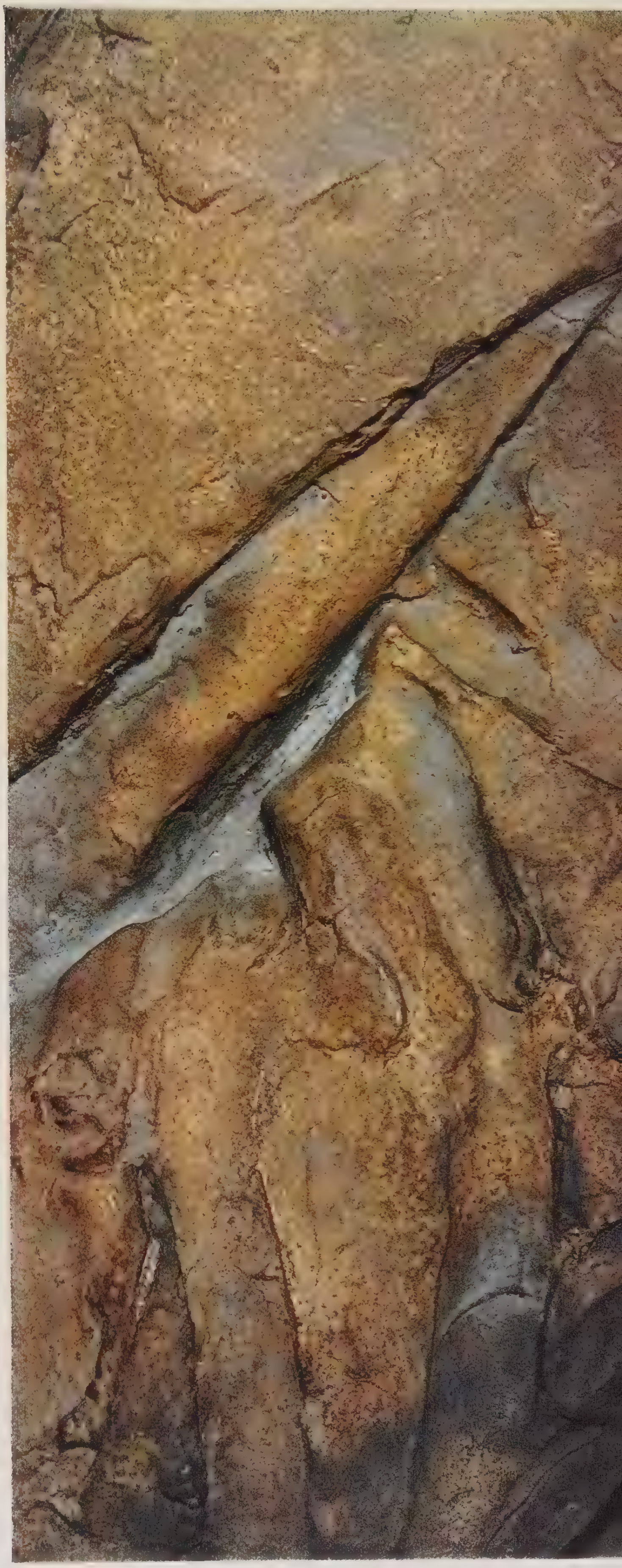


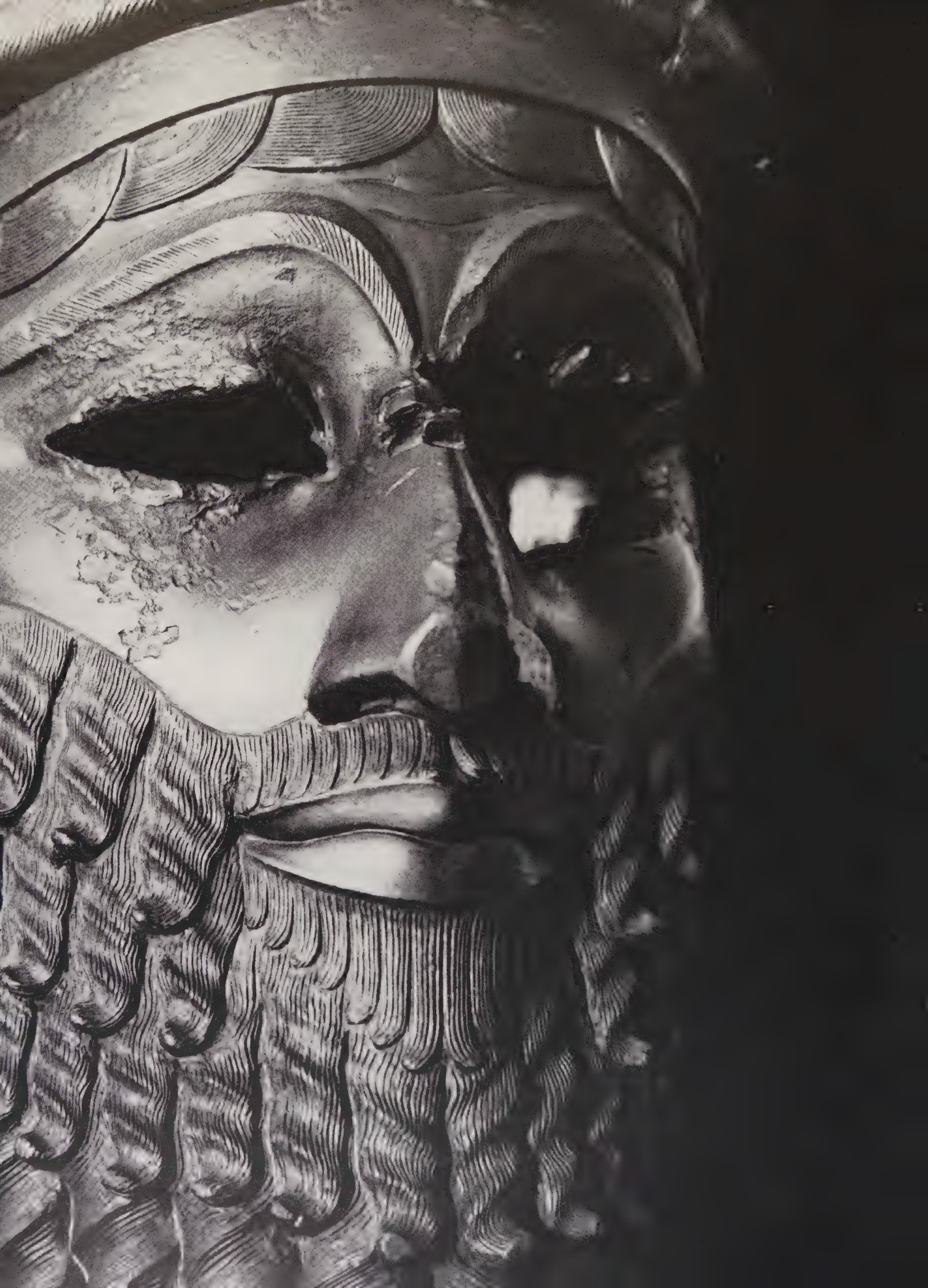
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, ROGERS FUND 1947

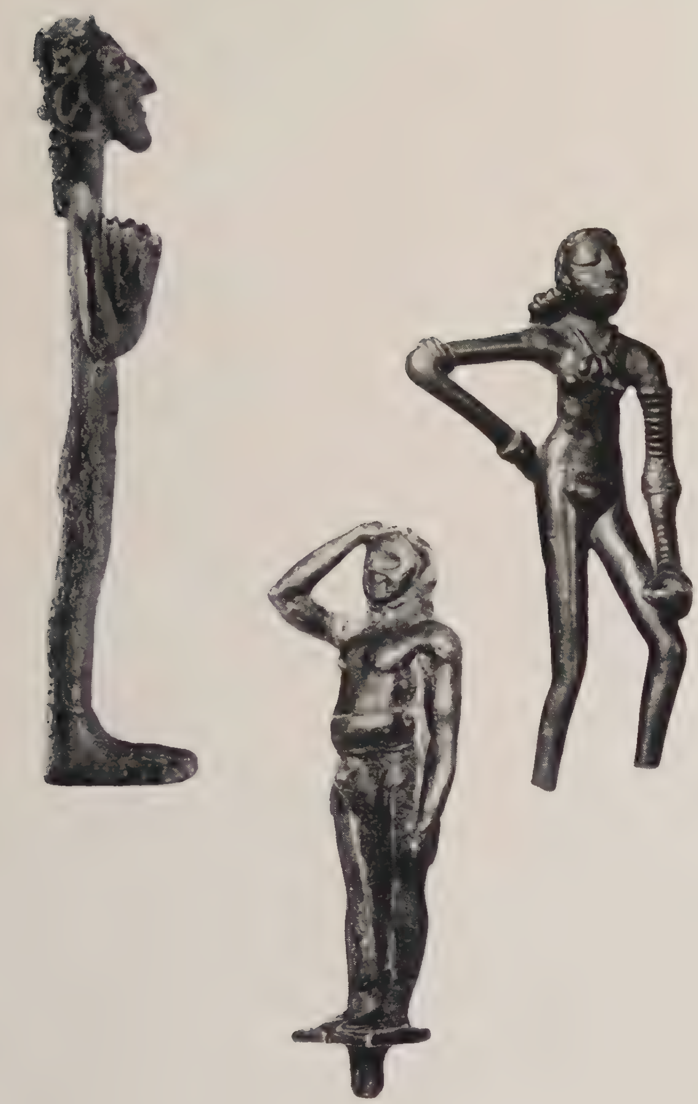
The color of modern bronze may be anything from that of the naked metal (see page 17) to the most sophisticated of artificial patinations. The latter effects are sometimes found in the works of the contemporary Italian sculptor Giacomo Manzù. For example, the golden highlights and bluish shadows of his Portrait of a Lady *(below, and detail at right) were achieved by the M.A.F. foundry in Milan by processes that are the foundry's secret. How this bronze will look several centuries from now no one knows, but Manzù's work is almost certain to be around: last year a pair of his doors were installed in a portal of St. Peter's.*



COLL. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, N.Y.







The gaunt statuette above at left is one of the earliest bronzes known; it was found at Tell Judeideh in northern Syria, is cast solid, and dates from about 2900 B.C. Some five hundred years later, techniques had developed to the point where the head opposite, thought to be a portrait of the Akkadian king Sargon, could be hollow cast and fitted with eyes of precious stones (long since gouged out by thieves). Of the two other figures, the Minoan male worshiper in the center dates from about 1600 B.C., and the dancing girl at upper right, from Mohenjo-daro in the Indus Valley, is probably even older—which shows how far the knowledge of bronze casting had spread by those early dates.

TEXT CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

the first great Greek contribution to sculpture in the round, make it clear that their form depended for its initial shape upon the marble blocks from which they were hewn (this is also true of the Egyptian and Mesopotamian predecessors of the *kouros*). The early stone *kouroi* are rigid in pose and severely frontal. In every case one leg is advanced and the arms are held close to the sides. Small bronzes of this type survive from the seventh century B.C., but quite early on they are slightly varied in pose and their arms are allowed some movement. There are also two monumental examples surviving from the so-called *Ptoan* group, the *Kouros* from Piraeus, made in the late sixth century B.C., and the *Apollo of Piombino,* made in about 485 B.C. (page 26).

Both are hollow-cast, but both follow the shape of a *kouros* carved from stone, with one very important distinction. The arms below the elbows have moved: instead of being bound to the figures' sides, they are flexed and hold out their hands. This presages that larger freedom of action which came when the Greeks realized that their freestanding monumental sculptures were no longer restricted to the limits of quandrangular blocks of stone any more than were their smallest bronzes.

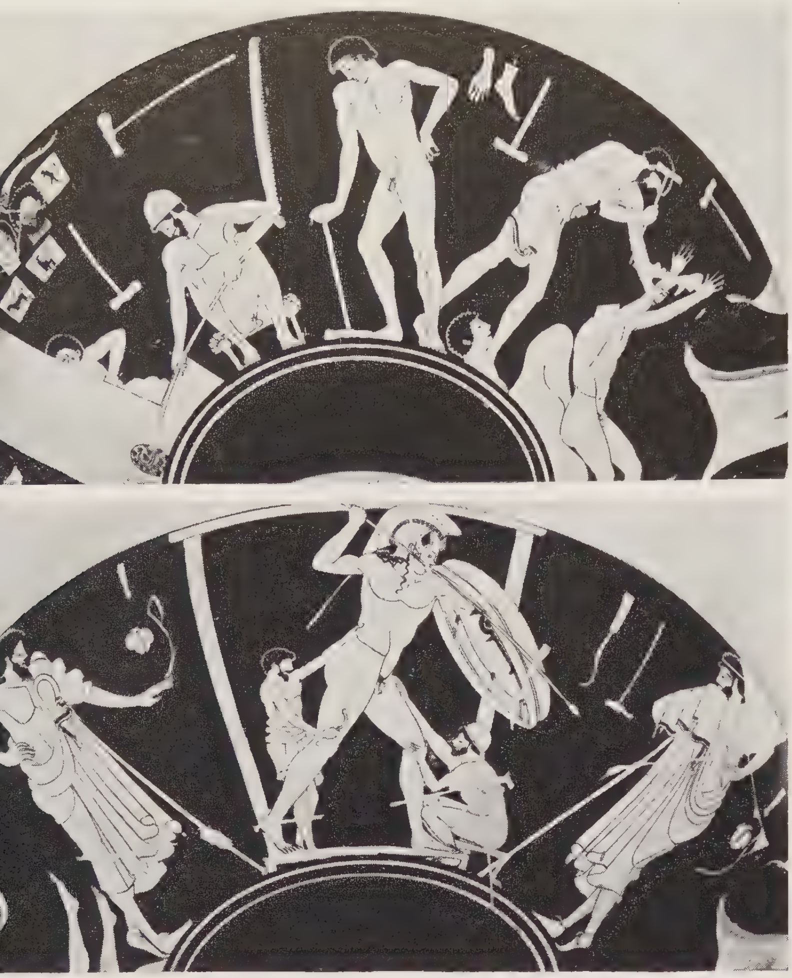
Strangely enough, this took a considerable time. Even after they had invented hollow casting, the Greeks clung to the earlier form of large bronze statue which had been made by the process called *sphyrelaton,* a pre-Greek technique already two thousand years old, by which thin metal sheets were hammered to shape and then riveted to a carved wooden body. The *idée fixe* may perhaps be explained by the fact that in Greece such figures, called *xoana,* were held in great reverence. Few now survive, but the *Apollo* from Dreros in Crete is a small example which does (page 26). Although details such as hands and feet were cast solid and attached, the carved wooden body determined the form. The hands of the *Kouros* from Piraeus are also cast solid and attached. It seems likely, therefore, that the Greeks did not make their large sculptures in clay, as Cellini describes, but carved the prototypes in wood, cut them up, cast the parts in piece molds—legs, feet, arms, hands, and head all separately—coated the interior of the molds with wax, cored them, and then cast the sections.

In any event, hollow casting eventually liberated the monumental figure from its stone matrix and altered the whole history of sculpture.

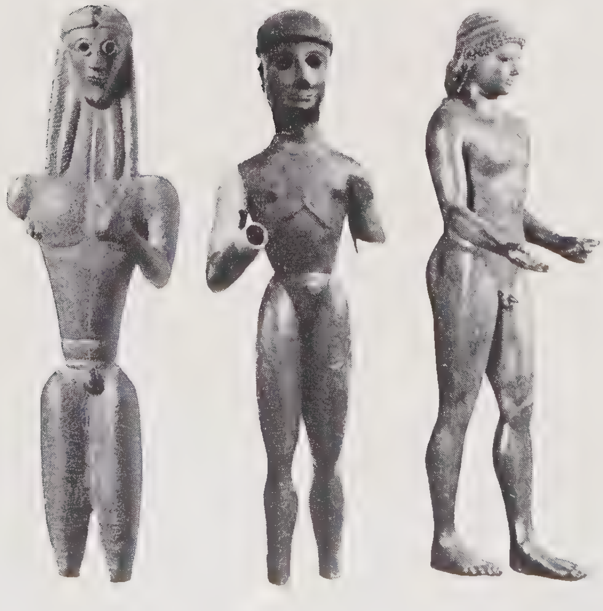
In the first years of the fifth century B.C. a profound change takes place. If you compare the *Apollo of Piombino* with the *Charioteer of Delphi,* you will see that the former is rigidly frontal whereas the latter's shoulders are turned in subtle opposition to the direction of his hips. This *contrapposto,* first to be seen in the marble version of the *Ephebe* of Kritios which must have derived from a lost bronze, shows the human figure beginning to turn and release itself from the plinth. The *Charioteer*, though still, like the *kouros*, a vertical column in shape, is no longer rigid. And Myron's *Discobolus*, which follows hard upon it in time but which now exists only in copies, has swung right out of the block. He moves in space—because the tensile strength of metal allows it.

When the bronze *kouros* first raised his arms from the

STAATLICHE MUSEEN, BERLIN; BOTTOM, LEFT TO RIGHT: MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON;
HERAKLION MUSEUM—ALISON FRANTZ; LOUVRE—GIRAUDON



In the early fifth century B.C. *the* Apollo of Piombino *(below right) was cast by the method depicted on the so-called Foundry Vase (above)—that is to say, in sections which were then riveted or soldered together. A century and a half earlier the small* Apollo *from Dreros (below center) was made by hammering bronze sheets onto a carved wooden body, whereas the little seventh-century geometric* kouros *(below left) was cast solid.*



chancery of the block, he set the whole figure in motion in a comparatively few years. Yet hollow casting as such was not new when Rhoikos and Theodoros "invented" it. It had been known at Nineveh more than a thousand years earlier, as the head of Sargon proves. Eyes of precious materials were inserted from inside the head of Sargon, and held in place with bitumen, in the third millennium, just as they were fastened from inside the head of the *Charioteer* with plates of lead in the fifth century; this could not have been done had the heads not been cast hollow. Sargon's ravaged face as we see it today is the result of mutilation by robbers who gouged out his eyes for their value and threw the head itself upon a rubbish heap—an ironic fate for the likeness of the "King of Battles," who no doubt in his own time had looted and melted down as ruthlessly as anyone many masterpieces in bronze.

The long history of bronze has many dark ages spaced through it, and the lost sculptures overwhelmingly outnumber the survivals. Ancient texts mention such casualties as the long-vanished metal figures of the remote Hittite city of Alaja Hüyük; the classical historians Pausanias, Pliny, and Diodorus Siculus record innumerable works of art in bronze that have since disappeared. The bronze Colossus of Rhodes—a wonder of the world—stood a hundred and twenty feet high for fifty-six years in the third century B.C., fell in an earthquake and lay in pieces where it had fallen for nine hundred years more. Not one fragment of the original survives, nor do we clearly know from the one surviving fragment of the one possible replica what it really looked like.

Before Rome conquered the world, another great event had shaped the history of bronze sculpture, the rise and fall of the empire of Alexander the Great. Alexander's death did not bring on a Dark Age but rather an age of aesthetics not altogether different from our own. It created a new demand for bronze sculpture, but the function of that sculpture had changed. No longer were images made for sacerdotal purposes, to celebrate or propitiate gods or kings, but to please connoisseurs.

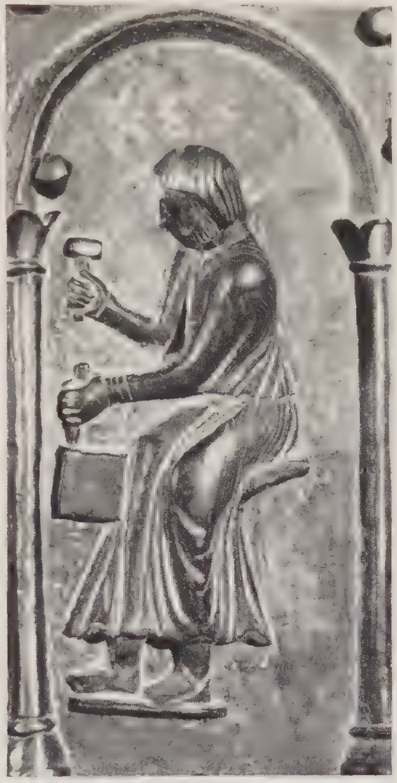
This is important, because the products of the two eras in which aesthetics have dominated the arts are profoundly different from those of the ages that preceded them. The aesthetic phase that began with Alexander lasted six hundred years and embraced both Hellenistic and Roman art. During those centuries it was secular rather than religious art that predominated.

It is not that religion played no part in men's lives but that connoisseurship removed the arts from their central connection with worship to an area where *taste* prevailed. The rise of Christianity put an end to this phase, which, after a gap of a thousand years, gave place once again to a new consideration of aesthetics during the Renaissance.

Hellenistic art, whether in Greece or Egypt or the Middle East, maintained something of its native flavor but changed direction. From India, where Buddha wore an imported Apollo's head, to Alexandria, where small bronzes reached their highest technical perfection, sculpture became eclectic to please collectors, who usurped the position of the gods.

Rome acquired its bronze sculpture by looting and by purchase. Countless bronzes left their places of origin in the baggage of Sulla and at the demand of Nero, while the dealers who supplied wealthy collectors ranged over the Western world as avidly as their descendants now installed in Bond Street or Madison Avenue. Antiques were in demand and forgery was widespread; the Greeks themselves forged or imitated their predecessors precisely as Ming craftsmen in China forged the bronzes of the Shang and Chou dynasties, hundreds of years after these dynasties were dust.

Rome fell. And with Rome's fall the West entered its most recent Dark Age, to the sound of execrations from the early Church which cursed Rome for her luxury and destroyed her brazen images with the greatest vigor. The destruction of Rome's metal monopoly was accompanied by a loss of techniques—as the craftsmen died, or were killed, or gave up. But only the most ambitious techniques were lost: it was the monumental hollow-cast bronze which ceased to be made. Bronze facture continued, especially in the Eastern Empire which passed it back to Western Europe in the form of minor artifacts. The exception to this was the sequence of great bronze doors, many of which still survive. In the West the earliest are those of Charlemagne at Aachen, cast in the ninth century. The sequence culminates in the great *Doors of Paradise* made by Lorenzo Ghiberti for the Florentine Baptistry in the years following 1425—perhaps the most influential single creation of the early Renaissance. Sculptors like Bonnano, Oderisius, and Barisanus, like the Master of Hildesheim and Renier of Huy, together with many others whose names are lost, contributed to the great corpus of medieval bronze sculpture which is collectively known as *Dinanderie*, because from Charlemagne's time the city of Dinant on the Meuse was supreme in the field.


ALINARI

Hollow casting became a neglected art in the Middle Ages, so the major works of that era are reliefs—like this panel from the doors of San Zeno (c. 1140) in Verona.

Although technically the processes of casting were simple, the reliefs on these doors become increasingly accomplished over the centuries. As sculpture, piously dedicated to God, they achieve a grandeur, a nobility and a simplicity of purpose, that make the bulk of Roman and Hellenistic art, aside from portrait sculpture, look tawdry.

During some thirteen hundred of these years, a monumental bronze equestrian statue remained standing in Rome as the result of an error of attribution. The fervid Christians, while bent on destroying pagan idols, believed this statue—which is actually of Marcus Aurelius (page 29)—to represent the Christian emperor Constantine. Hence it survived. The other seminal masterpieces to be viewed with wonder were the four gilded bronze horses, made in Greece more than three centuries before Christ, which decorated the façade of St. Mark's in Venice from the thirteenth century on (except for a temporary exile in Paris whither they were taken as part of Napoleon's plunder). These ancient marvels could not be matched by medieval man, but they were seen by Donatello, the sculptor who, like Ghiberti, bestrides the opening decades of the Renaissance. It was he who created for the first time since antiquity a monumental bronze equestrian statue, modeled on the antique and representing, in Roman splendor, a professional soldier of Venice called Erasmo da Narni and nicknamed "Gattamelata" (page 29). Erected in 1453, it stands to this day before the Church of San Antonio at Padua. Its erection provided the impetus for a sequence of such monuments which, although individually they have steadily declined in quality, is only now coming to an end. The second of these monumental bronzes represented another mercenary, Bartolommeo Colleoni (page 28), whose fortune was such that, after years of enforcing a lucrative protection racket, he left a substantial sum to the Venetian Republic to ensure himself an adequate memorial. He got one that is the artistic equal of Donatello's *Gattamelata*.

The story of its creation is somewhat confused. Andrea del Verrocchio of Florence, Leonardo's master, was one of three sculptors invited to compete for the commission, according to the Dominican Felix Fabri, who recorded the story in his memoirs. Instructed by the Signory of Venice to show their skill at making a horse, one sculptor submitted a large model in wood covered with black leather, one a model in red terra cotta, and Verrocchio the winning version in wax. "But for what will be done about casting it," wrote the friar in 1483, "I have not heard; perhaps they will give the matter up." Fortunately they did not. During a feud with the Senate over whether he should be permitted to do the figure of Colleoni, Verrocchio lost his temper, broke the model, and went back to Florence. Induced by a repentent Senate to return to Venice, he completed a full-size model in clay, took a chill (traditionally in the foundry while casting, though there is considerable doubt that Verrocchio was alive when the casting began), and died in 1488, leaving instructions enjoining his pupil Lorenzo di Credi to finish the sculpture. Lorenzo agreed and placed the casting in the hands of Giovanni d'Andrea di Domenico, but both he and Lorenzo di Credi were sacked. The work was now undertaken by Alessandro Leopardi, who completed it. It was erected in March, 1496, although not in Piazza San Marco as Colleoni had required but in Campo SS. Giovanni e Paolo.

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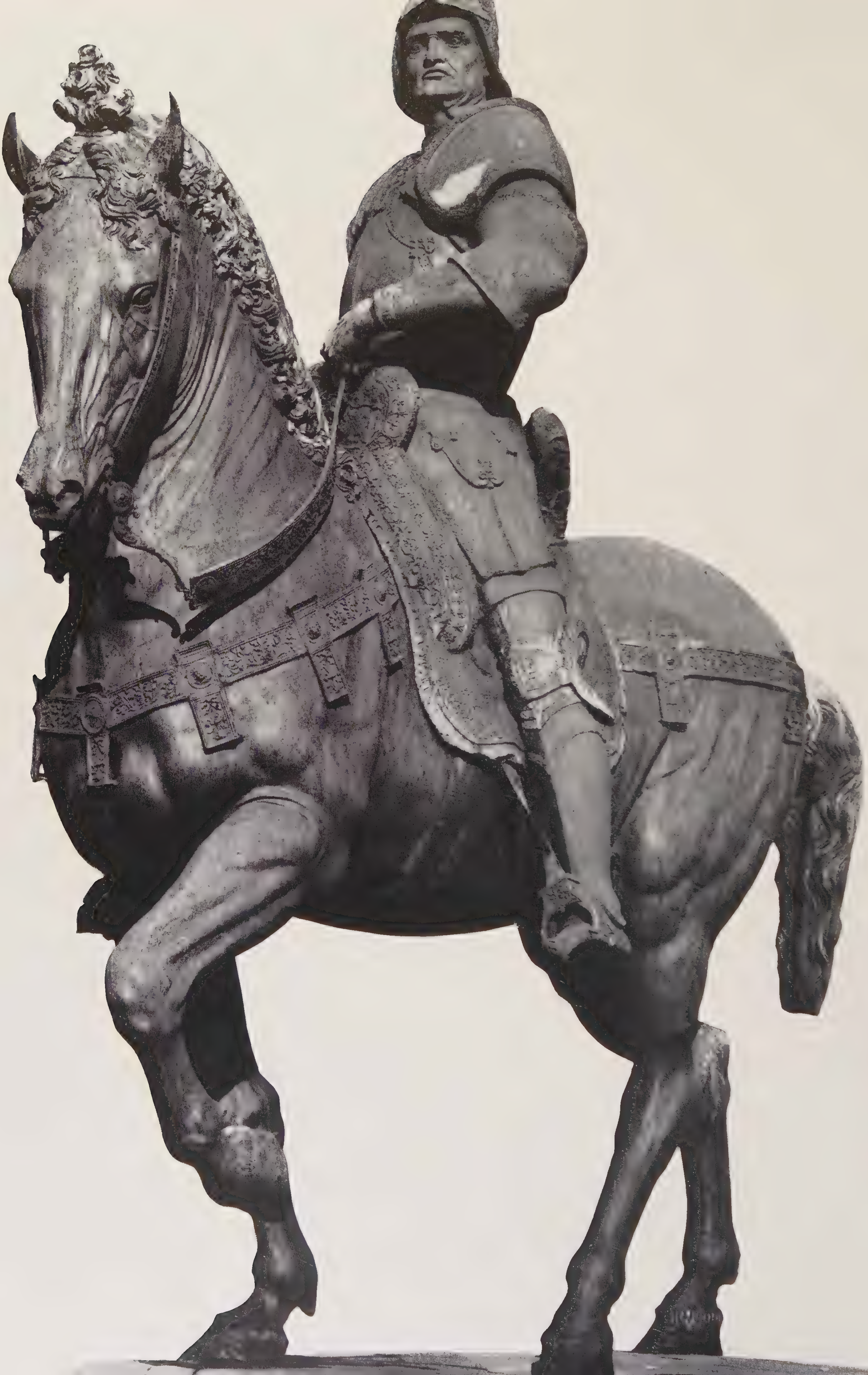
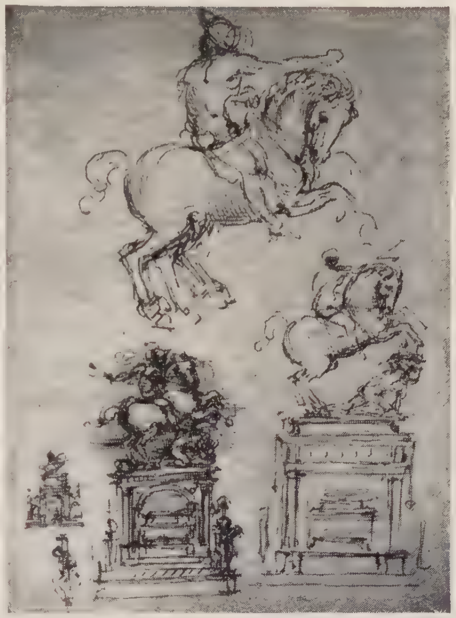
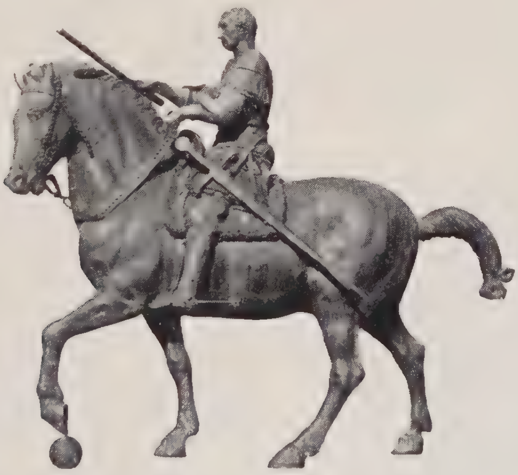


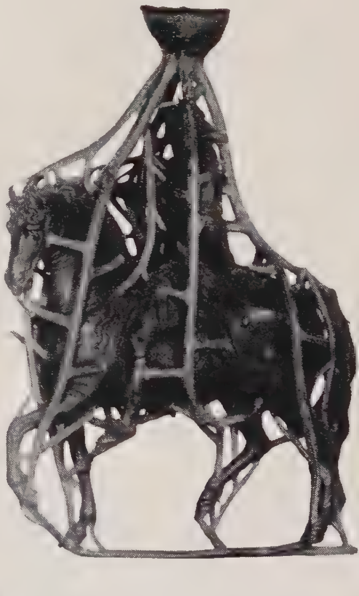
THE EQUESTRIAN BRONZE

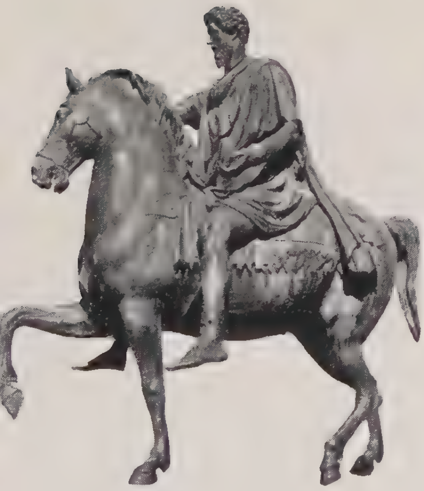
Throughout the Renaissance and after, sculptors were greatly preoccupied with the difficulty of casting heroic equestrian statues that were suitably dashing in pose and yet capable of supporting their own weight. A rearing horse, for example, has only two points of contact with the earth; convert horseflesh into several tons of bronze, and you have a formidable problem of balance. Early sculptors side-stepped it by shunning the most extreme attitudes. Thus the horse of Marcus Aurelius (below left), a Roman work of the second century A.D., *prances along with three feet firmly on the ground. This example was followed by Andrea del Verrocchio in his noble statue of the ignoble General Colleoni (opposite), which is one of the glories of Venice. When Donatello created his equally majestic monument to the equally ruthless "Gattamelata" in Padua (below center), he was more cautious: he propped up the horse's lifted hoof with a somewhat improbable orb. Leonardo scorned so obvious a device; he dreamed of a mounted rider on a dramatically rearing horse. In the many drawings that he made for the* Trivulzio *monument he sometimes leaves the horse's forelegs free and sometimes supports them on a fallen enemy (left). The project was unrealized and the problem remained. It was finally solved in the mid seventeenth century by one Pietro Tacca, who—apparently on the advice of Galileo—lengthened the horse's tail and anchored it to the base; his equestrian statue of Philip IV of Spain (bottom) still paws the air in Madrid's Plaza de Oriente. Not as much can be said for Girardon's massive statue of Louis XIV, which came tumbling down after ninety years—but not because it lacked stability; like the King's great-great-great-grandson, it was a victim of the French Revolution. We know it only from a small model (at bottom right). The curious maquette at the far right shows the "runners" and "risers" used for a similar pouring.*

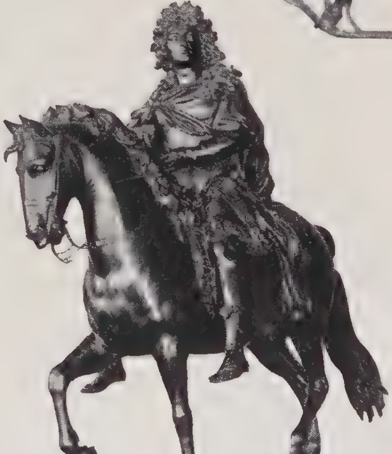


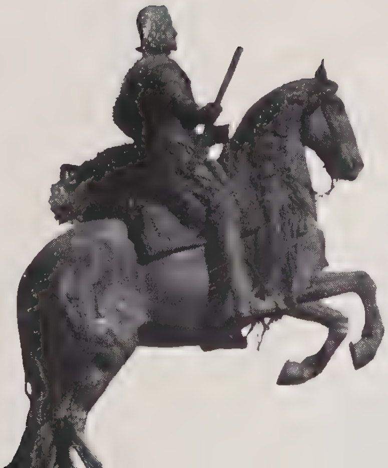
MANSELL COLL., LONDON











ITE, ABOVE, AND ABOVE CENTER: ANDERSON
RIGHT: MAS, BARCELONA
IGHT: MUSEUM OF DECORATIVE ART, COPENHAGEN
ER RIGHT: LOUVRE—GIRAUDON

Hellenistic bronzes are small and secular, made to please a connoisseur rather than to propitiate a god. Typical works are the statuette of an emaciated man, a first-century Roman copy of an earlier work, and the graceful veiled dancer, an Alexandrian piece from about 200 B.C. *Such* objets *were eagerly sought by Renaissance collectors and willingly created by Renaissance sculptors, who turned out many slavish imitations—and a few masterpieces like Antonio Pollaiuolo's* Hercules and Antaeus.

TOP: DUMBARTON OAKS COLL., WASHINGTON, D.C.
ABOVE: WALTER C. BAKER COLL
LEFT: MUSEO NAZIONALE, FLORENCE—ALINARI
OPPOSITE PAGE: ALINARI

TEXT CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

In spite of this ludicrously involved procedure, not untypical of Renaissance committee decisions, the result is a masterpiece. There follow several others, the greatest of which do not survive. Purely from the point of view of size and technical difficulty, Girardon's grandiloquent Louis XIV was perhaps the apotheosis of the single monumental cast in bronze of an equestrian statue. Even this, however, is not the end of the story of great bronze horses.

The masters of the early Renaissance, looking back on the remains of antique sculpture in its decadence, transformed it. In its rebirth it ranks with the great works of its progenitors in Greece, which, paradoxically, the Florentines could not have seen.

Donatello raised Ghiberti's relief style to an incredible eloquence and developed, in such works as his *Judith*, free-standing bronze sculpture of matchless beauty. Verrocchio carried the tradition forward, while Leonardo da Vinci was able to make his famous boast that he could "carry out in sculpture in marble, bronze, or clay . . . whatever may be done as well as any other, be he who he may." This, in a letter to Lodovico Sforza, is followed by a paragraph which reads: "Again the bronze horse may be taken in hand, which is to the immortal and eternal honor of the prince, your father of happy memory and of the illustrious house of Sforza." This horse was never cast; indeed, the period of the High Renaissance has, apart from pleasing minor works, left us with only one masterpiece in bronze that can be traced with confidence to the art of Leonardo da Vinci. This is a statuette of a rearing horse (page 22), which exists in several versions. We have no major work in bronze by either Leonardo or Michelangelo. It could be called the period of the great losses. Leonardo spent many years of his life on two projects for colossal equestrian monuments, the *Sforza* already mentioned, and the *Trivulzio*. They survive only in numerous drawings. The *Sforza* monument was used as a target by French bowmen while still in clay and was thus destroyed; the *Trivulzio* was never actually begun. Leonardo went into very great detail concerning the construction of armatures for both these bronzes, as his drawings now at Windsor Castle show, and in particular he was concerned with the technical problem of casting a rearing horse. This problem involved the mechanics of sustaining the whole weight of horse and rider on only the two hind legs of the horse. Despite the great tensile strength of bronze, no one had been able to achieve it. Beginning in 1483, with studies after Antonio Pollaiuolo's now lost model, Leonardo employed the device of supporting the horse's forelegs on a prostrate foe, laid low by the heroic Duke (page 29). Although as the work progressed he altered this figure so that the horse's forelegs were freed, he clearly was not sure that he could sustain the pose of the horse, unaided by such a device, on a colossal scale.

It is not altogether surprising that even Leonardo quailed at the thought of raising so vast a weight of metal on two such slender supports as the hind legs. Donatello had not even risked leaving the single raised foreleg of the *Gattamelata*'s mount unsupported, and inserted the rather improbable device of a bronze orb beneath it; Leonardo's drawings for the *Trivulzio* monument indicate various objects such as a wine jug beneath the horse's hoof, which is a little odd considering that Verrocchio's *Colleoni* still stands triumphantly in Venice with a foreleg cocked and free.

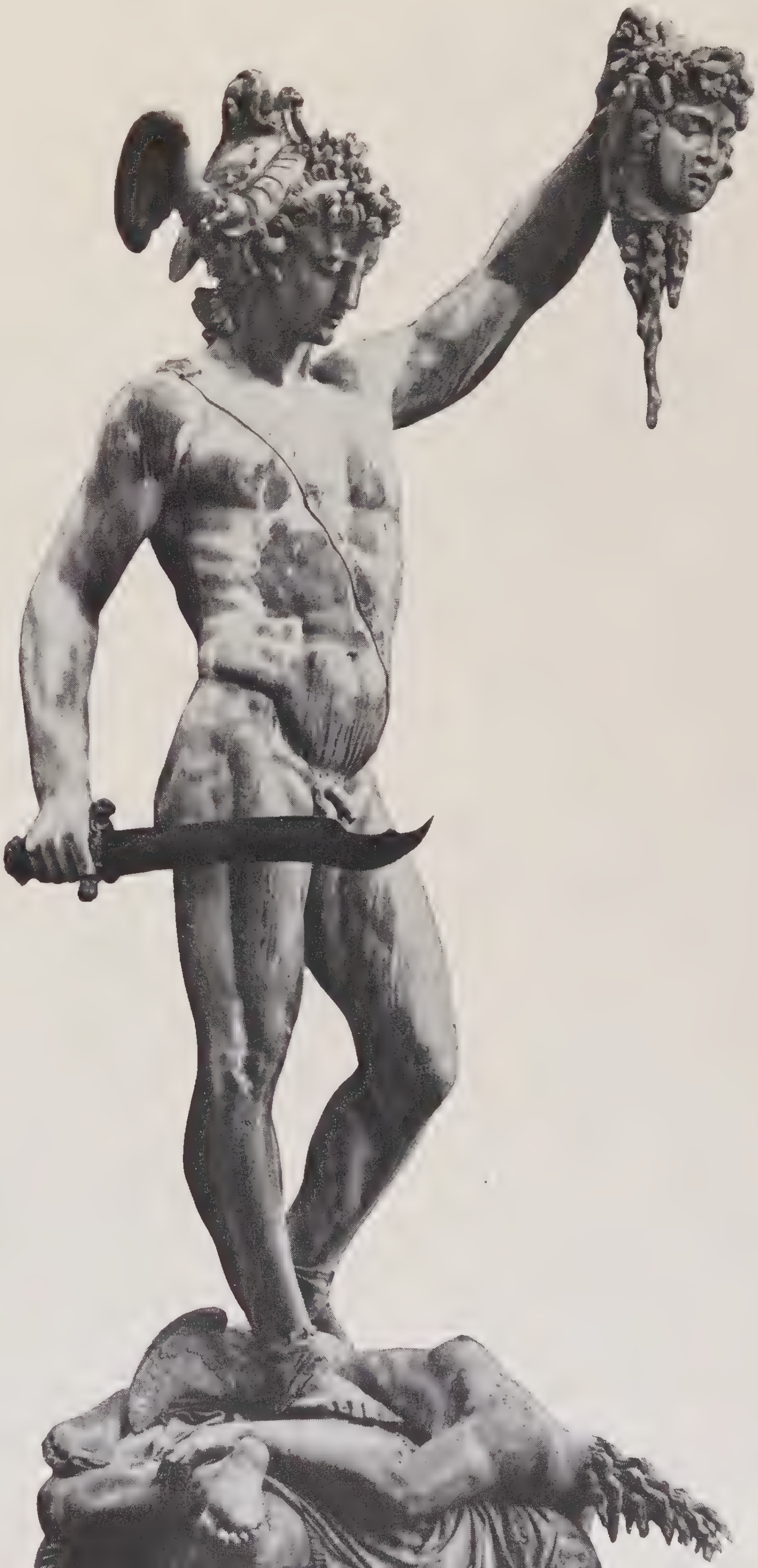
It was not until the seventeenth century that the problem of the rearing horse in bronze was finally solved, apparently by the Florentine Pietro Tacca with a statue of Philip IV in Madrid's Plaza de Oriente (page 29). The king wanted a monumental equestrian bronze of himself and had Velázquez make a drawing for it. Velázquez represented the horse rearing in the classic maneuver known in *haute école* as the *levade*. This was the pose in which Velázquez usually painted the horse in his equestrian portraits, but it confronted the unhappy Tacca with a task hitherto known to have been impossible on such a scale. Presumably having consulted all available precedent, Tacca decided to approach the greatest living scientist for advice. He wrote to Galileo and a correspondence took place which still survives. The expedient eventually employed was supremely simple: Tacca extended the florid baroque tail of the horse to the ground and braced it with a heavy iron internal support. The three iron braces in legs and tail have proved adequate to hold Philip IV in equilibrium on his prancing charger to this day.

Michelangelo was not by nature a bronze sculptor. It was against his will that he made and had cast a colossal bronze of Pope Julius II. Having little interest in bronze casting, he employed an artisan whose trade was cannon founding, and who in fact made a considerable mess of the business of casting sculpture. The statue, which represented the Pope seated, was fourteen feet high. At the first attempt the cast failed above the Pope's girdle and the metal remained caked in the crucible. A second attempt succeeded and the work was erected over the door of San Petronio in Bologna in 1508. After its destruction by the Pope's enemies, the Bentivoglio party, the fragments were sent to Ferrara; and there, with the exception of the head—which the Duke Alfonso d'Este kept intact, but which has since been lost—Michelangelo's major work in bronze was melted down and recast as a cannon called *La Giulia*.

How many masterpieces of sculpture have been turned into artillery is difficult to conceive. In some small degree the process has worked in reverse. Certain victories have been commemorated by recasting captured cannon into works of art of a kind. In London the reliefs on Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square, which represent his victories, were made from French cannon taken at the Battle of Trafalgar; and the Victoria Cross, Britain's highest award for valor, is cast from cannon captured from the Russians during the Crimean War. Sentiment apart, however, it has been a bad bargain. No Michelangelo has been available for such official monuments, and wars have been more potent in the destruction of sculpture than in the reshaping of cannon.

It was not merely accident and artillery which brought about the decline of bronze sculpture as the Renaissance rose to and passed its zenith. It was aesthetics. The Renaissance passion for the dream of the antique world was accompanied,

Benvenuto Cellini's Perseus, *which stands ten and a half feet tall in the Loggia dei Lanzi in Florence, is the only one of his large-scale works to survive. It took him nine years to complete. After the hellish difficulties of casting it in a single pour, so vividly described in his* Autobiography, *he spent the rest of his life in a vain attempt to collect payment for it from Cosimo de' Medici.*



not surprisingly, by a passion for collecting antiques, and forgeries went hand in hand with originals. At all except the highest levels, Renaissance art makes so low a bow to the antique that it falls on its face. In this nothing is more instructive than the vogue for the bronze statuette, an object invariably made as an *objet d'art*.

In the hands of Donatello and of his pupil Bertoldo, of the Pollaiuoli brothers (page 30), of Verrocchio, and of Giovanni Rustici, the small bronze preserves enough vitality and majesty in miniature to keep it well above the level of *bibelot*. Even as the cult spread, there were individual masters like Riccio of Padua who stood out; but as it proliferated in Italy, Germany, and Flanders and became an industry, as in the fashionable workshop of Giovanni da Bologna, it trapped itself in mannerism and fell into triviality.

No Renaissance dignitary could afford to be without his little bronzes; and they remain costly and sought after today as beautiful prestige objects, for the aesthetic phase which began with the Renaissance is still with us. But the bitter comment of Bernard Berenson that Cellini reduced the art of sculpture to the level of jewelry, if not altogether justified, is relevant. Sculpture in bronze passed into a long decline.

So far this potted history of bronze sculpture has been concentrated upon its spread from Mesopotamia into Europe over a period of some four thousand years. It also moved eastward in circumstances of considerable mystery. The great age of Chinese bronzework begins with the Shang dynasty, and upon a level of such absolute mastery as to be extraordinary. Until recently, at least, it was assumed that there had been no primitive Chinese bronze, no period of trial and error; from the Shang through the Chou to the end of the Han dynasty—a period of seventeen hundred years—Chinese bronze facture remained at the highest level. Technically, every device and refinement was practiced, but as far as we yet know, the objects that resulted were never very large in comparison to Western sculpture, whether they were the ritual vessels of the Shang period (opposite) or the complex figurative bronzes of men and animals of the Han period, recently excavated in Yunnan. The Chinese apparently did not tend toward a grandiose art in bronze during these early dynasties, and the monumentality of their forms is contained in little. It is possible that Shang and Chou bronzes were not only made for ritual purposes, but that their making *was* a ritual and the metal in the alloy proportioned in accordance with magic precept. When, later, the Chinese too reached an aesthetic phase, they began to imitate their own earlier triumphs for the pleasure of connoisseurs.

In China this decline begins early in our era, and in bronze sculpture, although not in the other arts, parallels our own Dark Ages. As the Chinese, and coincidentally the Europeans, declined in this field, India began to ascend. The origins of Indian bronzework are more obscure and considerably earlier than those of China; a tiny figure of a dancing girl found at Mohenjo-daro may date as far back as 2500 B.C. (page 25). However, the greatest surviving Indian bronzes appear after the Gupta period, between the seventh and the thirteenth centuries A.D., during the Pallava period and the subsequent Chola dynasty. They are invariably religious images (see opposite) cast by craftsmen who worked in accordance with the most rigid ordinances. The canons of the sacred texts were strict: even the bends and curves in images of human figures were dictated. *Samabhanga* is a figure without bends, *abhanga* means one with a slight bend, *tribhanga* means thrice bent, and *atibhanga* means greatly bent. Every gesture of the hands and fingers had its meaning, called a mudra, every posture was named and established, every proportion measured. In this latter particular there is a strong parallel with the Greeks, but in direct contrast to them—at least in parts of India—images were cast solid rather than hollow, for ritual reasons. The image maker was bound by faith and tradition never to cast a hollow image for worship, under penalties of a curse lasting seven generations.

The complexity of the Hindu pantheon is far too great to set down here, but the forms fall into two main categories—small images for private worship, and large ones called *ustava murtis* for carrying in procession—and these in turn fall into three groups, those of Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva. Buddha co-exists with these, and in all cases there are numerous manifestations of the gods in different forms.

Just prior to and following our own Renaissance, two other bronze cultures came into being. A brief and trivial one in Peru, which perhaps began in the thirteenth century, is mysterious in that the Incas had reached a high level of achievement in goldwork long before this, and were skilled in metallurgy. Why this brief bronze age occurred, since the results are insignificant, and from whence it derived, is uncertain.

The isolated African bronze age has scarcely less mysterious origins but a far higher achievement. It was concentrated along the Gulf of Guinea and centered upon Yorubaland, where, at the city of Ife, a series of life-size and marvelously beautiful bronze heads have been excavated.

The craft of Ife began sometime before Europeans reached Benin in A.D. 1485. The casting technique was a lost-wax process virtually identical with the technique that had been practiced for four thousand years in Europe and Asia, and the results are quite unlike anything else in African art. In no way primitive, the majestic striated heads of Ife (opposite) are comparable to those of archaic Greece. From this culture the celebrated bronzes of Benin derive; local tradition has it that the first bronze founder of Benin came there from Ife. The finest Benin bronzes were made between the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries. Date, however, is not a significant factor in African art. All but the earliest and greatest derivatives of Ife could just as well have been made at one time as at another during those centuries, so rigid was the tradition of ritual which inspired the form. The only exceptions are those images which represent the rare and marvelous advent of Europeans, who carry guns and are sometimes represented as wearing curious travesties of European dress.

In Europe itself the art of bronze sculpture had remained dormant from the death of Lorenzo Bernini in 1680 until its reawakening in France in the nineteenth century—or, if that is unjust, at least nothing occurred of such consequence as

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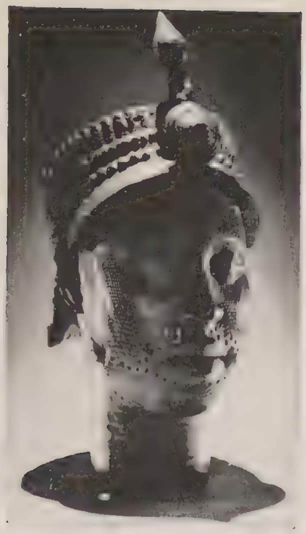
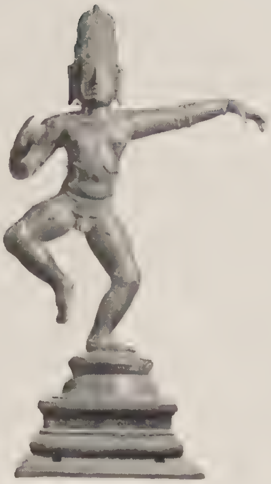
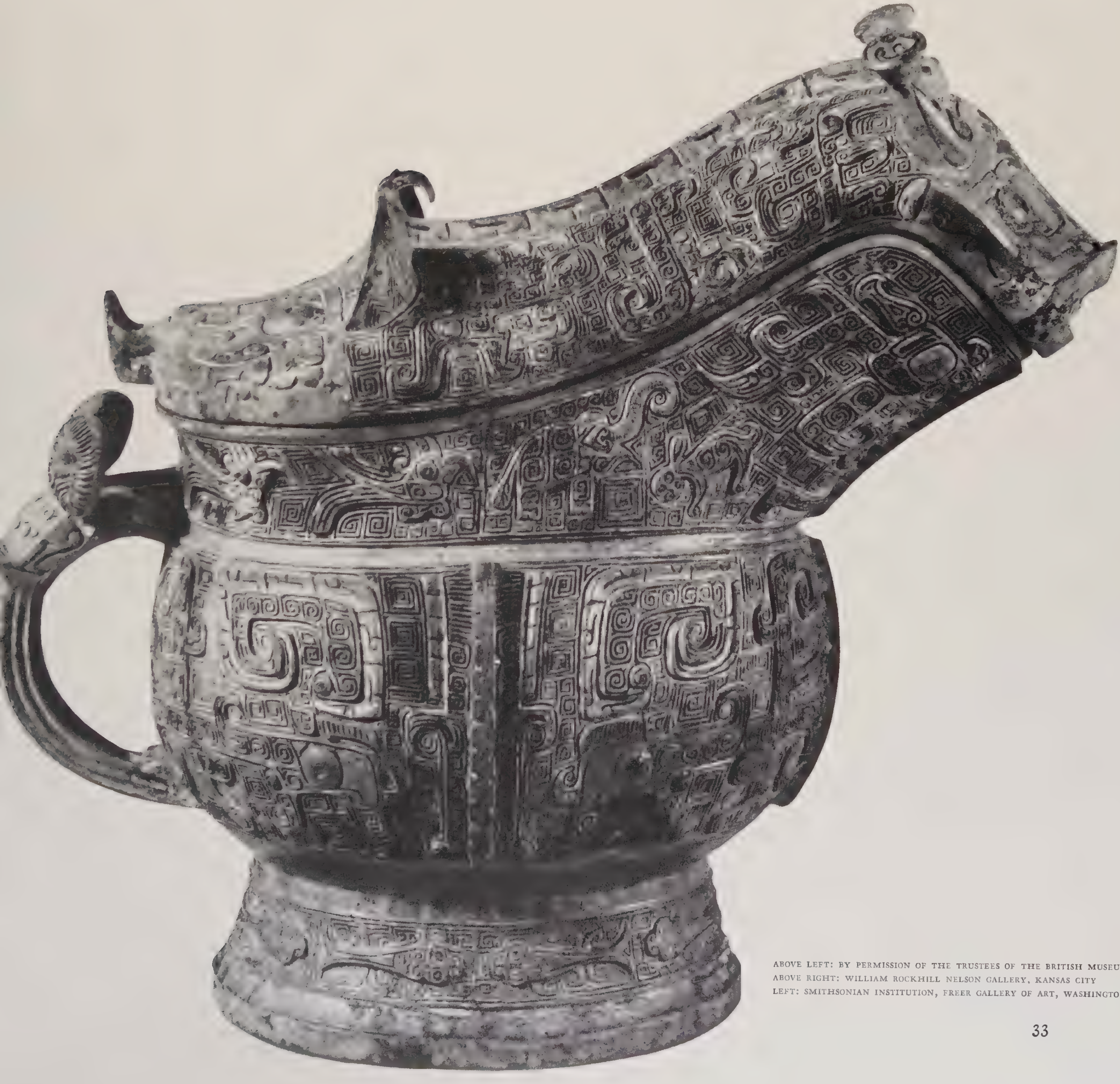
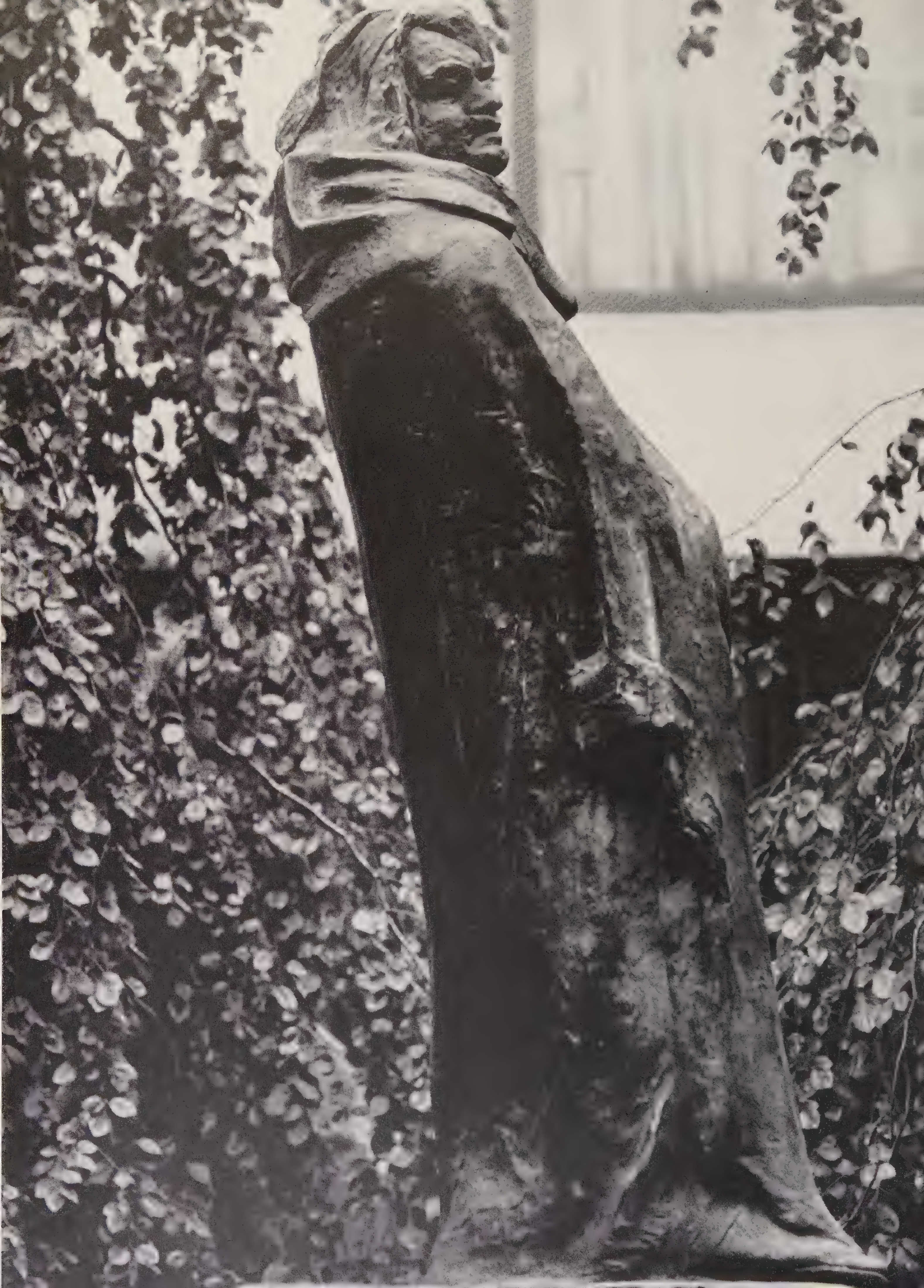


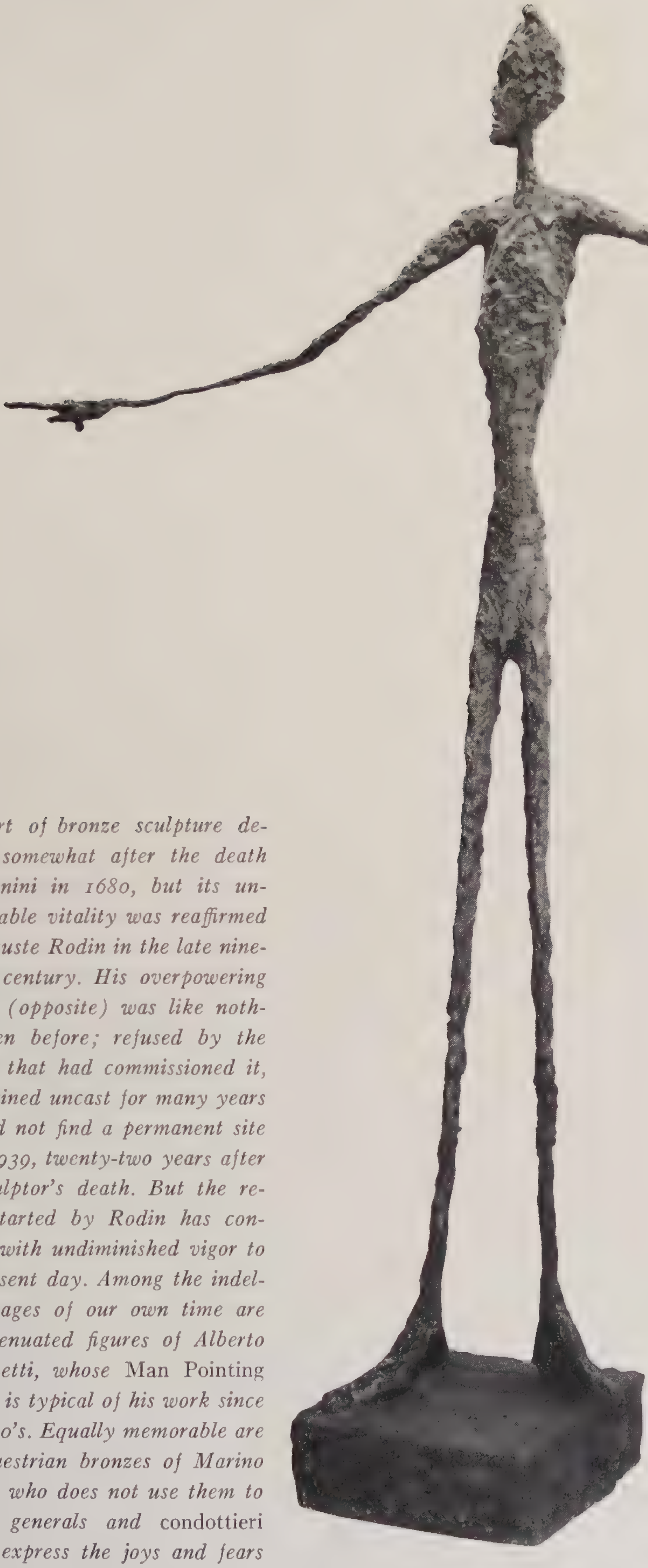


Great bronze cultures flourished in Africa and Asia as well as in Europe and the Middle East. The regal portrait head at far left was made at Ife, in what is now Nigeria, between the twelfth and fourteenth centuries A.D. *The dancing Krishna at left is an Indian religious image of about the same period. Chinese bronzes of the highest quality are spread over at least seventeen hundred years; the magnificent ceremonial* kuang *below was cast between the twelfth and eleventh centuries* B.C.

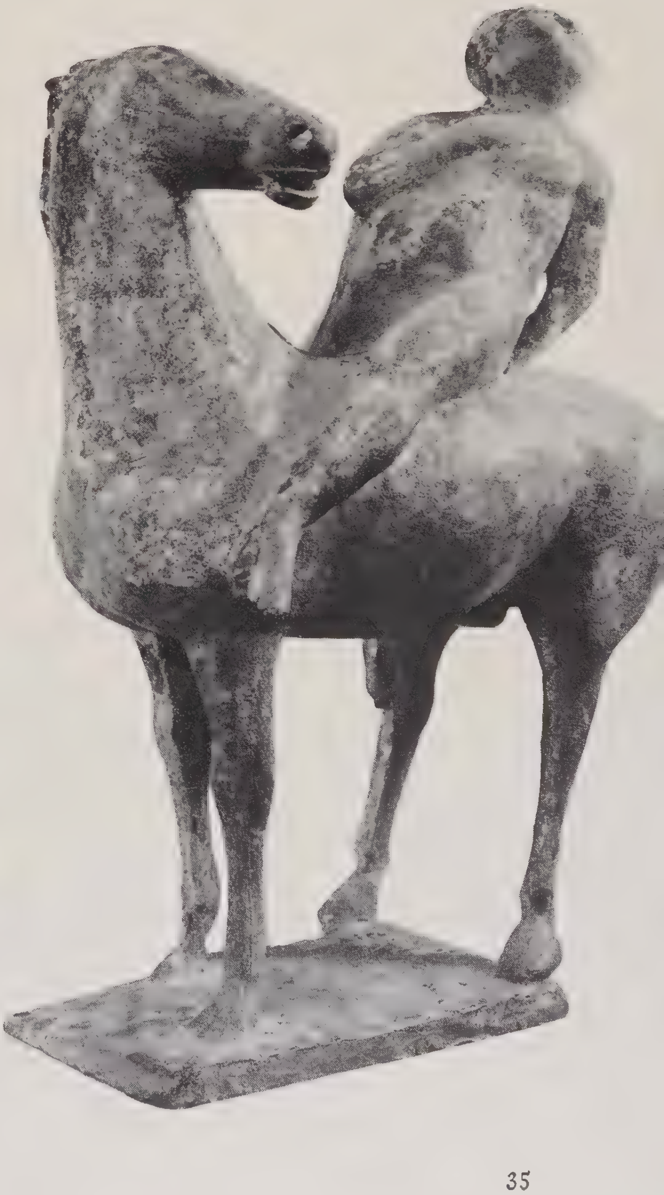


ABOVE LEFT: BY PERMISSION OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM
ABOVE RIGHT: WILLIAM ROCKHILL NELSON GALLERY, KANSAS CITY
LEFT: SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, FREER GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D.C.





The art of bronze sculpture declined somewhat after the death of Bernini in 1680, but its unquenchable vitality was reaffirmed by Auguste Rodin in the late nineteenth century. His overpowering Balzac *(opposite) was like nothing seen before; refused by the society that had commissioned it, it remained uncast for many years and did not find a permanent site until 1939, twenty-two years after the sculptor's death. But the revival started by Rodin has continued with undiminished vigor to the present day. Among the indelible images of our own time are the attenuated figures of Alberto Giacometti, whose* Man Pointing *(right) is typical of his work since the 1940's. Equally memorable are the equestrian bronzes of Marino Marini, who does not use them to glorify generals and* condottieri *but to express the joys and fears of ordinary twentieth-century man.*



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to find its way into this short survey. The rebirth when it occurred was the product not of professional sculptors but of painters. It had least of all to do with professional metalworkers and foundrymen; apart from reproducing utilities and ornaments, they were taken up with vast official pieces such as the final monumental bronze equestrian statue to figure in this account.

In the year of Rodin's birth, 1840, one Matthew Cotes Wyatt began work on a huge bronze of the Duke of Wellington. It measured thirty feet in height and twenty-six from the nose to the tail of the Duke's mount, and each of the horse's ears was two feet four inches long. It was cast in eight pieces, having required a hundred tons of plaster for the molds, and stood in London at Hyde Park Corner until it was banished by popular insistence to a distant suburb.

Sculpture as a profession had become a journeyman's job, but as a creative act its appeal was as powerful as ever. And so it was that Géricault, whose drawing has a muscularity that presupposes sculpture, took to making small models. Daumier, a supreme draftsman who was unable to succeed as a painter, produced caricature sculpture which is among his greatest work. And Degas, who was the greatest amateur sculptor of all time, joined them in helping to set the stage for the revival of sculpture in bronze.

They were not themselves bronze sculptors—their work was made for the most part casually, and cast posthumously; they were men whose fingers were like those of the Dactyls, and who projected their drawings into solid form. They were modelers who built up their figures from clay or wax, and not carvers who cut their images out of stone. Thus they were at the opposite extreme from the Greeks and from Michelangelo, who had said: "By sculpture I understand an art which operates by taking away superfluous material." Ultimately, this is the difference between the stone sculptor and the bronzeworker throughout history, despite the Greeks. It separates Michelangelo from Leonardo, who despised stone carvers and said so. During the nineteenth century it was the modeler who triumphed, in the genius of Rodin. His bronzes were the work of his own hands, but his marbles were carved by Italian artisans under his supervision. This was in contrast to his last great forerunner, Bernini, who worked in marble and was copied in bronze.

There is an important difference in handling which is characteristic of Rodin and which gives his work a surface unlike that of the bronze sculpture of the past. Cellini and every one of his predecessors began with a clay core, which was then covered with wax. This wax coating received the greatest attention from the sculptor before the cast was made, and determined the surface. But Rodin's clay model was cast in plaster, a wax impression of it was taken from a negative mold by professionals, and the result was then cast—so that it is the clay model which is reproduced and not the sculptor's own wax. The bronzes that owe so much to Rodin's influence—those of Renoir, Matisse, and, in his early years, Picasso—are also reproductions of clay models. Now clay is a sticky substance close to paint and sympathetic to painters, but it is a substance far removed from the metal.

Henry Moore's life-size Bone Figure (Knife Edge) *of 1961 proclaims the power of the human form—however severely represented—to enhance and dominate its surroundings.*

Metal long ago became the province of the foundryman, who has no pretensions to sculpture, and though the sculptor today—if he is worthy of the name—knows his processes, he rarely casts his own work. Rodin as a sculptor, in his comprehension of form and power of expression, was to the nineteenth century what Donatello was to the fifteenth, but as a metalworker he was nowhere; and since much of his work has been frequently and poorly repeated by subsequent generations of foundrymen, it is rare to see in a Rodin bronze the potential splendor of the material itself.

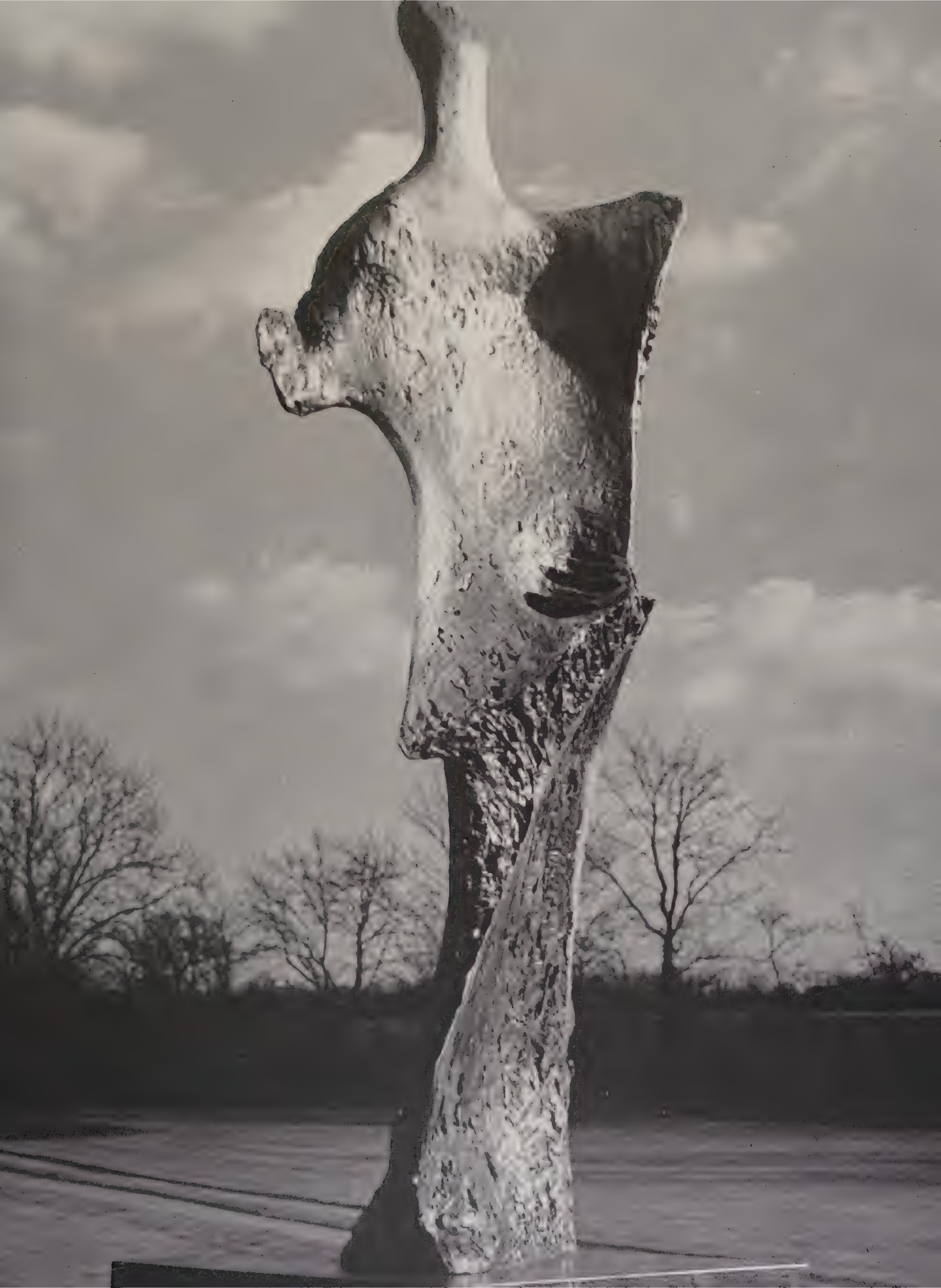
The twentieth century, which has produced a vital and impressive revival of the art of sculpture in bronze, has also produced an uneasy dichotomy between pictorial, or modeled, and sculptural, or carved, tendencies. For example, it would be fair to say that Giacometti is a painter-sculptor as opposed to Brancusi, whose bronzes reflect his stone carving. Marini's bronzes are those of a wood carver and Maillol's stone carvings are the work of a modeler.

Henry Moore, beginning as a stone carver, has perhaps more than any other sculptor mastered the differences in the mediums. This results from his invariable practice of working the wax itself, with enormous care, before it is cast. His wax when it is "lost" leaves behind it the true impression of his hand; no journeyman or plaster molder comes between the sculptor and the object.

What remains unchanged is the process, the wax which made and lost the mythical wings of Icarus. Every culture that has produced bronze sculpture, from China to Africa, from Nineveh to New York, has employed the lost-wax process, no matter how widely separate in place or time. Every age since the Copper Age has in some degree depended upon it.

Bronze is a base metal so common that you handle it every time you touch the small change in your pocket, yet to touch it is to touch the stuff of history, for it has shaped much of history. The eyes of two hundred generations have looked tirelessly upon bronze and it has patiently responded to tireless labor. It has been burnished, gilded, inlaid, enameled, varnished, and patinated, yet nothing can make it live like the touch of the human hand. But perhaps time is its greatest artificer, for though it has destroyed much bronze, it has also weathered it to a beauty of surface which only time can achieve. Taking the unwearying metal, time turns it to the silver-green of malachite and the dazzling blue of azurite and the warm earth color of native copper, which is where it began when first the earth uncovered it to man.

Painter, sculptor, stage designer, illustrator, film maker, and writer, Michael Ayrton is as versatile as the bronze he writes about so feelingly. His most recent books are Golden Sections *(1957) and* The Testament of Daedalus *(1960).*



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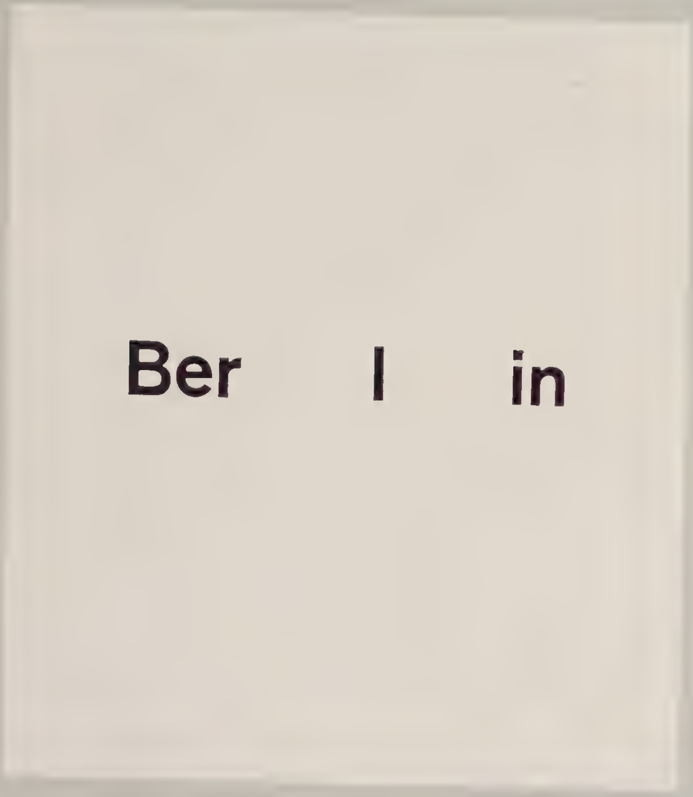

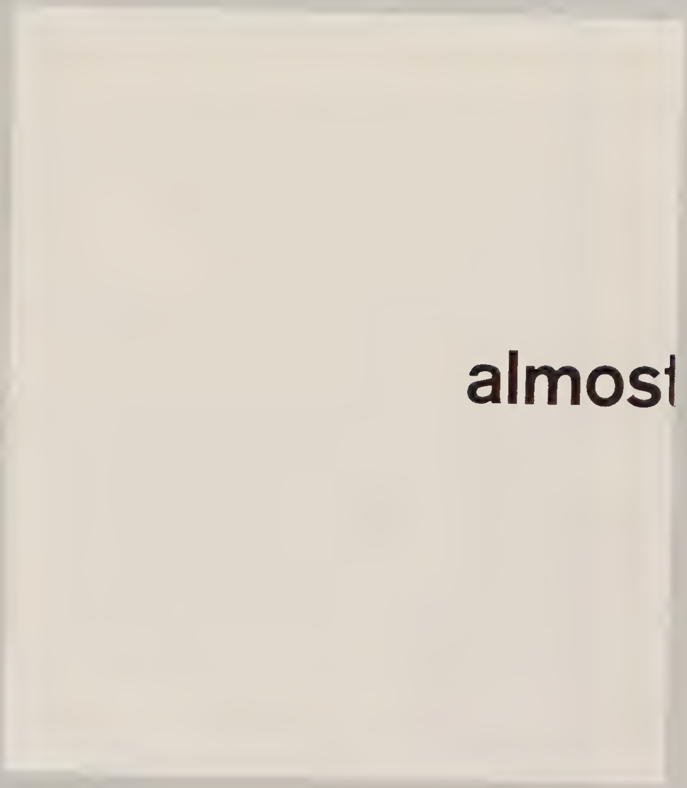

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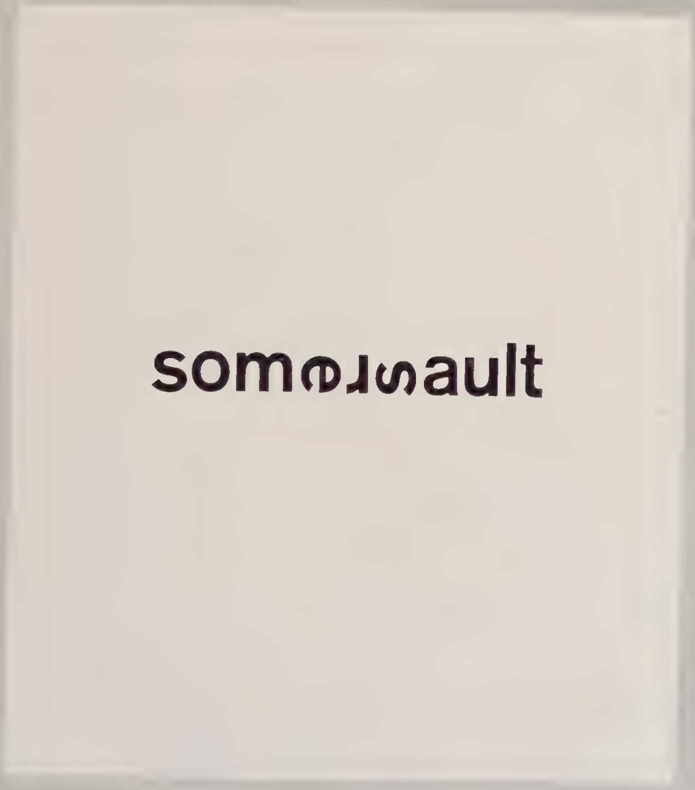
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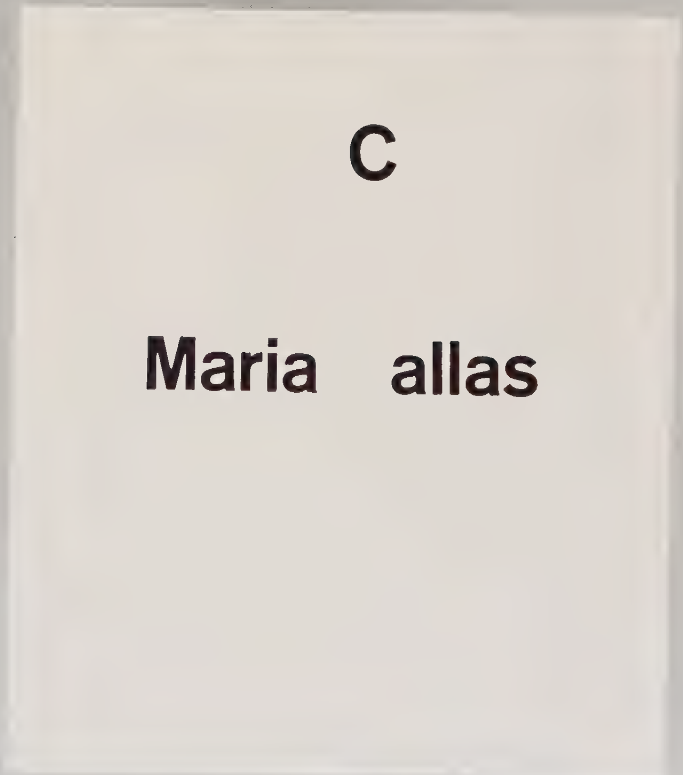
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The Fortunes and Miſfortunes
of
THE FAMOUS

DANIEL DEFOE

Impoſter, Spy, Pamphleteer,
and ſometime Noveliſt

A TRUE ACCOUNT

---

of How he was pilloried and reviled
How he loſt his Riches and gained Others and

FINALLY

How he came to write Robinſon Cruſoe,
Moll Flanders, and other Great Books

The whole faithfully ſet down by

V. S. PRITCHETT, Eſq.

On January 10, 1703, an advertisement appeared in the *London Gazette* offering a reward of £50 to anyone giving information leading to the arrest of

> a middle-sized man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark-brown-colored hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, gray eyes, and a large mole near his mouth. . . .

He was wanted for seditious libel. Four months later the man was caught, put in Newgate prison, and soon afterward sentenced to stand in the pillory and face the jeers of the London mob.

The man was Daniel Defoe, onetime tile and brick maker and dealer in stockings, cloth, beer, wine, tobacco, oysters, mixed cargoes of all kinds. Now he was a pamphleteer and satirical journalist and—fatal weakness—Dissenter. Not for almost another twenty years, after a life of disasters that recall the misfortunes of Cervantes, would he settle down, at the age of sixty, to become the author of *Robinson Crusoe* and *Moll Flanders,* and the "father of the English novel."

Defoe was the most English of Englishmen of the stubborn, unkillable, common kind. His days in the pillory illustrate his spirit. He was terrified of the pillory and terrified, quite rightly, of the London mob. First he had abased himself, crawled to his accusers; but when he found his mortification did not work, he plucked up his courage, and shrewdly seeing that he was a news story, he wrote "A Hymn to the Pillory." The poem was sold to the crowd as he stood there, converting his disaster into a popular triumph. He was not pelted with rotten eggs and bad fish. He was cheered by a crowd which, in fact, disliked his opinions for the most part. London had never taken to Puritans and Quakers—ship them all to America, was the London view—and it did not care for their moderate descendants, the Dissenters, to whom Defoe belonged. But London loved a truculent citizen, and before anything else Defoe was a citizen: he spoke with the city's common, unpolished, incurably argumentative voice.

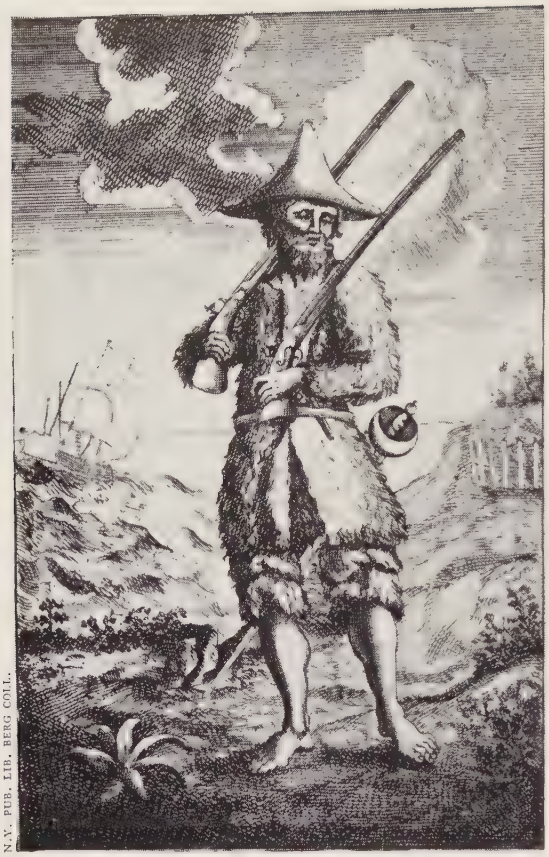
It is important to understand that in Defoe's lifetime London was not an ancient Tudor city. Certainly it was over sixteen hundred years old, but most of ancient London had gone. Elizabethan London had vanished in a few days (when Defoe was a boy of six) in the Great Fire of 1666, which had followed the devastating plague of the year before. Defoe's London was a city of bright new red brick—some of the brick came from his own brickworks down the river—and Wren's white towered churches. In Defoe's time London saw the end of medieval commerce and the rise of mercantile capitalism and foreign trade. The city was certainly as new, rich, and enterprising as its rival, Amsterdam; it was a rising entrepôt happily placed at the crossroads of the Rhine estuary and the new Atlantic trade. Defoe himself had traded with Maryland. The first English newspaper, *Post Boy,* appeared during his period (the *London Gazette* sold six thousand copies an issue and the *Daily Courant* sold forty-eight hundred copies a week); Lloyd's shipping exchange was established; the first coffeehouses or clubs opened; the Bank of England was created; new laws for the protection of honest bankrupts were made. It was the age of individuality and planners—called projectors—of brokering and solid colonial ventures. Behind the outburst of activity was the new middle class, liberated by the English revolution, free of the working restrictions of the medieval guilds. The religious fanaticism of the seventeenth century was outgrown. The new men were out for their independence, for money, for rising in the world. The dream of any London apprentice was to be a merchant, to make his fortune quickly—which was indeed possible—to build himself a large house in the country, and possibly to become Lord Mayor.

Until he was thirty, Defoe fit precisely into the mold of the new men. Even after two bankruptcies and politics had wrecked his own business career, he still regarded the "complete English tradesman" as the ideal figure:

> A true-bred merchant is a universal scholar. His learning excels the mere scholar in Greek and Latin, as much as that does the illiterate person that cannot write or read. He understands languages without books, geography without maps; his journals and trading voyages delineate the world; his foreign exchanges, protests, and procurations speak all tongues; he sits in his counting house and converses with all nations, and keeps up the most exquisite and extensive part of human society in a universal correspondence.

Any London merchant who read that, or who looked through the pages of Defoe's later book on trade, *The Complete English Tradesman,* would no doubt recognize the excellence of Defoe's account; but a doubt would cross his shrewd, counting-house mind. A man who could observe and write as well as that would be unreliable in business. Indeed Defoe saw that himself. It was fatal, he said, for a tradesman to be a Wit. He was not a born trader; he was a born writer.

Defoe's father had been a sounder character. He was a poor tallow chandler, the lowest of the London trades. He was rigidly religious. He kept his family sternly apart from the roistering life of Charles II's reign. By the end of his life he had moved up to the far higher status of butcher, and had become a freeman of the city. A Roundhead, survivor of a cause whose victory had been brief, he held to the Puritan belief in education and sent his children to a modest but distinguished school. From the beginning Daniel Defoe, the son, grew up in a severe and persecuted religion, strict in its regard for work, money, and morality, and alarming in its theology. When he was five the threats of religion were, it seemed, confirmed by the outbreak of the terrible plague which decimated the London population, particularly the parish of St. Giles' in Cripplegate, where he lived. Whether the Defoes fled from London or stayed is not known. Although Defoe wrote an "eyewitness report" of it in the *Journal of the Plague Year,* at the age of five he could hardly have been an "eyewitness." But the Dissenters regarded the Plague as a divine punishment for the sins of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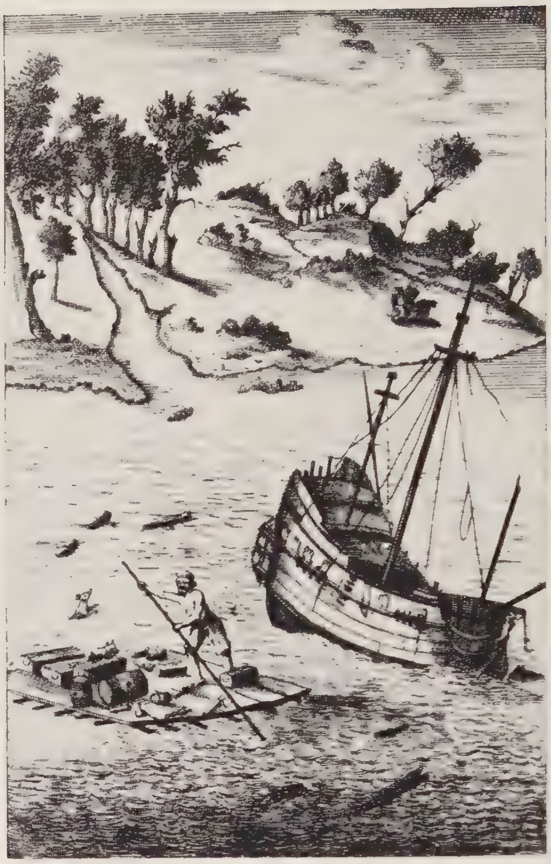
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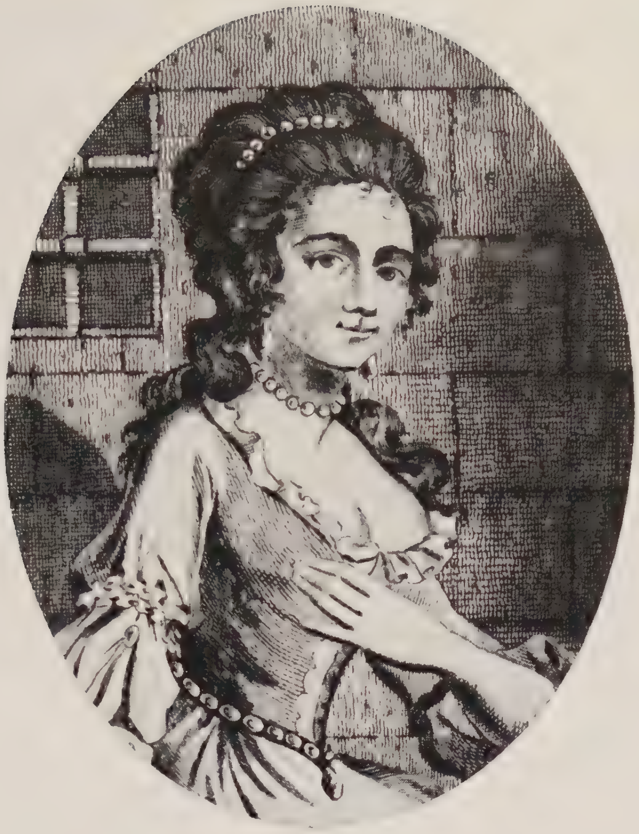
The illustration from the 1722 edition of Robinson Crusoe *(right) pictures Crusoe's wrecked ship from which he is pluckily salvaging supplies. The frontispiece above, for the original edition of the book (1719) shows Crusoe standing before a ship dashed on the rocks twenty-three years after his own wreck. He did not know the fate of the second vessel's crew. He lamented their demise; and, thinking of his own miraculous salvation (and perhaps of the supplies the new wreck would yield), he thanked God who "had so happily provided for me in my desolate condition."*

the city and the persecution of the saints. Defoe grew up with a dramatic belief in the Devil (one remembers the vision of the Devil in *Robinson Crusoe*). When we look at Defoe's character, there is an extraordinary contradiction between the drive of a dramatic and fearful imagination and the curious, observant, shrewd tradesman's regard for the material details of life. He has, almost to a fanatical degree, the tradesman's regard for practicality and goods, as if goods or what one can sell were virtues in themselves.

The inexplicable elements in Daniel Defoe's character—the ones we can trace to no source, unless it is partly to the release and expansiveness of the age he grew into—are his talents for lying and impersonation. When he was writing about the merchant's life, Defoe said one of the worst dangers was "overtrading"; yet Defoe "overtraded" not only in business but in life. He was not content to be himself; he was driven by an irresistible impulse and gift to become other people. His enemies mocked him for being a hosier's apprentice. He swore he had never been anything as humble as an apprentice and had never sold stockings. And his contention may have been half true: he may never have been a retailer, but a wholesale dealer, broker, factor, and speculator. The idea was grander. So was the cunning alteration of his name from plain D. Foe to the aristocratic Defoe. In business he overtraded so much in the boom of the new century that he was often, in the courts, accused of breaches of contract. He would speculate in anything—



Defoe justified the publication of The Fortunes and Misfortunes of the famous Moll Flanders, *the story of a whore and a thief, by writing in the preface that "there is not an ill thing mentioned but it is condemned." However, Defoe's avowed moral purpose does not interfere with the lively realism of Moll's tale. One senses also the author's admiration for his hardheaded heroine, who, despite her criminal acts, retains many attitudes of the virtuous bourgeoise. This frontispiece to a 1790 edition of* Moll Flanders *shows her in Newgate as a young woman, although in the book she was well over fifty when she was imprisoned there.*

most calamitously in a farm of civet cats, which were valuable to the perfume trade. In 1684 he married Mary Tuffley, a prosperous merchant's daughter by whom he had eight children. He speculated with his wife's fortune—and it looks as though he married her for it—lost it, and by 1692 was finally bankrupt for the then enormous sum of £17,000. With that went his last commercial daydream. It must be said that in the course of years he paid off most of his creditors: he had the Protestant conscience.

Defoe's bankruptcy at the age of thirty-two was the making of him. Always a plunger, he had plunged into the wrong element. He now plunged into words. He lived for a while on odd jobs—at one time, though a Puritan of sorts, he was a supervisor of the state lottery, his conscience being somewhat elastic. But he was, above all, a man with his ear to the ground. Dutch William, a stern Protestant, came over from Holland to rule England and was horrified by the barbarity of English manners and the backwardness of life. Defoe was one of the hundreds of thousands to welcome the foreign king. Within astonishingly little time Defoe, the son of the tallow chandler, and the bankrupt, was one of the advisers of the king—or, more accurately, one of the king's public-relations officers and agents. What is an agent? Mysterious occupation. A man who works behind the scenes, possibly a spy. And here we approach the devious side of Defoe's character: he was a born undercover man.

The English notoriously despise foreigners, and the king was despised because he was a Dutchman. Extremists worked up a campaign against him on the grounds that he was surrounded by Dutch advisers and was not a pure-blooded, "true-born Englishman." Defoe sat down and wrote his famous satiric address, published in 1701, to "the true-born Englishman," the traditional upper-class Tory. He laughed them into good sense:

> *French cooks, Scotch peddlers, and Italian whores*
> *Were all made lords, or lords' progenitors.*
> *Beggars and bastards by his new creation*
> *Much multiplied the peerage of the nation;*
> *Who will be all, ere one short age runs o'er,*
> *As true-born lords as those we had before. . . .*

Look at the mongrel English past:

> *These are the heroes that despise the Dutch*
> *And rail at new-come foreigners so much,*
> *Forgetting that themselves are all deriv'd*
> *From the most scoundrel race that ever liv'd;*
> *A horrid medley of thieves and drones,*
> *Who ransacked kingdoms and dispeopled towns . . .*
> *And lest by length of time it be pretended*
> *The climate may this modern breed ha' mended,*
> *Wise Providence, to keep us where we are,*
> *Mixes us daily with exceeding care.*
> *We have been Europe's sink, the jakes where she*
> *Voids all her offal outcast progeny.*

This Shavian attack was not entirely destructive, for in the latter part of the poem Defoe shrewdly sets out the virtues and vices of his countrymen as well as it has ever been done. He makes it very clear, for example, that the strong, silent Englishman is a myth; he is a man who cannot keep his mouth shut, grumbles at work, can teach any magistrate the law. Gentle in command, never obedient, affronting to their kings, the English go their own way:

> *Slaves to their liquor, drudges to the pots*
> *The mob are statesmen, and their statesmen sots.*

Defoe's poem restored good sense, for the Tories were out of power. But William died and the Tories had marked him and, indeed, all stubborn Dissenters like him. With the death of William and with churchgoing Anne on the throne, the extreme Tories—the "highflyers" as they were called—turned upon the Dissenters. Their schools were to be closed and the old tolerance was to be abolished. Defoe was not a very honest man; he was not, as Bunyan was, a true Puritan. But Defoe was a passionate Dissenter. And now his inborn recklessness and disingenuousness betrayed him. In 1702 he wrote a pamphlet entitled "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters." It was brilliant—too brilliant for the mass of readers. It was done in the manner of Swift's *Modest Proposal* that the Irish should eat their children. Defoe was less savage: he pretended to be a highflying Tory and made the Tories ridiculous by pretending to side with them, carrying their extremism to an absurd conclusion. He was, in fact, parodying the sermons of a violent divine. The viperous brood, the heretical weed, of Dissent must be destroyed.

> Serpents, toads, vipers, etc. are noxious to the body, and poison the sensitive life; these poison the soul, corrupt our posterity, ensnare our children, destroy the vitals of our happiness, our future felicity, and contaminate the whole mass.
>
> Shall any law be given to such wild creatures? Some beasts are for sport, and the huntsmen give them advantages of ground; but some are knocked on the head by all possible ways of violence and surprise. I do not prescribe fire and faggot, but, as Scipio [actually Cato the Censor] said of Carthage, *Delenda est Carthago*. They are to be rooted out of this nation . . .

We have heard this sort of thing in our own generation; Defoe's mimicry of the highflyers would do as a mimicry of McCarthy. But Defoe was reckless. The ridicule was interpreted as an attack on the Queen who, though scarcely religious, was ardent for church business. He was arrested: the middle-sized journalist with a hooked nose and the large mole near the side of his mouth was in prison and then in the pillory.

After his release from prison in November of 1703, Defoe became a government spy, the tool of the people who had him freed, mistrusted and hated where it was known. The account against him looks black; in fact, it is nearer gray than black. His defense is that he was employed by the most accomplished of English politicians to insinuate a spirit of moderation in a country full of faction. This is a strong defense: Defoe's whole nature was moderate and practical.

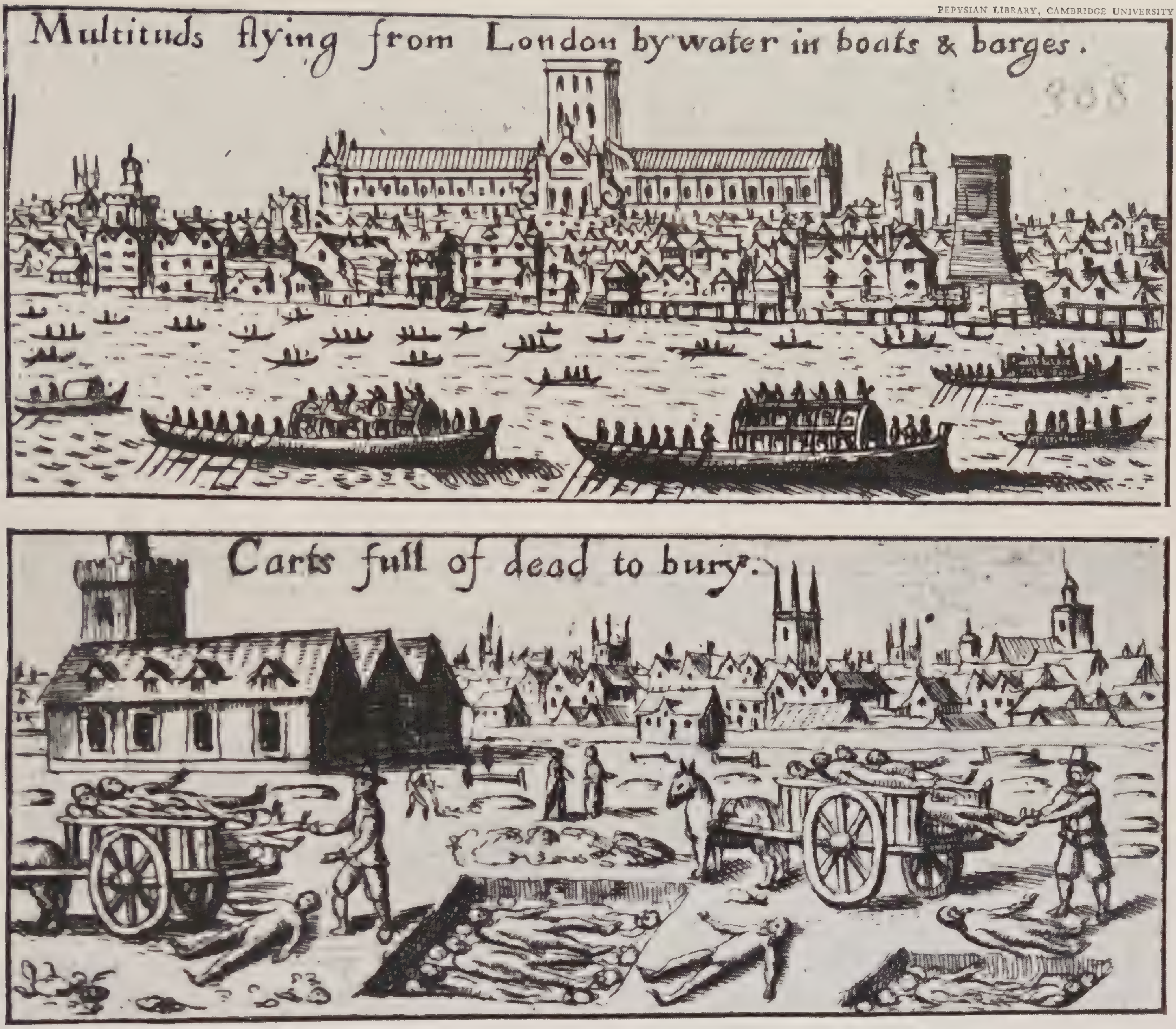
Then, too, Defoe was delighted to be a spy. He loved to travel about England. His false names and pretended occupations excited his imagination. In addition, his journeys on horseback from town to town, collecting opinions, noting names, finding out about money and trades, give us one of the best accounts of how ordinary people lived in England at that time, what they worked at—work always interested him—and the prices of food, cloth, and so on. He had an ear and eye for the strange. The population of the eastern fens and marshes in England has always been "deep" and peculiar. In Essex it was even more peculiar, for there he found men who had had up to fifteen wives. Defoe always had a precise instance to point his general observations.

> . . . fifteen wives; nay and some more; and I was inform'd that in the marshes on the other side the river over against Candy Island, there was a farmer, who was then living with the five and twentieth wife, and that his son who was but about thirty-five years old, had already had about fourteen; indeed this part of the story, I only had by report, tho' from good hands too; but the other is well known, and easy to be inquired . . . The reason, as a merry fellow told me, who said he had had about a dozen and a half of wives, (tho' I found afterward he fibb'd a little) was this; That they being bred in the marshes themselves, and seasoned to the place, did pretty well with it; but that they always went up into the hilly country, or to speak their own language, into the uplands for a wife: That when they took the young lasses out of the wholesome and fresh air, they were healthy, fresh and clear, and well; but when they came out of their native air into the marshes among the fogs and damps, there they presently chang'd their complexion, got an ague or two, and seldom held it above half a year, or a year at most; and then, said he, we go to the uplands again, and fetch another; so that marrying of wives was reckon'd a kind of good farm to them.

Defoe, the Whig, was a spy for the Tory Minister Harley for ten years. He wrote a newspaper for him. The two men, the hard-drinking and deeply cunning aristocrat who kept his agent short of funds and who played him along, and the harassed but also deeply cunning adventurer, established a sort of friendship, based on their love of moderation. Defoe was secure. He lived in a comfortable house just outside London. And then Harley fell from power and the Whigs came in. A pause for some misadventures in the courts and then, like any purged Russian, Defoe once more "confessed to past errors"—and became a secret agent and journalist for the Whigs.

Defoe's life had been physically, not to say morally, exhausting. His career was only too well known. He was constantly attacked. A poem appeared in the press summarizing his career:

> *To fraud his nature did his thoughts dispose,*
> *Since prentice to the trade of selling hose;*
> *And having furbished up a stock of wiles,*


Multituds flying from London by water in boats & barges.
Carts full of dead to bury.

PEPYSIAN LIBRARY, CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY

A portion of a broadsheet (above) illustrates the mass burials that took place during the Great Plague of 1665. Defoe wrote of London's upheaval during the Plague, and of the "very, very, very dreadful" sight of the burials, in A Journal of the Plague Year *(published in 1722). "There was a strict order," Defoe reported, "to prevent people coming to those pits, and that was only to prevent infection. But after some time that order was more necessary, for people that were infected and near their end, and delirious also, would run to those pits, wrapt in blankets or rugs, and throw themselves in, and, as they said, bury themselves."*

> *Mankind he cheated next by bricks and tiles:*
> *Bought coach and horses, but for none did pay,*
> *Nor one brass farthing for his corn or hay:*
> *And in like manner to conceal his shame,*
> *Bought civet cats to scent a stinking name:*
> *And finding that his ship would run aground,*
> *March'd quickly off with fifteen hundred pound . . .*
> *This wretch if possible will cheat Old Nick,*
> *He's so inur'd to fraudulence and trick.*
> *Great Bulzebube himself he does outvie*
> *For malice, treachery, and audacious lie.*

If such a poem had appeared today, Defoe would have been able to sue for libel. In the eighteenth century people had to endure personal attack.

In any event, at sixty, Defoe was politically a failure. This time he was not at the point of disaster, but he was "out." He was disillusioned, without political prospect. All he could do was write. But what? He looked around him, and having nothing else to write about, he simply wrote about his own people—not about policy and opinion, but about how people lived, what they thought and felt and said. The spur was his inborn confidence in his observation and his moral sense.

And so the last act of impersonation suddenly lifts Defoe out of the dim life of the arguing hack into the light of literature. He became Crusoe, Moll Flanders, Roxana, the saddler reporting the Plague: he became, as it were, the secret agent of the ordinary man and woman.

To himself, to the educated classes, to the great writers of his time such as Pope, these books seemed like low-class paperbacks intended for servant girls and written in their language: unpolished, without idea or style, and ignoble in sensibility. The characters themselves were incapable of the higher feelings of the great dramas. They were mean. Defoe must have felt twinges of the shame of a talented man who gives up and takes to soap opera, who sells out to the worst of Hollywood or the pulp magazines. Yet behind him he had his independence of mind and, above all, his early good Dissenting education; behind him also was a defiant sense of his own merits and of his own novelty as a person. Such were the untapped resources of his lifetime and such the vital excitability of this aging man that in five years—between 1719 and 1724—he ran off three masterpieces. The enormous success of *Robinson Crusoe* first of all astonished him. Then, quickly, with his journalistic instinct, he claimed an extra significance for it: *Robinson Crusoe* was the allegorical biography of himself, Daniel Defoe, marooned on the desert island of Great Britain! (It is not exactly a lie; it is a shrewd and plausible afterthought.) But it is an allegory of a host of the pragmatic, capable, shrewd, enduring Defoes, winning the battle for survival in adversity, winning the battle for practicability, work, and natural cunning. It is an allegory of his kind of Englishmen, whom Defoe thought no better than any other race, except in one thing: they keep their heads when things are going badly. It is also an allegory of the Protestant mind with its high regard for conduct and its suspicion of sensibility and feeling. Crusoe represses all his spiritual alarms at his position as a man alone in the universe and in the eyes of God, for such preoccupations would lead to the paralysis of his conduct as an ingenious builder. The price he pays for this repression is nightmare: he is visited by the Devil. Crush the inner life and it returns in the form of monsters, as Goya noted in one of his more terrible fantasies. The dream of reason creates monsters.

The eighteenth century was the time of "desert-island literature," the time of *Gulliver's Travels*. There were many accounts of shipwrecked mariners about. The great Age of Discovery had deposited a pile of documents about maroonings, mutinies, and piracies. Defoe knew them. His originality lay first in seeing them through the eyes of the very ordinary man who has no romantic or dramatic desire to find himself in these situations. The originality also lay in his use of the primitive, childlike love of playing house—the sense of game or craft in all of Defoe's work, even in Moll Flanders's thieving, is remarkable—and, above all, in a style so plain that it was a transparency through which a survivor's life could be seen in detail. It was not the detail of a catalogue but detail as it is seen in life—the detail of accident. Of his drowned shipmates after the wreck, Crusoe says:

> . . . as for them, I never saw them afterward, or any sign of them, except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not fellows.

Defoe, the natural liar, had a genius for verisimilitude. He had an eye for the convincing singularity, that is to say, for the normal. A conventional nonobserver would have written "and a pair of shoes." One sees Defoe's superiority when his story is compared with the Abbé Prévost's treatment of great portions of *Crusoe*, which he translated into French and used in his novel *Cleveland*. The Abbé makes his hero see not *one* footprint but a mob of footprints in the sand! In reporting real probability, Defoe has not been surpassed in any literature.

There is a famous moment in *Moll Flanders* when Moll takes to stealing. She had already stolen from a maid in a shop; now—and this is the test of the storyteller—she must go one worse (Defoe always manages the art of progression in his tales).

> I went out now by daylight, and wandered about I knew not whither and in search of I knew not what, when the devil put a snare in my way of a dreadful nature indeed, and such a one as I have never had before or since. Going through Aldersgate Street, there was a pretty little child had been at a dancing school, and was agoing home all alone; and my prompter, like a true devil, set me upon this innocent creature. I talked to it, and it prattled to me again, and I took it by the hand and led

> it along till I came to a paved alley that goes into Bartholomew Close, and I led it in there. The child said that was not its way home. I said, "Yes, my dear, it is; I'll show you the way home." The child had a little necklace on of gold beads, and I had my eye upon that, and in the dark of the alley I stooped, pretending to mend the child's clog that was loose, and took off her necklace, and the child never felt it, and so [I] led the child on again. Here, I say, the devil put me upon killing the child in the dark alley that it might not cry, but the very thought frighted me so that I was ready to drop down; but I turned the child about and bade it go back again, for that was not its way home.

We see the exact route Moll takes back to her lodgings, the real streets, and then she says something which we have all heard criminals say in the courts:

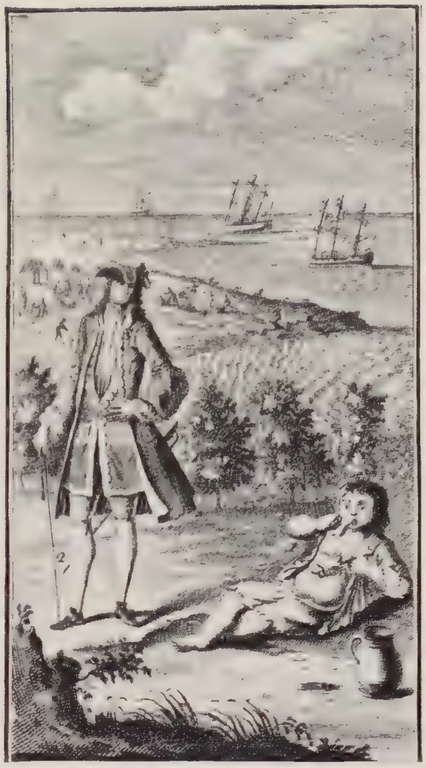
> The last affair left no great concern upon me, for as I did the poor child no harm, I only thought I had given the parents a just reproof for their negligence in leaving the poor lamb to come home by itself, and it would teach them to take more care another time.

She complacently adds that the necklace was worth "about twelve or fourteen pounds." And we then learn—and how intelligent of Defoe to leave it till the end of the anecdote because it is the question at the back of our minds—why she should steal a *child's* necklace:

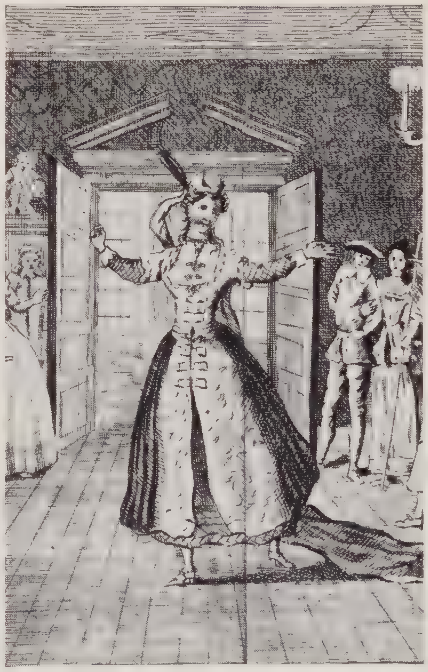
> I suppose it might have been formerly the mother's for it was too big for the child's wear, but that perhaps the vanity of the mother to have her child look fine at the dancing school had made her let the child wear it . . .

Defoe follows the surprising facts, but he notes, as we have seen, the psychological facts. In his own life Defoe was always eloquent in self-justification, and he is aware, in his tales, of how important an act this is to people. Moll's confession is a moralization on other people's shortcomings; and if this is an attempt to distract us and is hypocritical, it is also an assertion of her strongest wish—to be respectable. In her love affairs, her marriages, and her crimes, what she seeks is solid security which she can reckon up in terms of linen and chattels; she is very much a woman in her regard for property, domestic at heart, "bold" as she would say, and pretty confident about the attractions of her person. She is the average sensual woman of the Spanish proverb: "prudent in the house and mad in bed." She is a very managing, but fundamentally good-humored woman, and again very "true-born English" in Defoe's sense: her passions do not make her lose her head; she is warmly frank but not exhibitionistic about her appetites.

It is often said that Defoe is hypocritical when he prefaces his accounts of low, immoral life with the claim that they are written in order to teach us that sin and crime must be avoided. The charge is true, up to a point, but it is very much part of the double-faced Dissenting ethos and is the expression of what—when we look at his political career—appears to be a genuine conflict in himself. The rogue is an active, vital, energetic, enterprising person whose ultimate



ENGRAVINGS COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM



Defoe respected the enterprising merchants of his time, and his novels reflect much of this admiration for those who "get on." The frontispiece at top is taken from Colonel Jack *(1722), the story of a pickpocket who rose to the position of prosperous planter in Virginia. The frontispiece below is from* Roxana, *the tale of a woman who flirted her way through many countries and several fortunes (here shown in her Turkish dress). Most of Defoe's heroes and heroines are rogues, but none is a fool.*

Of the several surviving portrait engravings of Defoe, the best likeness is contained—ironically—in the Whig's Medley *(opposite). Engraved in 1711, it equates the "three false brethren": Defoe (both realistically represented and caricatured in the pillory), the Devil, and the Pope. The inscriptions chide Defoe for political duplicity, yet he was consistent in one respect: he fought always for moderation.*

aim is that very moderate and unenquiring and insensitive kind of virtue we call respectability. Having led a loose life, Moll ends as a veritable Mrs. Grundy. The rogues' many disasters are caused by Defoe's own weakness for "plunging." So Colonel Jack, in the novel named for him, achieves a sort of respectability in Virginia and returns to Europe, where he marries four times. Although happily married to his fourth wife, he cannot resist plunging once more and joining the Jacobite Rebellion of 1715! Defoe's attitude toward women is remarkable. He is sympathetically aware of their household character: they are affectionately regarded but are never idealized, and even when they are bad women, his attitude is practical rather than distorted. In *Colonel Jack* there is a most amusing and interesting account of his first wife's habit of crying. She was living in wretched poverty when he found her again after returning to Virginia. And he sent a man for clothes for her, to

> give her some linen, especially headcloths, and all sorts of small things such as hoods, gloves, stockings, shoes, petticoats, etc. and to let her choose for herself; also a morning gown of calico, and a mantua of a better kind of calico; that is to say, to new clothe her; which he did; but brought me word that he found her all in tears, and that she had cried all night long, and in short, that he believed she would cry herself to death; that all the while she was receiving the things he gave her, she cried; that now and then she would struggle with, and stop it, but that then, upon another word speaking, she would burst out again, so that it grieved everybody that saw her.

But once the poor woman recovered her sense of security, Defoe tells us how her sniveling stopped and she became delightful and very able.

Underneath Defoe's attitude to women there is a respect for their independence. The cynical Roxana, who is a high-class courtesan, is presented as a wicked and repentant sinner; but her greed and dishonesty, while she was getting richer and richer and moving eventually into royal society, are represented also as a protest against marriage as it then was. "Never, ladies," she says, "marry a fool." Fools shame you publicly, lose their money and, even worse, yours as well. Roxana is ruthlessly for economic independence. What Defoe hates—and here he represents his whole class—is folly, the lack of practical common sense. In building a house on a desert island and making a way of life there, as in thieving, whoring, trading, plunging, reforming, he loves to see how things are done. Temptation fascinates him as a process, and he speaks of all things, good and bad, high and low, in the level terms of the ingenious, able man. His religion is a sort of moral shopkeeping, low but decent.

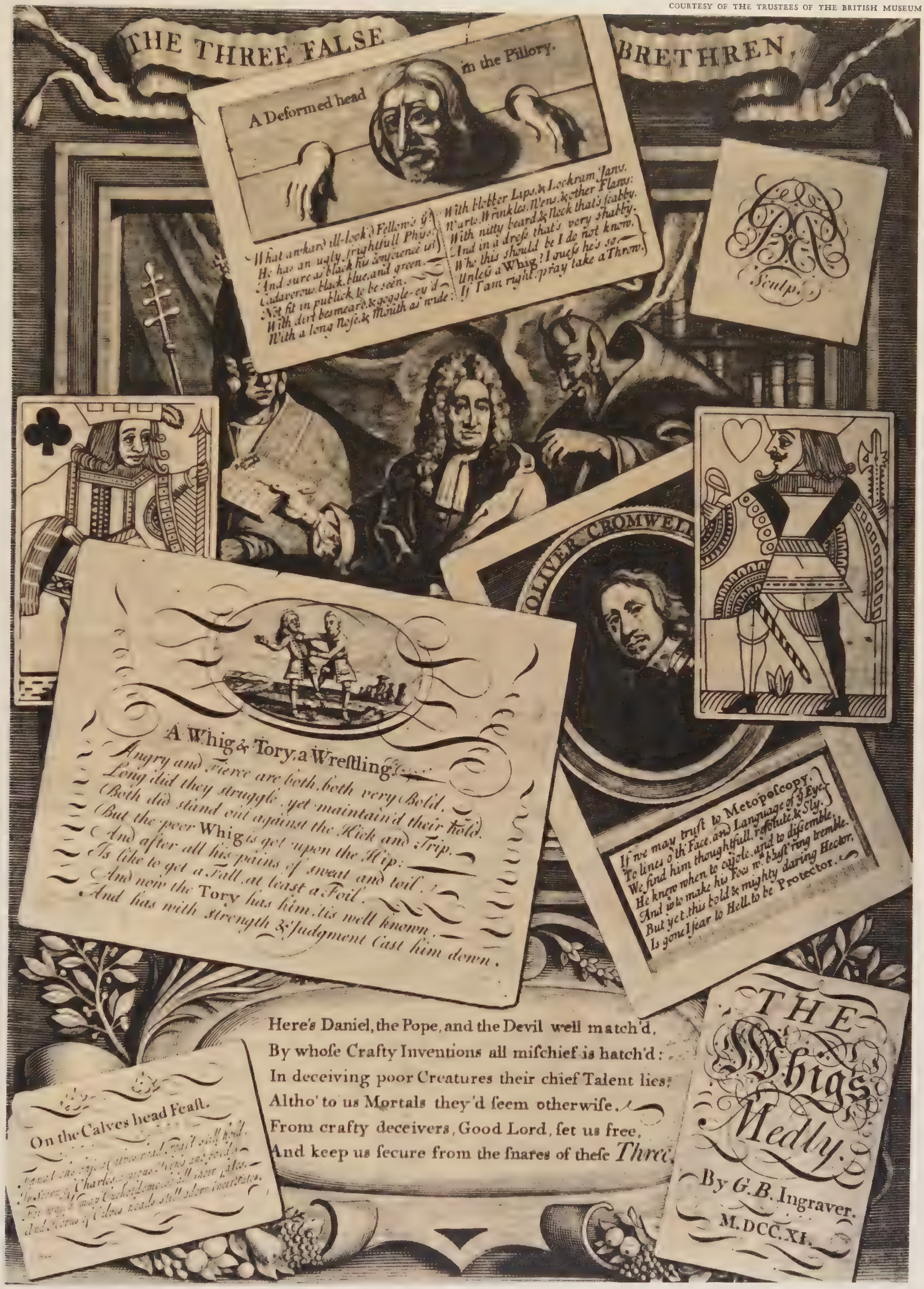
The best writers and critics of the eighteenth century despised Defoe. His public loved him. In the nineteenth century the excellence of *Robinson Crusoe* was recognized in every country of the world. His other works, like *Moll Flanders* and *The Journal of the Plague Year,* were thought far less of. It is, indeed, a general fault of picaresque literature that it goes on and on, and is without structure. The matter-of-fact does eventually become monotonous; and the belief that the only interesting fact about human beings is their self-interest, is extremely limited. The Victorians deplored Defoe's lack of idealism, romance, and, above all, sensibility. If one compares *Roxana* to, say, *Fanny Hill,* it is clear that the latter has a charm and even a poetic imagination unknown to Defoe, though it comes nowhere near to showing his range of interest in human character. The Victorians also deplored Defoe's interest in low and sinful life and were horrified by his prosaic attitude toward sex. He was too explicit. Modern critics deplore the narrow, surface view of Defoe's reports, but they are captivated by his detail, by his power of seeing, and by his acute eye for human motive. One recognizes that when politics failed him, Defoe had an immense, untouched store of working experience to draw on and that neither his disasters, nor his phenomenal gift for hard work, had drained it.

Defoe's mysterious financial sins were always finding him out. At the end, prosperous, if not Lord Mayor, some tangled question of a debt dating back twenty-six years, caught up with him. He fled from his family. He had been fleeing from bailiffs on and off most of his life, but this was his last flight. His pursuer was a woman who had ingeniously got hold of administration papers which she was using against him, and who was exactly one of those practical, property-minded ladies, a "she merchant" as Roxana said of herself, whom he admired; but he had already made over his property to his family, and by his flight, had won.

In hiding, the great secret agent and impersonator died, on April 26, 1731, in Ropemaker's Alley, Moorfields. His last role as a writer, like his first, was as the author of pamphlets and essays—published under a pseudonym.

V. S. Pritchett, the noted British writer, critic, and traveler, makes his first HORIZON *appearance with this article.*

COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM


THE THREE FALSE BRETHREN,
A Deformed head in the Pillory.
Sculp.
OLIVER CROMWELL
On the Calves head Feaſt.
THE Whigs Medley.
By G.B. Ingraver.
M.DCC.XI.

What awkard ill-look'd Fellow's yͤ
He has an ugly, frightfull Phys:
And sure as black his conscience is
Cadaverous, black, blue, and green.
Not fit in publick to be seen.
With dirt besmear'd, & goggle-ey'd
With a long Noſe, & Mouth as wide:
With blobber Lips, & Lockram Jaws.
Warts, Wrinkles, Wens, & other Flaws:
With nitty beard & Neck that's ſcabby.
And in a dreſs that's very shabby.
Who this should be I do not know,
Unleſs a Whig? I gueſs he's so.
If I am right, pray take a Throw.

A Whig & Tory, a Wreſtling.
Angry and Fierce are both, both very Bold,
Long did they struggle, yet maintain'd their hold.
Both did stand out against the Kick and Trip,
But the poor Whig is got upon the Hip:
And after all his pains of sweat and toil,
Is like to get a Fall, at least a Foil.
And now the Tory has him, 'tis well known,
And has with strength & Judgment Cast him down.

If we may truſt to Metopoſcopy,
To lines o'th' Face, and Language of yͤ Eye
We find him thoughtfull, reſolute, & Sly.
He knew when to cajole, and to diſſemble,
And how to make his Foes w.th bluſt'ring tremble.
But yet, this bold & mighty daring Hector,
Is gone I fear to Hell, to be Protector.

Here's Daniel, the Pope, and the Devil well match'd,
By whoſe Crafty Inventions all miſchief is hatch'd:
In deceiving poor Creatures their chief Talent lies;
Altho' to us Mortals they'd ſeem otherwiſe.
From crafty deceivers, Good Lord, ſet us free,
And keep us ſecure from the ſnares of theſe Three.

THE AESTHETICS OF SNOBBERY

If they seem identical
to the naked eye,
why should an original
Picasso end up
in the drawing room,
a reproduction in
the stairway, and a forgery
in the ash can?

By ARTHUR KOESTLER

In 1948 a German art restorer named Dietrich Fey, engaged in reconstruction work on Lübeck's ancient Marienkirche, stated that his workmen had discovered traces of Gothic wall paintings dating back to the thirteenth century, under a coating of chalk on the church walls. The restoration of the paintings was entrusted to Fey's assistant, Lothar Malskat, who finished the job two years later. In 1951 Chancellor Adenauer presided over the ceremonies marking the completion of the restoration work, in the presence of art experts from all parts of Europe. Their unanimous opinion, voiced by Chancellor Adenauer, was that the twenty-one thirteenth-century Gothic saints on the church walls were "a valuable treasure and a fabulous discovery of lost masterpieces."

None of the experts on that or any later occasion expressed doubt as to the authenticity of the frescoes. It was Herr Malskat himself who, two years later, disclosed the fraud. He presented himself on his own initiative at Lübeck police headquarters, where he stated that the frescoes were entirely his own work, undertaken by order of his boss, Herr Fey; and he asked to be tried for forgery. The leading German art experts, however, stuck to their opinion: the frescoes, they said, were without doubt genuine, and Herr Malskat was merely seeking cheap publicity. An official Board of Investigation was appointed and came to the conclusion that the restoration of the wall paintings was a hoax—but only after Herr Malskat confessed that he had also manufactured hundreds of Rembrandts, Watteaus, Toulouse-Lautrecs, Picassos, Henri Rousseaus, Corots, Chagalls, Vlamincks, and other masters and had sold them as originals—some of which were actually found by the police in Herr Fey's house. Without this corpus delicti it is doubtful whether the German experts would ever have admitted to being fooled.

My point is not the fallibility of the experts. Herr Malskat's exploit is merely one of a number of similarly successful hoaxes and forgeries—of which the most fabulous was probably Van Meegeren's faked Vermeers. The disturbing question that arises is whether the Lübeck saints are less beautiful, and have ceased to be "a valuable treasure of masterpieces," simply because they had been painted by Herr Malskat and not by somebody else. And furthermore, if Van Meegeren can paint Vermeers as good as those of Vermeer himself, why should they be taken off the walls of the Dutch and other national galleries? If even the experts were unable to detect the difference, then surely the false Vermeers could provide as much aesthetic pleasure for the common run of museum visitors as the authentic ones? All the curators would have to do is change the name on the catalogue from Vermeer to Van Meegeren.

There are several answers to this line of argument, but before going into them I want to continue in the part of the devil's advocate by considering an example of a forgery in a different field: Macpherson's *Ossian*. James Macpherson (1736–1796), a Scottish poet

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and adventurer, alleged that in the course of his wanderings in the Highlands he had discovered some ancient Gaelic manuscripts. Enthusiastic Scottish littérateurs put up a subscription to enable Macpherson to pursue his researches, and in 1761 he published *Fingal, an Ancient Epic Poem in Six Books, together with Several Other Poems composed by Ossian, the Son of Fingal.* Ossian is the legendary third-century hero and bard of Celtic literature. *Fingal* was soon followed by the publication of a still larger Ossianic epic called *Temora*, and this by a collected edition, *The Works of Ossian.* The authenticity of Macpherson's text was at once questioned in England, particularly by Dr. Johnson (whom Macpherson answered by sending him a challenge to a duel), but to his death Macpherson refused, under various unconvincing pretexts, to publish his alleged Gaelic originals. By the turn of the century the controversy was settled; it was established that while Macpherson had used fragments of ancient Celtic lore, most of the "Ossianic texts" were of his own making.

Yet here again, is the poetic quality of the work itself altered by the fact that it was actually written not by Ossian, the son of Fingal, but by James Macpherson? The "Ossianic texts" were translated into many languages and had a considerable influence on the literature and cultural climate of Europe in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. This is how the Eleventh Edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* sums up its evaluation of Macpherson (my italics):

> The varied sources of his work and its worthlessness as a transcript of actual Celtic poems do not alter the fact that he produced a work of art which . . . *did more than any single work to bring about the romantic movement in European, and especially in German, literature.*

Antique furniture, Greek Tanagra figurines, Gothic madonnas, old and modern masters, are being forged, copied, counterfeited all the time, and the value we set on the object is not determined by aesthetic appreciation and pleasure to the eye, but by the precarious and fallible judgment of experts. And it will always be fallible for the good and simple reason that genius consists not in the perfect exercise of a technique but in its invention; once the technique is established, diligent pupils and imitators can produce works in the master's idiom which are often indistinguishable from his, and sometimes technically more accomplished.

Some years ago, at a fancy-dress ball—in Monte Carlo, I believe—a competition was held to decide which among the dozen or so guests masquerading as Charlie Chaplin came nearest to the original. Chaplin himself happened to be among them—and got only third prize. In 1962 the Fogg Museum of Harvard arranged a private exhibition for connoisseurs, where some of the exhibits were fakes, others genuine; the guests were to decide which was which. Included were, among other items, an original portrait by Annibale Carracci, one of the most influential painters of the Italian baroque, and a contemporary copy thereof; also an original Picasso drawing of a Mother and Child, and two forgeries thereof. Among those who plumped for one of the forgeries were the chairman of Princeton's Art Department and the Secretary of the Fogg; the director of the Metropolitan Museum refused to submit to the test; while other experts "scored themselves on sheets of paper, compared their verdicts with the officially announced facts, and quietly crumpled their papers."

The fact that even professional experts are unable to point out the difference in artistic merit between the true and the false Picasso, Carracci, or Vermeer is conclusive proof that no such difference can be registered by the layman's eye. Are we, then, all snobs to whom a signature, an expert testimony based on X-ray photography, or the postmark of a period is more important than the intrinsic beauty of the object itself?

The answer, I believe, can be summed up in a single sentence: our appraisal of a work of art or literature is hardly ever a unitary act; it is mostly the result of two or more independent and simultaneous processes which interfere with and tend to distort each other. Let me illustrate:

A friend of mine, whom I shall call Catherine, was given as a present by an unobtrusive admirer a drawing from Picasso's classical period. She took it to be a reproduction and hung it in her staircase. On my next visit to her house, it was hanging over the mantelpiece in the drawing room: the supposed reproduction had turned out to be an original. But as it was a line drawing in ink, black contour on white paper, it needed an expert, or at least a good magnifying lens, to show that it was the original and not a lithograph or reproduction. Neither Catherine nor any of her friends could tell the difference. Yet her appreciation of it had completely changed, as the promotion from staircase to drawing room showed. I asked her to explain the reason for her change in attitude toward the thing on the wall which in itself had not changed at all; she answered, surprised at my stupidity, that of course the thing had not changed, but that she *saw* it differently since she knew that it was done by Picasso himself and "not just a reproduction." I then asked what considerations determined her attitude toward pictures in general, and she replied with equal sincerity that they were, of course, considerations of aesthetic quality—"composition, color, harmony, power, what have you." She honestly believed herself to be guided by purely aesthetic value-judgments based on those qualities; but if that was the case, since the qualities of the picture had not changed, why should her attitude toward it have changed?

It proved quite useless to repeat to her that the origin and the rarity value of the object did not alter its qualities—and, accordingly, should not have altered her appreciation of it. In reality, of course, her attitude was determined not by aesthetic criteria but by an accidental bit of information—which might be right or wrong, but was entirely extraneous to the question of aesthetic value. Yet she was by no means stupid; in fact, there is something of her confusion in all of us. We all tend to believe that our attitude toward an object of art is determined by aesthetic considerations alone, whereas it is decisively influenced by factors of a quite different order. We are unable to see a work of art isolated from the context of its origin or history; and if Catherine were to learn that her Picasso was after all a reproduction, her attitude would again change according to the changed context. Moreover, most people get quite indignant when one suggests to them that the origin of a picture has nothing to do with its aesthetic value as such. For, in our minds, the question of period, authorship, and authenticity, *though in itself extraneous to aesthetic value*, is so intimately mixed up with it that we find it well-nigh impossible to unscramble the two. The phenomenon of snobbery, in all its crude and subtle variants, can always be traced back to some confusion of this type.

The change in our attitude, and in the art dealer's price, when it is discovered that a cracked and blackened piece of landscape displaying three sheep and a windmill bears the signature of Broeckendael the Elder, has nothing to do with beauty, aesthetics, or what have you. And yet, God help us, the sheep and the mill and the brook *do* suddenly look different and more attractive—even to the hard-boiled dealer. What happened was that a bit of incidental information cast a ray of sunlight on those miserable sheep, a ray emitted not by the pigment but by the cerebral cortex of the art snob.

Let me now present the case for the defense. Let me repeat: the appraisal of a work of art is generally the result of two or more independent processes that interact with each other. One complex process constitutes the aesthetic experience as such; it implies a system of values, and certain criteria of excellence, on which we believe our judgment to be based. But other processes, with their different systems of values, interfere with and distort our judgments. I shall mention two types of such interfering processes.

The first is summed up in the statement of a little girl of twelve, the daughter of a friend, who was taken to the Maritime Museum in Greenwich, England, and when asked to name the most beautiful thing she had seen there, declared without hesitation: "Nelson's shirt." When asked what was so beautiful about it, she explained, "That shirt with blood on it was jolly nice. Fancy real blood on a real shirt which belonged to somebody really historic."

Her sense of values, unlike Catherine's, was still unspoiled. The emotion she had experienced was derived from the same kind of magic that emanates from Napoleon's inkpot, the relic of the saint carried in the annual procession, the rope by which a famous murderer was hanged, the galley proof corrected in Tolstoy's own hand. Our forebears believed that an object that had been in the possession of a person became imbued with his emanations, and in turn emanated something of his substance. "There is, I am sure," a columnist wrote in the *Daily Express*, "for most of us a special pleasure in sinking your teeth into a peach produced on the estate of an Earl who is related to the Royal Family." You might even come to feel that you are a member of the family if you persist long enough in this somewhat indirect method of transubstantiation.

We can no more escape the pull of magic inside us than the pull of gravity. Its manifestations may take a more or less dignified form; but the value we set on the peach from the earl's estate or the splinter from the saint's bone, or Dickens's quill or Galileo's telescope, is derived from the same source of sympathetic magic. It is, as the little girl said, jolly nice to behold a fragment of a marble by Praxiteles—although it has been battered out of human shape, with a leper's nose and broken ears. The contact with the master's hand has imbued it with a kind of effluvium which has lingered on, and which emanates the same thrill as the real blood on Nelson's shirt —or the real ink from Picasso's pen.

The inordinate importance that we attribute to the original and authenticated, even in those borderline cases where only the expert can decide on questions of authenticity, has its unconscious roots in this particular kind of fetish worship. Hence its compelling power —who would not cherish a lock from an Egyptian mummy's head? Yet, as every honest art dealer will admit, borderline cases are so frequent as to be almost the rule. I am no longer referring to forgeries but to the classical practice of the master letting his pupils, apprenticed to his workshop, assist in the execution of larger undertakings; and "assistance" could mean anything from the filling in of background and minor details, to the painting of a whole picture after the master's sketch. We are made to realize how common this practice was by the emphasis which Michelangelo's admiring contemporaries put on the fact that he painted the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel "alone and unaided." If we remember that even the experts were at a loss to tell the Carracci portrait from its contemporary copy—probably by a pupil—we must conclude that for the great majority of mortals, including connoisseurs, the differences between an authenticated masterpiece, a doubtful attribution, and a work "from the school of" are in most cases not discernible. But the fact remains that an "attribution," perfect in its genre but not authenticated, is held in lower esteem than a work of lesser perfection that is guaranteed to have come from the aging master's hand. It is not the eye that guides the museum visitor, but the magic of names. The English nation forked out 800,000 pounds to prevent the sale to America of a Leonardo sketch to which it had never paid any attention, and the hundreds of thousands of good citizens who queued up to see it could not have told it from a page in an art student's sketchbook; they went to see Nelson's shirt.

The second "interfering process" is period consciousness. A Byzantine icon, or a Pompeian fresco, is not enjoyed at its face value, but by a partly conscious attunement of the mind to the values and techniques of the time. Even in paintings from periods whose idiom is much closer to ours—a Holbein portrait, for instance—such externals as costume and headdress drive it mercilessly home to us that the man with the unforgettable, timeless face belonged to the court of Henry VIII. The archetypal quality is there, but period consciousness intrudes; and the danger is that it may dominate the field.

Thus we look at an old picture through a double frame: the solid gilt frame which isolates it from its surroundings and creates for it a hole in space; and the period frame in our minds which creates for it a hole in time and assigns its place on the stage of history. Each time we think we are making a purely aesthetic judgment according to our lights, the stage lights interfere. When we contemplate the Gothic wall paintings in the church in Lübeck for the first time, believing them to be authentic, and then a second time, knowing that they were made by Herr Malskat, our experience will indeed be completely changed, although the frescoes remain the same. The period frame has been changed, and with it the stage lights.

Apart from being unavoidable, this relativism of aesthetic judgment has its positive side: by entering into the spirit and climate of the period, we automatically make allowances for its crudities of technique, for its conventions and blind spots; we bend over the past with a tender antiquarian stoop. But this gesture degenerates into antiquarian snobbery at the point where the period frame becomes more important than the picture, and perverts our scale of values. The symptoms are all too familiar: indiscriminate reverence for anything classified as Italian primitive or Austrian baroque (including its mass-produced, puffy, chubby, winged little horrors); collective shifts of period consciousness (from anti-Victorian to pro-Victorian in recent years); the inanities of fashion (Fra Angelico is "in," Botticelli is "out").

The mechanism responsible for these perversions provides us with a handy definition: *snobbery is the result of a mix-up between two frames of reference, A and B, having different standards of value, and the consequent misapplication of standard A to value judgments referring to B.* The art snob's pleasures are derived not from the picture but from the catalogue; the social snob's choice of company is not guided by human value but by rank or celebrity value catalogued in the pages of *Who's Who.* The confusion may even affect biological drives—taste and smell preferences, sexual inclinations. A hundred years ago, when oysters were the diet of the poor, the snob's taste buds functioned in a different manner. In the days before Hitler there was a young woman in Berlin who worked for a publisher and was well known in the literary world for a certain peculiarity: she had carried on a number of affairs with authors, regardless of age or sex—but only with those whose books had sold more than twenty thousand copies. Her own explanation was that with less successful authors she was unable to obtain physical satisfaction.

This is a depressing anecdote because it has a ring of clinical authenticity; at the same time it displays the familiar pattern of the comic, the clash of two incompatible contexts: the *Kama Sutra* and the best-seller list were hopelessly mixed up in the poor heroine's mind. Snobbery is, I believe, by no means a trivial phenomenon; it is a confusion of values which, in various forms, permeates all strata of civilized societies, present and past, and it is in many respects a negation of the principle of creativity.

Laughter is sparked off by the collision of matrices;* discovery, by their integration; aesthetic experience, by their juxtaposition. Snobbery follows none of these patterns; it is the application of the rules of one game to another game. It uses a clock to measure weight and a thermometer to measure distance. The creative mind perceives things in a new light, the snob in a borrowed light; the snob's pursuits are sterile, and his satisfactions of a vicarious nature. What he admires in public would bore him when alone, but he is unaware of it. When he reads Kierkegaard, he is not moved by what he reads, he is moved by himself reading Kierkegaard. His emotions do not derive from the object, but from extraneous sources associated with it; his satisfactions are pseudo-satisfactions, his triumphs self-delusions. He has never traveled in the belly of the whale; he has opted for the comforts of sterility against the pangs of creativity.

Snobbery is a poor word with too specifically modern connotations for that benightedness, due to the confusion of values, which is one of the leitmotifs of the history of man; he always seems to be groping his way through a labyrinthine world, armed with a compass which always points in the wrong direction. The symbol of creativity is the magic wand that Moses used to make water come out of the rock; its reverse is the faulty yardstick that turns everything it touches into dust.

This is the second of two articles taken from Arthur Koestler's new book, The Act of Creation, *published by The Macmillan Company. "The Eureka Process" appeared in the Autumn, 1964,* HORIZON.

*As Koestler defines it in the Autumn HORIZON, "matrix" denotes "any ability, habit, or skill, any pattern of ordered behavior governed by a code of fixed rules."

A
HORSE
AT
ISLAMABAD
VILLA

By DENIS SHAW

It is no easy job running an animal welfare society in Pakistan. When I was general secretary of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for Eastern Pakistan, I found myself in some very rum situations. I shall always remember, for instance, the uncomfortable half-hour I had trying to explain to my honorary president, who happened to be the Governor's wife, that my plan for the humane killing of the diseased and homeless dogs that infested the bazaars could not be met by sending an army of municipal sweepers out to wallop the dogs on the back of the neck with hockey sticks.

"But it is very swift and painless," she assured me. "I had a demonstration in the garden yesterday."

Perhaps the most awkward problem arose when I looked out from my bedroom verandah one morning and saw a carriage driver beating his horse. I lived in an unfashionable part of Dacca, the capital of East Pakistan, in the shadow of Jehangir's fort, and the address of my house was Islamabad Villa, Light-of-Victory Lane. Light-of-Victory Lane was no more than a rough track which played havoc with my car in the monsoon season, and which separated Islamabad Villa from the maidan (the common). On the common was a "tank," or large artificial pond, made, probably, a few hundred years ago. In it the local people bathed, washed their clothes, scrubbed their buffaloes, and watered their horses.

The horse which I saw as I was doing my deep-breathing exercises that morning was a pathetic creature; she was skin and bones, and when her rascally owner, a big, evil-looking man, struck her with a stick, there was a sound as of wood upon wood.

"I saw you beating that horse," I said in my stumbling Bengali, "and it can be seen by all that you do not feed her. You will hear from me again." He did not know that I was the "Animal Cruelty Sahib" so his reply was unconcerned, terse, and offensive. I went to the back of the carriage and took down his municipal registration number from his painted tin plate. He had to have one of those. It was then that I became conscious of my dressing gown and pajamas, and marched back, with what I hoped was some sort of dignity, to Islamabad Villa.

Every morning my two uniformed inspectors reported for duty. One of them had the official status of a policeman and he had powers of arrest. I gave him the number of the offending carriage driver and told him to go into action.

Some days later he was able to report that justice had been done. My evidence about the beating of the horse had not been necessary because the creature was so obviously in a state of chronic neglect and ill-treatment. The man had been fined as heavily as the law allowed. When I returned to my house that evening, as my car heaved and bumped along the ruts of Light-of-Victory Lane, I heard a strange sound. A high-pitched wailing, the grief of many voices. It was a heartbreaking sound, full of ancient echoes: "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping and great mourning . . ."

"Look, sahib," said Nizamuddin, my driver. "There are persons visiting the Presence's house." My driver was a Muslim from the old United Provinces, and his courtesy tended to be flowery.

True enough, I had visitors, about twenty of them: some women, shrouded in dirty-white burkas—the full-length veil of the orthodox Muslim wife—and many small children. The children were all dry-eyed, as I saw when I stepped out of the car, but their faces were screwed up with frowning concentration and their wailing was tragic. The wailing of the women was slightly muffled because of the burkas, but I have no doubt they were working just as hard. And they were all sitting outside my gate.

Standing in the middle of them, like a chorus master at a community hymn-singing session, was the carriage driver, urging them on. At an upper window of my house, wearing wide grins of astonished delight, stood my servants. They loved nothing better than to see the sahib in some sort of embarrassing situation. There was nothing unfriendly about this; it was just that these experiences were one of the delights of working for that extraordinary race, the English.

"Who are all these people?" I asked the carriage driver.

"They are my family, sahib," he said, "and you are their mother and father."

"I certainly am not," I said, "and they are stopping me from getting my car through the gate."

"You are their mother and father, sahib," he repeated, an expression of indescribably villainous humility contorting his face, "and you have taken the bread from their mouths. These are my wives and my children, and they will now starve."

The crowd had fallen silent to attend to this conversation, but he rounded on them murmuring something I couldn't catch, and the keening rose to the skies with renewed fervor.

By this time there was a large crowd of onlookers. Everybody who had been doing his evening washing, all the idlers and strollers and those who had been taking an evening meal in a little bamboo teashop nearby, had gathered round.

"This is very bad talk," said one of them, "that an unbeliever is doing *zulm* to a son of Pakistan." *Zulm* is oppression, and a very useful word in a dispute. "He's a good sahib," said my driver loyally, if rather feebly, but the fact that he spoke Urdu and not Bengali was enough to disqualify him as an advocate. There was a rumble of disapproval from the onlookers, and the wailing women and children redoubled their efforts.

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There was only one thing to do. I asked the carriage driver to come into the garden, and Nizamuddin closed the gate behind us. Away from his audience the man came immediately to the point. "You must buy that horse, sahib. You have caused me to be fined most cruelly. That horse is too unhealthy for me to use her again with safety. Her condition is hopeless now that you have arranged for the court to say she is sick. But you, sahib, love that horse, Allah knows why, and therefore you must buy her. I shall then get another horse, my family will not starve, and they will pray for your long life."

The argument seemed unanswerable. We agreed on a price of about three pounds ("too much!" my servants told me afterward with glee), and the horse was led into the garden while the women and children trooped off.

There was no problem about stabling my new pet. My house had two garages—presumably some previous occupant had been much wealthier than I—and one of these was available. The other was already housing a pet bull (but that, as Kipling would say, is another story), and as long as I was prepared to have my car parked in the shade of one of my great jack-fruit trees, the horse could have a nice dry garage all to herself.

At first she was difficult to handle and to feed. She was so accustomed to ill-treatment that she had only to see a human hand coming near her and she snapped viciously. Soon, however, she learned that human hands meant friendly pats, or meals of soaked lentils, or lumps of rough brown sugar. She became a great pet. She was christened Rosie, because the children of a friend declared that she was obviously the original of the drawings of Rosinante, in their copy of *Don Quixote*. Once, Nizamuddin tried to ride her around the garden, but it was no use. Even with good feeding and rest she was still not able to take a man's weight. But she could take children, and she soon agreed to give rides to my friends' children when they visited me.

An unforeseen problem arose as a result of my new pet. A few days after she arrived, I spoke to my gardener. "This is very good," I said, "that we now have a horse. The manure will be even better for the compost pit than the bull's droppings. Each day you must collect it and put it in the pit." He looked at me with sullen horror and walked off without speaking. Later in the day I received a petition, through my *khitmatghar*, or butler. It was from the gardener, but he had had it written, at no small expense, I guessed, by a professional letter writer, in English.

"With due respect and humble submission," it began, as they always do, "your poor gardener, Lal Mohun, wishes to place before you the following facts for your merciful consideration." The petition went on for about three foolscap pages, and the gist of it was as follows.

My gardener, like most of his calling, was a Hindu, and was therefore bound by the laws of caste. His was a minority group in Pakistan, but as he pointed out, the minority groups had been guaranteed religious freedom by the government. "Now, however," the petition ran, "your Good Self is depriving your poor servant of his religious freedom." I was appalled, and read on in growing astonishment. It was true, I was told, that the gardener had been "ever joyful to pick up each day the dung of the sahib's bull," but then the bull was a sacred animal and the vehicle of the Lord Shiva himself, and its dung was one of the sacred products. A horse was different. It was not sacred, and its dung was just dung. The work of picking it up was the work of a casteless remover of dung, an untouchable, "which," the petition ended, "kindly note and ever oblige your humble and obedient gardener and servant, Lal Mohun, who will ever pray for your long life."

For the first time in my life I practiced *zulm* in my dealings with a servant. I expect it was wrong of me, but I really could not see my way to employing yet another servant simply to walk round picking up Rosie's droppings, and I lacked the moral courage to do it myself. My staff would have been outraged and ashamed. Yet there was not one of my seven servants who could do it. Even my sweeper belonged to the wrong subdivision of untouchability. So the gardener and I reached a compromise. I would pay him five rupees a month extra, and he would come back each day after dark when nobody could see him, and collect the horse manure. Further, when I left Pakistan finally, I would give him a lump sum to meet the cost of purification rites.

It wasn't a bad *zulm*, was it? Of course the other servants all saw him doing his extra, shameful chore every evening, but because he did it after dark he was technically and conventionally unseen, and nobody was ever so ungentlemanly as to refer to it. He was perfectly happy, and he admitted that Rosie's contribution to the compost would be wonderful for the flowering shrubs.

When the time came for me to leave East Pakistan, I arranged for Rosie to be given a home by the brigadier of the local regiment. "It'll be nice for the children," said the brigadier's wife. "Send her along any time." She sounded very casual, but Rosie's departure was a major event at Islamabad Villa. She had become a favorite of all the servants and they turned out to watch as Ataul Haque, the houseboy, prepared to lead her away. Only the gardener was missing; perhaps he still resented Rosie after all.

"Go in peace!" said the cook gruffly, offering her a last morsel of brown sugar. Nizamuddin opened the gates ceremoniously. At that moment the gardener rushed out of the little tool shed. "Wait, oh wait!" he called. "I have something." He gently placed a garland of marigolds round Rosie's neck. She immediately started to eat them, and Ataul Haque led her off, through the gate, and down Light-of-Victory Lane.

I turned to Lal Mohun. "What is this, Lal Mohun?" I said in surprise. "A horse is not a sacred animal, yet you garland her as though she were the Holy Nandi, Lord Shiva's own bull."

Lal Mohun smiled. "She is only a horse, sahib, it is true talk," he replied. "And yet she is my mother and father. She has obtained for me an increment of rupees five per month, AND a lump sum" (he glanced at me with an expression of anxious intensity) "to be paid within the next few days for my necessary ceremonies." I nodded to show that I had not forgotten and his face relaxed.

"And that is not all, sahib,"—Lal Mohun turned with a flourish of his arm toward the shrubbery. "That is not all. Behold that beautiful hibiscus!"

Denis Shaw is rector of St. Wilfrid's, a downtown parish in Manchester, England. Before his ordination, in 1959, he spent ten years in India and Pakistan, where he studied Hinduism, taught English, ran a tea estate, and had charge of a paddle steamer on the Ganges. He has also been an actor, a stage manager, and a journalist.

THE SILENT WOMEN OF ROME

TRIER MUSEUM—BILDARCHIV FOTO MARBURG

This portrait of a young woman dates from about A.D. *100*

By M. I. FINLEY

The women of ancient Rome left
few records of their active lives, but there
is evidence to show how they
helped to shape a world dominated by men

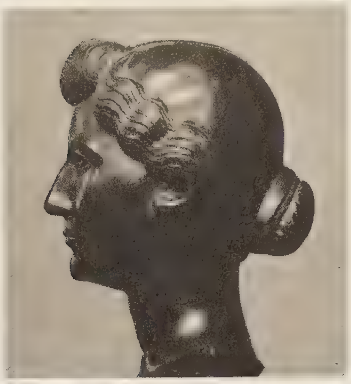
VATICAN MUSEUM—ANDERSON

In this relief from a sarcophagus a Roman bride, whose heavy veil would traditionally have been orange, gives her hand to her bridegroom

The most famous woman in Roman history was not even a Roman—Cleopatra was queen of Egypt, the last ruler of a Macedonian dynasty that had been established on the Nile three centuries earlier by Ptolemy, one of the generals of Alexander the Great. Otherwise what names come to mind? A few flamboyant, ruthless, and vicious women of the imperial family, such as Messalina, great-grandniece of Augustus and wife of her cousin once removed, the emperor Claudius; or the latter's next wife, his niece Agrippina, who was Nero's mother and, contemporary tradition insists, also for a time his mistress. One or two names in love poetry, like the Lesbia of Catullus. And some legendary women from Rome's earliest days, such as Lucretia, who gained immortality by being raped. Even in legend the greatest of them was likewise not a Roman but Dido, queen of Carthage, who loved and failed to hold Aeneas.

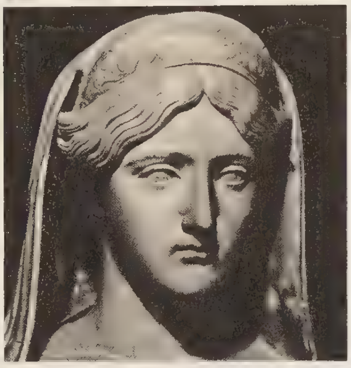
Such a short and one-sided list can be very misleading. The Roman world was not the only one in history in which women remained in the background in politics and business, or in which catching the eye and the pen of the scandalmonger was the most likely way to achieve notice and perhaps lasting fame. However, it is not easy to think of another great civilized state without a single really important woman writer or poet, with no truly regal queen, no Deborah, no Joan of Arc, no Florence Nightingale, no patron of the arts. The women of mid-Victorian England were

ROME'S FIRST LADIES



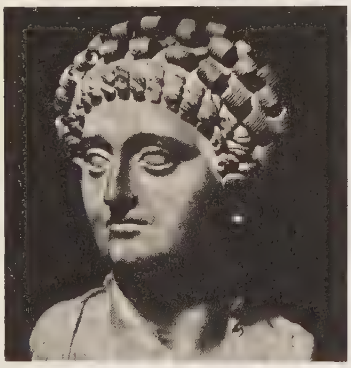
LOUVRE—GIRAUDON

Octavia, the wife of Antony, was well liked by the Romans. When Antony deserted her for Cleopatra in the autumn of 37 B.C., the Romans loved Octavia even more. She was an attractive woman of unsullied moral reputation, loyal to her husband, and unquestionably a bit dull.



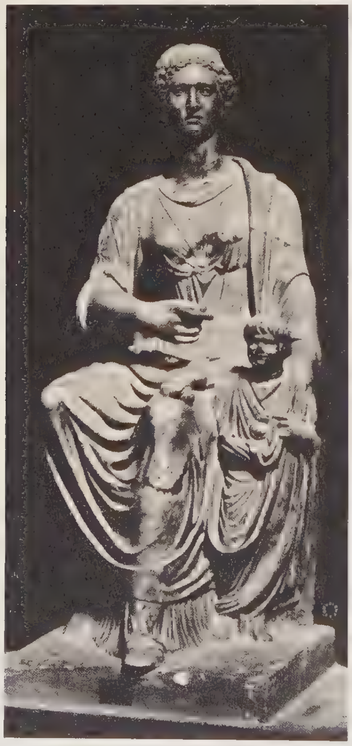
VATICAN MUSEUM—ALINARI

Augustus's beautiful wife, Livia, encouraged his infidelity, strongly influenced his administration, and survived him by fifteen years. Tacitus wrote maliciously of her, calling her a poisoner; but she probably had more in common with Queen Victoria than she did with Lucrezia Borgia.



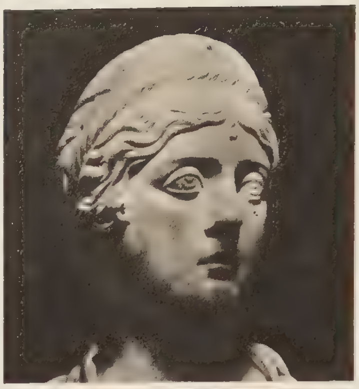
CAPITOLINE MUSEUM—ALINARI

Messalina married Claudius when she was fourteen and he forty-eight. She was notoriously immoral, making a specialty of murdering her lovers when she tired of them. Claudius ignored her playfulness till she playfully wed another, then had her executed—at twenty-three.



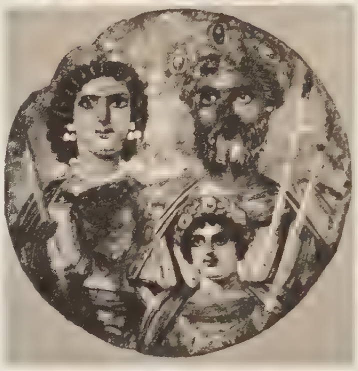
CAPITOLINE MUSEUM—ANDERSON

Agrippina, the mother of Nero, was Claudius's niece and last wife. To advance Nero's claims she persuaded Claudius to murder his own son, Britannicus; then she poisoned Claudius. It is said that she and Nero were lovers; in any case he ultimately had her put to death, in A.D. 33.

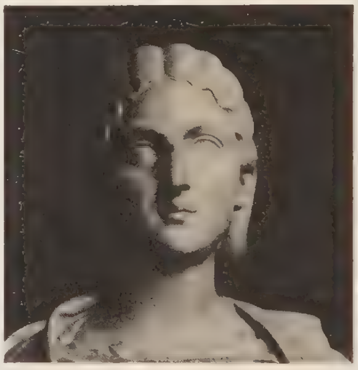


CAPITOLINE MUSEUM—ALINARI

Poppaea Sabina was Nero's second wife. In the midst of her second pregnancy Nero came home late from the quinquennial games and was rebuked for it. He kicked her, causing a miscarriage and death. But he spoke the eulogy at her funeral and had the Senate declare her a goddess.



STAATLICHE MUSEUM, BERLIN



LOUVRE—GIRAUDON

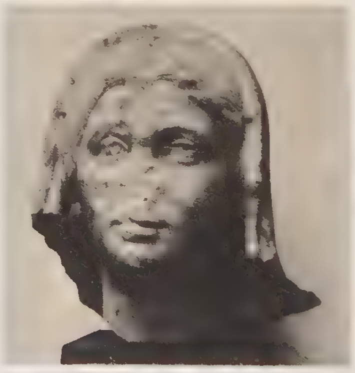
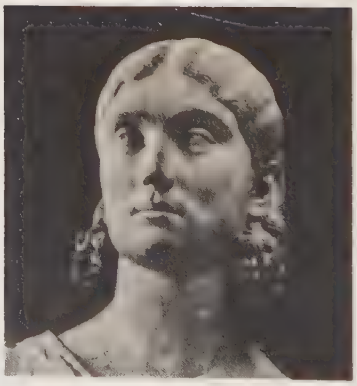


PHOTO BOUDOT-LAMOTTE—TRIER MUSEUM



LOUVRE—ALINARI

In the first part of the third century A.D. four Syrian women dominated Rome's emperors and virtually ruled the Empire. Julia Domna (at left) was the wife of Septimius Severus and the mother of Caracalla and Geta (whose face, in the portrait at left, was erased after he was murdered by Caracalla). Domna helped Caracalla rule the Empire, was accused of incest with him, and died a suicide in Syria. Julia Maesa (below her sister Domna) was the mother of two other Julias and contrived first to make an emperor of the son of Julia Soemias (below Maesa). But when the boy became uncontrollable (at sixteen he seemed more interested in his homosexual liaisons than in the government), he and his mother were dispatched by the Roman Guard. Then Maesa turned to the son of her other daughter, Julia Mamaea (at bottom), and made that boy emperor at the age of thirteen. Maesa died peacefully four years later; and, in A.D. 235, at the age of twenty-five, Mamaea's son was killed by his own troops in Germany—along with his mother, who was the last of the ruling Julias.

equally rightless, equally victims of a double standard of sexual morality, equally exposed to risk and ruin when they stepped outside the home and the church. Yet the profound difference is obvious.

More correctly, it would be obvious if we could be sure what we may legitimately believe about women in Rome. Legend apart, they speak to us in five ways: through the erotic and satirical poetry of the late Republic and early Empire, all written by men; through the historians and biographers, all men and most of them unable to resist the salacious and the scandalous; through the letter writers and philosophers, all men; through painting and sculpture, chiefly portrait statues, inscribed tombstones, and religious monuments of all kinds; and through innumerable legal texts. These different voices naturally talk at cross-purposes. (One would hardly expect to find quotations from Ovid's *Art of Love* or the pornographic frescoes from the brothel in Pompeii on funeral monuments.) Each tells its portion of a complicated, ambiguous story. One ought to be able to add the pieces together, but unfortunately there will always be one vital piece missing—what the women would have said had they been allowed to speak for themselves.

> Friend, I have not much to say; stop and read it. This tomb, which is not fair, is for a fair woman. Her parents gave her the name Claudia. She loved her husband in her heart. She bore two sons, one of whom she left on earth, the other beneath it. She was pleasant to talk with, and she walked with grace. She kept the house and worked in wool. That is all. You may go.

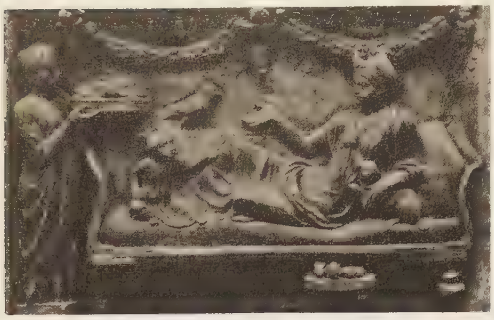
Of course it wasn't Claudia who selected and set up this verse epitaph (the translation is Richmond Lattimore's) in the city of Rome in the second century B.C., but her husband or some other kinsman. And it is easy to make cynical remarks not only in this particular instance but in the hundreds of others recording domestic devotion, commonly including the phrase in one variation or another that husband and wife lived together X number of years *sine ulla querella*, "without a single quarrel." Yet there is much to be learned from the very monotony with which such sentiments are repeated century after century, at least about the ideal woman—an ideal formulated and imposed by middle- and upper-class Roman males.

To begin with, until fairly late in Roman history, women lacked individual names in the proper sense. Claudia, Julia, Cornelia, Lucretia, are merely family names with a feminine ending. Sisters had the same name and could be distinguished only by the addition of "the elder" or "the younger," "the first" or "the second," and so on. In the not uncommon case of marriage between paternal cousins, mother and daughter would have the same name, too. No doubt this was very confusing: a welcome confusion, one is tempted to suggest, since nothing could have been easier to eliminate. No great genius was needed to think up the idea of giving every girl a personal name, as was done with boys. It is as if the Romans wished to suggest very pointedly that women were not, or ought not to be, genuine individuals but only fractions of a family. Anonymous and passive fractions at that, for the virtues which were stressed were decorum, chastity, gracefulness, even temper, and childbearing. They loved their husbands, to be sure—though we need not believe everything that husbands said when their wives were dead—but as one loves an overlord who is free to seek his pleasures elsewhere and to put an end to the relationship altogether when and if he so chooses.

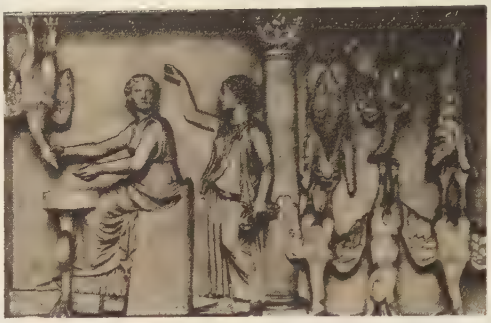
"Family" comes from the Latin, but the Romans actually had no word for "family" in our commonest sense, as in the sentence, "I am taking my family to the seashore for the summer." In different contexts *familia* meant all persons under the authority of the head of a household, or all the descendants from a common ancestor, or all one's property, or merely all one's servants—never our intimate family. This does not mean that the latter did not exist in Rome, but that the stress was on a power structure rather than on biology or intimacy. A Roman paterfamilias need not even be a father: the term was a legal one and applied to any head of a household. His illegitimate children were often excluded, even when his paternity was openly acknowledged, and at the same time his son and heir could be an outsider whom he had adopted by the correct legal formalities. Theoretically his power—over his wife, over his sons and daughters and his sons' wives and children, over his slaves and his property—was absolute and uncontrolled, ending only with his death or by his voluntary act of "emancipating" his sons beforehand. As late as the fourth century A.D. an edict of Constantine, the first Christian emperor, still defined that power as the "right of life and death." He was exaggerating, but around a hard core of reality.

Save for relatively minor exceptions, a woman was always in the power of some man—of her paterfamilias or of her husband or of a guardian. In early times every marriage involved a formal ceremony in which the bride was surrendered to her husband by the paterfamilias: he "gave her away" in the literal sense. Then, when so-called "free" marriages became increasingly common—free from the ancient formalities, that is, not free in the sense that the wife or her husband had made a free choice of partner—she remained legally in the power of her paterfamilias. Divorce and widowhood and remarriage introduced more complications and required more rules. Where did property rights in dowry and inheritance rest? In the next generation, too, if there were children? The Roman legislators and lawbooks gave much space to these matters. From the state's point of view it was essential to get the power and property relations right, since the *familia* was the basic social unit. But there was more to it than that: marriage meant children, and children were the citizens of the next generation. Not all children by any means, for as Rome extended her empire to the Atlantic and the Middle East, the bulk of the population within her borders were either slaves or free noncitizens. Obviously the political rights and status of the children were the state's concern and could not be left to uncontrolled private decision. So the state laid down strict rules prohibiting certain kinds of marriage: for example, between a Roman citizen and a non-

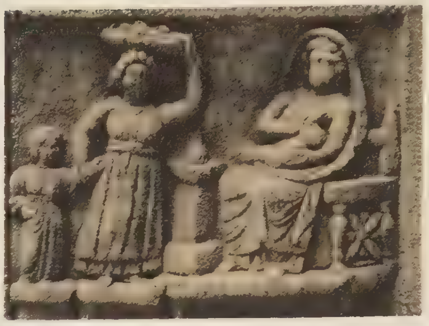
ART AND HISTORY MUSEUM, GENEVA—ALINARI



TORLONIA MUSEUM, ROME—ALINARI



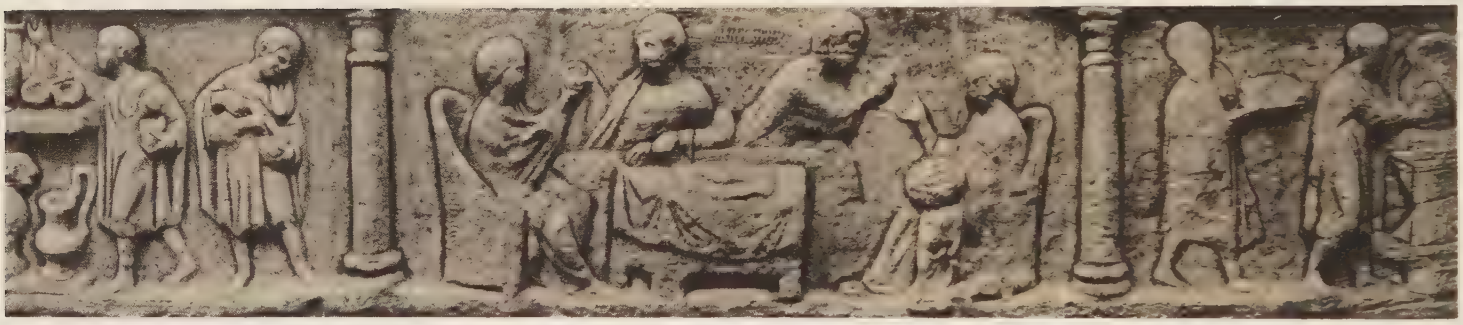
MARIBOR MUSEUM, YUGOSLAVIA—ALINARI



LIFE AT HOME

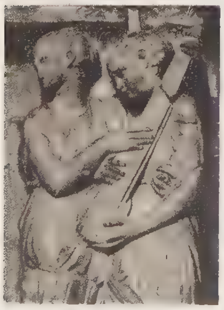
Although the sculpture reliefs on this page are not distinguished as pieces of art, they are interesting in that they depict daily activities usually thought unworthy of recording. Above, at left, a slave serves a meal to a woman and her child; at right, women (probably meant to be goddesses) attend to upper-class children; and in the center, two women mind a poultry store. One of them is apparently bleeding a goose; other game and meat hang from hooks in the background. These female merchants probably owe the elegance of their clothes to sculptural tradition rather than to their own prosperity.

TRIER MUSEUM—ALINARI

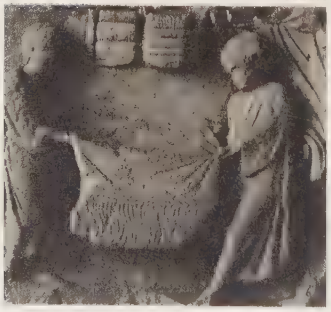


The long single relief above portrays a simple, upper-class dinner party. The two couples in the center are flanked by servants who are preparing wine and food for the table. In the fragments below, at far left two young ladies pose with a lute (women were sometimes treated to music lessons as part of their education). To the right of them is an ambiguous relief thought to be either a cloth merchant displaying his wares to a lady or two female servants folding a bed sheet. The single figure is a woman in a pharmacy or soap shop. And below at right three women are preoccupied with one small child.

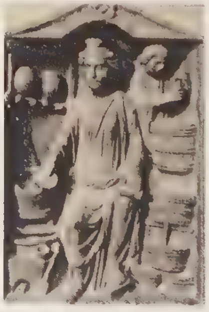
BOUDOT-LAMOTTE—LOUVRE



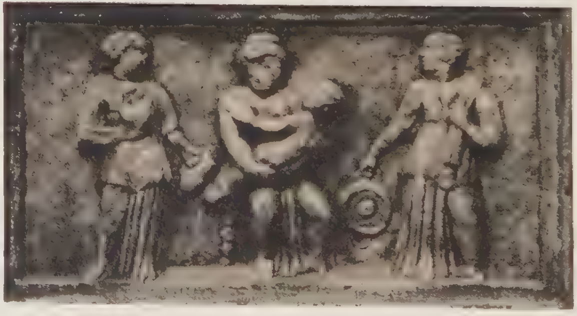
BOUDOT-LAMOTTE—TRIER MUSEUM



MUSEE D'EPINAL—ALINARI



PTUJ MUSEUM, YUGOSLAVIA—ALINARI



citizen, regardless of rank or wealth; or between a member of the senatorial class and a citizen who had risen from the class of freedmen (ex-slaves). Within the permitted limits, then, the right to choose and decide rested with the heads of families. They negotiated marriages for their children. And they were allowed to proceed, and to have the marriage consummated, as soon as a girl reached the age of twelve.

The story is told that at a male dinner party early in the second century B.C., the general Scipio Africanus agreed to marry his daughter Cornelia to his friend Tiberius Gracchus, and that his wife was very angry that he should have done so without having consulted her. The story is probably untrue; at least it is very suspicious because it is repeated about Tiberius's son, the famous agrarian reformer of the same name, and the daughter of Appius Claudius. But true or not, the stories are right in essence, for though the mothers may have been angry, they were powerless, and it is noteworthy that the more "liberal" and enlightened wing of the senatorial aristocracy was involved. Presumably the wife of the fiercely traditional Cato the Censor would have kept her anger to herself in a similar situation; she would not have expected to be asked anyway. Surely the first of the Roman emperors, Augustus, consulted neither his wife nor any of the interested parties when he ordered members of his family and various close associates to marry and divorce and remarry whenever he thought (as he did frequently) that reasons of state or dynastic considerations would be furthered by a particular arrangement.

Augustus and his family personify most of the complexities, difficulties, and apparent contradictions inherent in the Roman relations between the sexes. He was first married at the age of twenty-three and divorced his wife two years later, right after the birth of their daughter Julia, in order to marry Livia three days after she had given birth to a son. At the second ceremony Livia's ex-husband acted as paterfamilias and gave her to Augustus. Fifty-one years later, in A.D. 14, Augustus was said to have addressed his last words to Livia: "As long as you live, remember our marriage. Farewell." Livia had had two sons by her previous husband; gossip inevitably suggested that Augustus was actually the father of the second, and the first son, Tiberius, was in 12 B.C. compelled by Augustus to divorce his wife and marry the recently widowed Julia, daughter of Augustus by his first wife. Tiberius was eventually adopted by Augustus and succeeded him to the throne. Long before that, in 2 B.C., Julia was banished by the Emperor for sexual depravity, and ten years later the same punishment was meted out to her daughter, also named Julia. That does not end the story, but it should be enough except for two further details: first, one reason for Augustus's getting rid of his first wife was apparently her peculiar unwillingness to put up with one of his mistresses; second, Augustus was the author of a long series of laws designed to strengthen the family and to put a brake on licentiousness and general moral depravity in the upper classes.

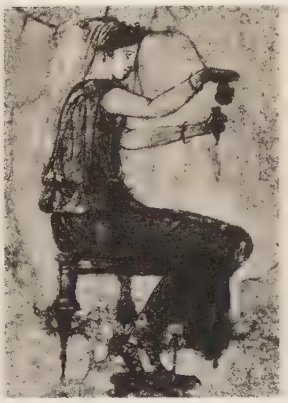
Augustus was no Nero. There is no reason to think that he was not a reasonably moral man by contemporary standards (granted that his position as emperor created abnormal conditions). Ancient and modern moralists have a habit of decrying the decline in Roman moral standards from the old days. Talk of "the good old days" is always suspect, but it may well be that while Rome was still an agricultural community on the Tiber with little power abroad, little luxury, and little urban development, life was simpler and standards stricter. However, the submissive and passive role of women was very ancient, and certainly by the time Rome emerged as a historic and powerful state, say after the defeat of Hannibal late in the third century B.C., all the elements were already there of the social and moral situation which Augustus both represented and tried in some ways to control. Nor is there any justification for speaking of hypocrisy. No one believed or even pretended to believe that monogamous marriage, which was strictly enforced, was incompatible with polygamous sexual activity by the male half of the population. Augustus was concerned with the social consequences of an apparent unwillingness on the part of the aristocracy to produce legitimate children in sufficient numbers, with the social consequences of extravagant and wasteful living, of *public* licentiousness, and in the upper classes, of *female* licentiousness (which may have been on the increase with the breakdown of political morality in the last century of the Roman Republic). It never entered his mind that moral regeneration might include the abolition of concubines, mistresses, and brothels, the end of sleeping with one's female slaves, or a redefinition of adultery to extend it to extramarital intercourse by a married man.

There was no puritanism in the Roman concept of morality. Marriage was a central institution but it had nothing sacramental about it. It was central because the whole structure of property rested on it and because both the indispensable family cult and the institution of citizenship required the orderly, regular succession of legitimate children in one generation after another. There were neither spinsters nor confirmed bachelors in this world. It was assumed that if one reached the right age—and many of course did not, given the enormously high rate of infant mortality—one would marry. Society could not pursue its normal course otherwise. But the stress was always on the rightness of the marriage from a social and economic point of view, and on its legitimacy (and therefore also on the legitimacy of the offspring) from the political and legal point of view. If the relationship turned out also to be pleasant and affectionate, so much the better. It was taken for granted, however, that men would find comradeship and sexual satisfaction from others as well, and often only or chiefly from others. They were expected to behave with good taste in this respect, but no more.

Standards, whether of taste or of law, were profoundly influenced by class. Men like Sulla and Cicero openly enjoyed the company of actors and actresses, but by a law of Augustus and before that by custom, no member of the senatorial class could contract a legal marriage with any woman who was, or ever had been, an actress, whereas other Roman citizens were free to do

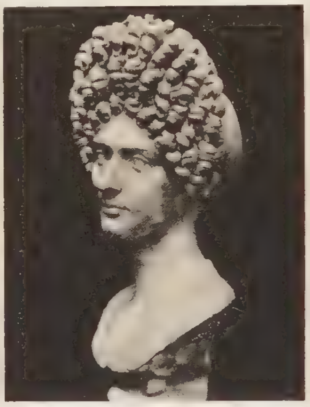
THE ARTS OF BEAUTY

Late in the first century A.D. *Roman women were devoted to Cosmus, a Roman cosmetician, as their arbiter of fashion. Creams, scented oils, and perfumes became* de rigueur; *extravagant coiffures were in, and unplucked eyebrows were out. Women who had only one life to live were even then enabled, by dyes, to live it as a blonde. Wigs were widely worn, and milk baths all the rage. Some of the beauty techniques in widest currency are indicated directly below: at far left a girl decants perfume; next to her is a perfume flask and ornamental ivory hairpins. The portrait bust displays a typical hair style of the period, its formidable tiers of tight curls making it look suspiciously like a wig. The flask to the right of the bust once held paint for eyebrows or eyelashes; the containers at far right were used for perfumes. Ovid, in* The Art of Beauty, *noted that ancient women had cared less for tending to themselves than for "tending their fields." All the same, he was pleased with the new styles he saw, and even offered his own recipes for cosmetics—including a wrinkle remover of barley, vetch, eggs, powdered stag horns, daffodil bulbs, and honey.*



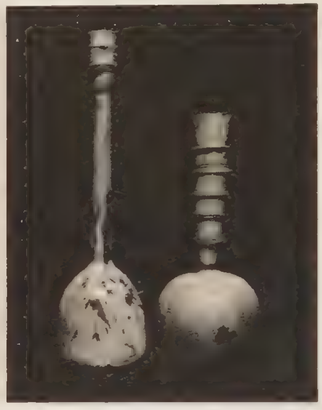
MUSEO DELLE TERME, ROME

UNIVERSITY MUSEUM, PHILADELPHIA



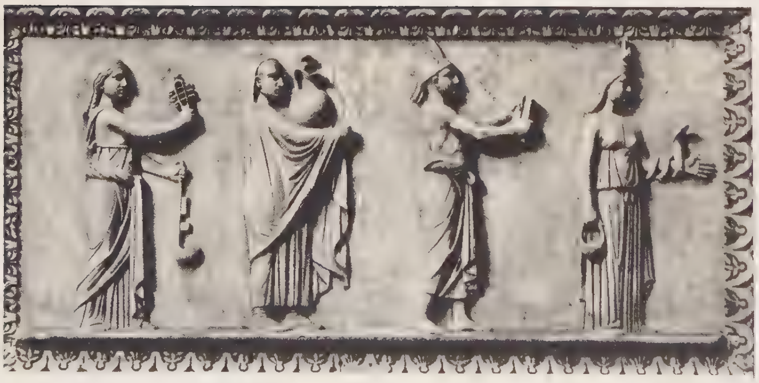
CAPITOLINE MUSEUM—ALINARI

UNIVERSITY MUSEUM, PHILADELPHIA

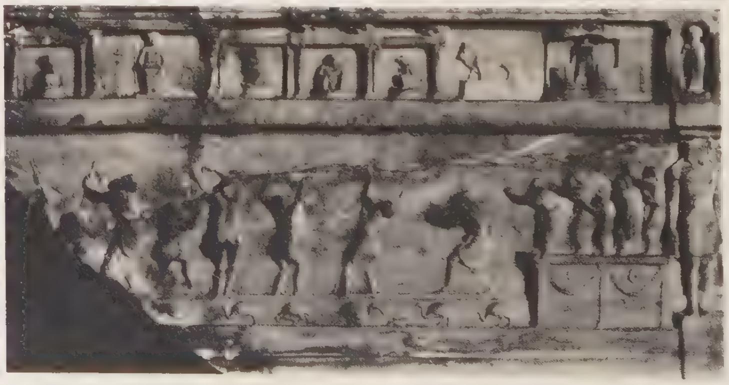


WORSHIPING ISIS

Roman religions were often indifferent to women, who in turn frequently looked to alien gods for spiritual comfort. The relief at lower left shows a procession in honor of the mother goddess Isis, whose cult was popular with Roman women, especially the courtesans. In The Golden Ass *(translated by Robert Graves) Lucius Apuleius describes a similar procession: "At the head walked women crowned with flowers . . . their joy in their Saviouress appeared in every gesture. Next came women with polished mirrors . . . and another party with bottles of perfume who sprinkled the road with balsam. . . . They carried rattles of brass, silver, and even gold, which kept up a shrill and ceaseless tinkling." The cult of Isis required its devotees to abstain from the pleasures of the flesh at certain times—a rule which the love poets unfailingly object to. Ovid nevertheless reminds lovelorn males that the temple of Isis is a likely place to become acquainted with pretty girls. In the relief at lower right women dance in a frenzied rite for the various Egyptian deities shown on the frieze over their heads. A crowd of onlookers is applauding the dancers.*



VATICAN MUSEUM—ANDERSON



MUSEO DELLE TERME—ALINARI

so. Soldiers in the legions, unlike their officers, were not allowed to marry during their period of service, which was twenty years under Augustus and was raised to twenty-five later on. The reasons for this law were rather complicated, the consequences even more so (until the law was finally repealed in A.D. 197). Soldiers, of course, went on marrying and raising families all the time, and their tombstones are as full of references to loving wives and children as those of any other class. Nor, obviously, could they have acted in this way clandestinely. The law and its agents were not so stupid as not to know what was going on. They merely insisted on the formal unlawfulness of the relationship, and then proceeded to make and constantly to revise regulations for the inevitable confusion: confusion about inheritance, about the status of the children, about the rights of all the parties involved following honorable discharge.

Soldiers apart, we know very little about how these matters worked for the lower classes of Roman society. They were all subject to the same set of laws, but law codes are never automatic guides to the actual behavior of a society, and neither poets nor historians nor philosophers often concerned themselves in a concrete and reliable way with the poorer peasantry or with the tens of thousands crowded together in the urban rabbit warrens which the Romans called *insulae*. Obviously among these people dowries, property settlements, family alliances for political purposes, and the like did not really enter the picture, either in the establishment of a marriage or in its dissolution. Neither could they so lightly dispense with a wife's labor service, whether on the farm or in a market stall, an inn, or a workshop. It was one thing to "work in wool," as did the Claudia whose epitaph I quoted earlier; it was something quite different to work in wool in earnest.

It would probably be a safe guess that women of the lower classes were therefore more "emancipated," more equal *de facto* if not in strict law, more widely accepted as persons in their own right than their richer, more bourgeois, or more aristocratic sisters. This is a common enough phenomenon everywhere. No doubt they were freer in all senses—far less inhibited by legal definitions of marriage or legitimacy, less bound by the double standard of sexual morality. For one thing, the rapid development of large-scale slavery after the wars with Hannibal and the Carthaginians, combined with the frequent practice of manumitting slaves, meant that a large proportion of the free population, even of the citizen class, was increasingly drawn from ex-slaves and the children of slaves. This alone—and specifically their experience, as females, while they were slaves—would have been enough to give them, and their men, a somewhat different attitude toward the accepted, traditional, upper-class values. Add economic necessity, slum conditions, the fact that their work was serious and not a pastime, and the rest follows.

In all classes there was one inescapable condition, and that was the high probability of early death. On a rough calculation, of the population of the Roman Empire which succeeded in reaching the age of fifteen (that is, which survived the heavy mortality of infancy and childhood), more than half of the women were dead before forty, and in some classes and areas, even before thirty-five. Women were very much worse off than men in this respect, partly because of the perils of childbirth, partly, in the lower classes, because of the risk of sheer exhaustion. Thus, in one family tomb in regular use in the second and third centuries, sixty-eight wives were buried by their husbands and only forty-one husbands by their wives. A consequence, intensified by the ease of divorce, was the frequency of second and third marriages for both sexes, especially among men. This in turn complicated both personal and family relationships, economically as well as psychologically, and the prospect, even before the event, must have introduced a considerable element of tension in many women. Many, too, must have been sexually frustrated and unsatisfied.

None of this necessarily implies that women did not passively accept their position, at least on the surface. It would be a bad mistake to read our own notions and values into the picture, or even those of a century or two ago. The women of French provincial society portrayed by Balzac seem to have been more suppressed and beaten down than their Roman counterparts. The latter at least found their men much more openhanded with money and luxuries, and they shared in a fairly active dinner-party kind of social life and in the massive public entertainments. The evidence suggests that Balzac's women somehow made their peace with the world, even if often an unhappy and tragic peace, and presumably so did the women of Rome. We are told by Roman writers of the educated conversation of women in mixed company. Ovid in *The Art of Love* urged even his kind of woman not only to dress and primp properly, to sweeten her breath, to learn to walk gracefully and dance well, but also to cultivate the best Greek and Latin poetry. It is a pity we cannot eavesdrop on some of these conversations, but there is no Roman Balzac or Stendhal, no Jane Austen or Thackeray or Hardy, to give us the opportunity.

This brings us back to the silence of the women of Rome, which in one way speaks loudly, if curiously. Where were the rebels among the women, real or fictitious—the Georges Sand or Harriet Beecher Stowe, the Hester Prynne or Tess of the D'Urbervilles? How, in other words, did "respectable" women of breeding, education, and leisure find outlets for their repressed energies and talents? The answers seem to lie within a very restricted range of activities. One was religion. It is a commonplace in our own civilization that, at least in Latin countries, women are much more occupied with their religion than are men. But it would be wrong to generalize too quickly: the same has not been true for most of Jewish history nor for most of antiquity. Much depends on the content and orientation of doctrine and ritual. Traditional Roman religion was centered on the household (the hearth and the ancestors) and on the state cults, and the male played the predominant part in both—as paterfamilias and as citizen, respectively—notwithstanding that the hearth was protected by a goddess, Vesta, and not by a god. To be sure, the public hearth, with its sacred fire which must never be allowed to go out, was in the charge of six women, the Vestal Virgins. Other rituals were reserved for women, too, such as the cult of *Bona Dea*, the "good goddess," or such exceptional ones as the formal reception at the harbor, toward the end of the war with Hannibal, of the statue of *Mater Idaea* brought from Asia Minor in response to a Sibylline prophecy which guaranteed victory if that were done. However, the procession was led by a man, "the noblest in the state," as required by the same prophecy. And the Vestal Virgins were subject to the authority of a man, the Pontifex Maximus.

For most of Roman history, then, to the end of the Republic in fact, women were not very prominent even in religion. The change came under the Empire and with the great influx into the Roman world of various Eastern mystery cults, carrying their new element of personal communion and salvation. Some of these cults—notably that of Mithras, the soldier's god par excellence—were closed to women. Others, however, offered them hope, ultimate release, and immediate status unlike anything they had experienced before—above all, the worship of the Hellenized Egyptian goddess Isis. She became (to men as well as women) Isis of the Myriad Names, Lady of All, Queen of the Inhabited World, Star of the Sea, identifiable with nearly every goddess of the known world. "You gave women equal power with men," says one of her hymns. In another she herself speaks: "I am she whom women call goddess. I ordained that women shall be loved by men; I brought wife and husband together, and invented the marriage-contract."

It was no wonder, therefore, that of all the pagan cults Isis-worship was the most tenacious in its resistance when Christianity ascended to a position first of dominance in the Roman world and then of near monopoly. Christianity itself was soon in some difficulty over the question of women. On the one hand, there was the unmistakably elevated, and for the time untypical, position of women in the life of Christ, and in many of the early Christian communities. Women of all classes were drawn to the new creed. There were women martyrs, too. But on the other hand, there was the view expressed in, for example, I Corinthians 14: "Let your women keep silence in the churches: for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience as also saith the law." Women were not allowed to forget that Eve was created from Adam's rib, and not the other way round. Neither in this respect nor in any other did the early church seek or bring about a social revolution. Both the ritual of the church and its administration remained firmly in the hands of men, as did the care of souls, and this included the souls of the women.

Where Christianity differed most radically from many (though not all) of the other mystery religions of the time was in its extension of the central idea of purification and purity beyond chastity to celibacy. For many women this attitude offered release through sublimation. That the traditional pagan world failed to understand, or even to believe, this was possible is comprehensible enough. The Roman aristocracy had long been suspicious of the various new cults. A great wave of orgiastic Dionysiac religion had spread in Italy after the wars with Hannibal, soon to be suppressed by the Senate in 186 B.C. Even Isis-worship had a long struggle with the state before achieving official recognition. Anyone who reads the hymns or the detailed accounts of the cult in Apuleius or Plutarch may well find that hard to understand, but the fact is that Isis, though she attracted all classes, was particularly popular in the demimonde.

Sublimation through religion was not the only outlet for pent-up female energies and female rebelliousness. There was another in quite the opposite direction. In the amphitheatres, among the spectators, the women achieved equality with their men: they relished the horrible brutality of the gladiatorial shows (and of the martyrdoms) with the same fierce joy. Gladiators became the pin-ups for Roman women, especially in the upper classes. And at the very top, the women became, metaphorically, gladiators themselves. The women of the Roman emperors were not all monsters, but enough of them throughout the first century of our era, and again from the latter part of the second century on, revealed a ferocity and sadism in the backstairs struggles for power that were not often surpassed—though they were perhaps matched in the contemporary court of the Idumaean dynasty founded by Herod the Great in Judaea. They were not struggling for the throne for themselves—that was unthinkable—but for their sons, brothers, and lovers. Their energy and, in a curious sense, their ability are beyond argument. The outlets they found and the goals they sought are, equally, beyond all human dignity, decency, or compassion.

Obviously Roman women are not to be judged by their worst representatives. On the other hand, there must be something significant, even though twisted, in that small group of ferocious and licentious royal females. Under the prevailing value-system, women were expected to be content with vicarious satisfactions. It was their role to be happy in the happiness and success of their men, and of the state for which they bore and nurtured the next generation of men. "She loved her husband . . . She bore two sons . . . She kept the house and worked in wool." That was the highest praise, not only in Rome but in much of human history. What went on behind the accepted façade, what Claudia thought or said to herself, we can never know. But when the silence breaks, the sounds which come forth—in the royal family at least—are not very pretty. Most of the Claudias no doubt fully accepted and even defended the values fixed by their men; they knew no other world. The revealing point is that the occasional rebellion took the forms it did.

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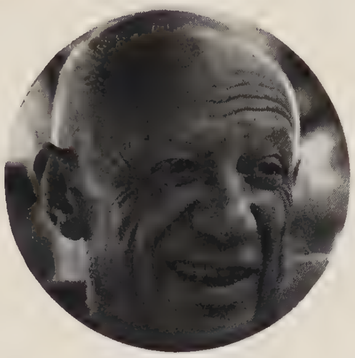
Picasso



Picasso, 1964

The creative life of the outstanding "old master" of the present has spanned all the years of this century. Most resourceful of innovators, Picasso has transmuted old traditions into modern idioms. He might be called the last of the great humanists

Pablo Picasso's position in today's art world may best be characterized by the fact that when his name is mentioned, it is usually by way of a question as to just what his work in progress is like, or a proud report by someone who has the latest word about it. What Picasso is doing, or has stopped doing, or seems to be about to do, is always news and is habitually expected to be surprising.

Plenty of other artists have continued to work until the age of eighty-three—Picasso's age at the time of this writing—but not many at that age have produced much more than manual repetitions, often enfeebled, of the pictorial style that made their reputations. It is true enough that some artists who continue to work vigorously as old men develop a final style which, by a combination of purification and exaggeration, summarizes a salient aspect that has run in one form or another through their earlier work. As a perfect instance, before he died at seventy-eight, Renoir painted a series of soft, lushly swelling and rolling female nudes drenched in colors that suggest they had just emerged from a bath in crushed fruit. By one standard these terminal works apotheosize Renoir's conception of woman as a symbol of the indestructible fertility of nature. Or, by another, they push this conception beyond tolerance into the area of the grotesque. Dozens of examples could be gathered of artists who lived as long as Renoir, or less long, and whose work reveals such tendencies. But the usual question about artists who live into their ninth decade remains not "What is he doing now?" but "Oh—is *he* still alive?"

Titian was one great exception to the rule that very old men who continue to paint only exaggerate

RICHARD DE GRAB—BLACK STAR

By JOHN CANADAY

or imitate their past work. In his very old age—he lived at least to the age of eighty-nine, and possibly well into his nineties—Titian's failing hand and unfailing spirit combined to produce some noble paintings in a broad, hazy technique that anticipated impressionism by some three centuries. Before he died at eighty-six, the impressionist Monet magnified and loosened his style in a comparable way, currently regarded as having anticipated abstract expressionism, although by a mere quarter-century. In America Edward Hopper, born only a year later than Picasso, is another true exception: his spare, solid paintings, without showing much surface change, continue to grow richer and deeper as contemplations of a steady theme.

Matisse was Picasso's one contemporary rival as the great, internationally famed artist of the first half of the twentieth century. But even Matisse spent the last years before his death, at eight-four, creating entrancing patterns of superlative gaiety that, for all their seductive brilliance, only the most stubborn Matissophile can defend as much more than summaries of the most felicitous but least profound aspect of his art—his decorative verve.

Picasso is the world's unquestioned top living old master of art as it was transformed in this century. Of all painters, past or present, he is the one whose contribution, as well as whose notoriety, has depended most upon startling shifts of style, sudden radical innovations and transmutations of form, sometimes upon pure legerdemain.* As a kind of reverse surprise, he has even returned to the past at times when he was most conspicuous for apparently having finally embalmed the past once and for all.

There is a tendency to think of Picasso as the acrobat of modern art, and to demand that he continue his stunts at the increasing pace that is necessary if stunts are not to grow tiresome. Picasso is an extraordinarily vigorous man, but at eighty-three such a performance is not only difficult, it is impossible; and it would be absurd, for any man. Yet to be true avant-gardist today is to venerate Picasso as a monument belonging to the past, but at the same time to condescend to him as a creative artist whose eclecticism has become obvious.

An odd twist to this essentially impertinent judgment on an artist of unquenchable vitality is that Picasso's own vast body of work—a literally uncountable number of paintings, sculptures, and drawings, as well as inventions in a dozen related or hybrid fields—is of such quality and such variety that if he seems more and more to be eclectic it is because he has supplied himself, just as he has supplied modern art in general, with an inexhaustible backlog of reference material for re-use and recombination. In recent years each time Picasso has come up with a new series of paintings, critics, like chemists testing a substance for its component elements, have eagerly analyzed them in an apparent effort to invalidate them unless the analysis revealed some hitherto unknown factor.

By such a standard it may be true that Picasso has become the great eclectic of modern art, but a more accurate term would be "auto-eclectic." If he comes up with no new shockers, it is only because he is doing to a much greater degree what he has always done to some degree—returning to forms of his own invention and juggling them into new patterns. If he seems to draw upon himself rather than upon the past, it is not that he lacks an appreciative knowledge of the past. It is only that the forms of the past long ago became too threadbare to serve him, and he turns back to a reexamination of his own innovations, which are now history. This juggling in the hands of some artists would have become pure stuntsmanship, but with Picasso it is much more, as we will try to show later. But even as pure stuntsmanship, as acrobatics, the old giant's long-run, one-man performance is as remarkable as ever for its pure skill, its certainty, and its ingenuity.

The performance has now covered some seventy years, since Picasso began drawing in something other than a childish manner at the age of ten. (He was born in Málaga, Spain, on October 15, 1881.) As early as 1893 he was producing competent studies showing that in his early teens he had already acquired the technical hand of the average professional. As a student he seems to have picked up the principles of academic draftsmanship in a casual saunter through the classrooms while other students were sweating it out over the years. In Barcelona, where the family moved in 1895, he had his own studio and was so skilled and so productive that he held his first exhibition at the age of sixteen.

By the time Picasso made his first trip to Paris, in 1900, he was catching up to impressionism. When he returned there for another visit in 1901, he merged elements from Toulouse-Lautrec with those of nascent expressionism. He also branched out in isolated paintings and drawings that now appear to have been seminal to half a dozen of his later periods. By the time he settled in Paris in 1904 at the age of twenty-three, he had very nearly concluded his demonstration that ontogeny can repeat phylogeny in art as well as in biology, and he was just about ready to stop summarizing history and start making it, which he did, beginning about 1907, with cubism.

Conventionally, in order to keep art historians from going mad, Picasso's work from 1901 on is fenced into a series of periods—anywhere from a dozen to several dozen, depending on subdivisions—as if he had gone forward in a

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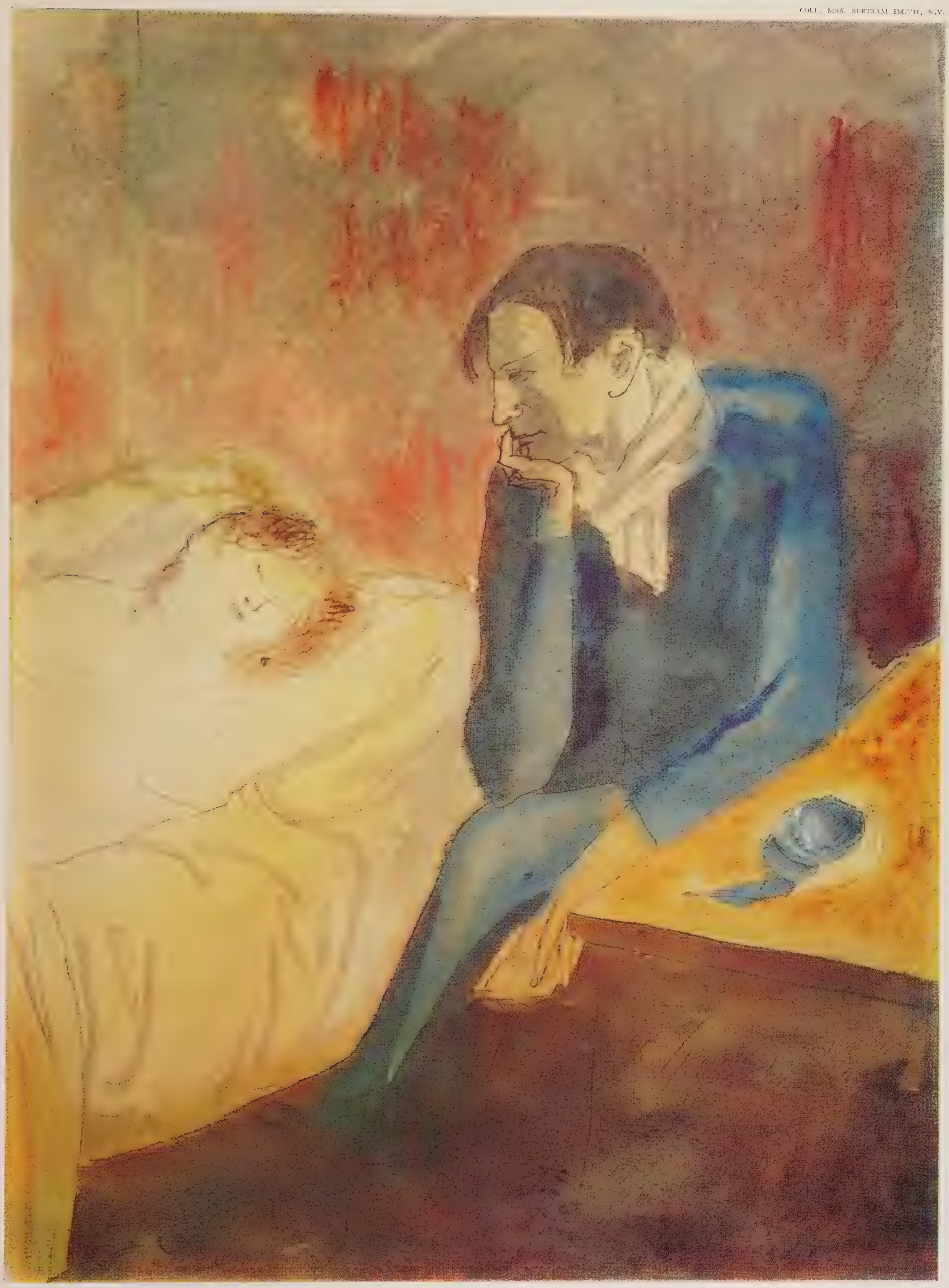
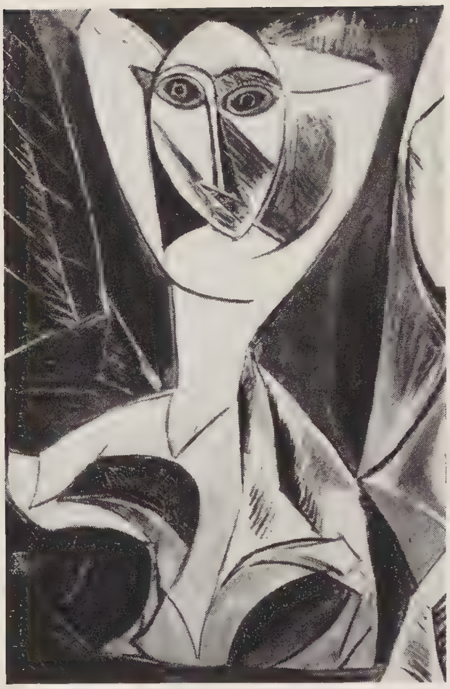
* See "Picasso and His Public" by Alfred Frankfurter, in HORIZON for November, 1961.

In 1904, following the anguished and sometimes bitter Blue period, Picasso shifted to a mood of tender melancholy expressed through sensitive draftsmanship and delicate tonalities. The young man in Meditation *(opposite), a water color of that year, is a self-portrait.*

COLL. MRS. BERTRAM SMITH, N.Y.





COLL. WALTER P. CHRYSLER, JR., PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

This Dancer, *obviously reflecting the impact of African sculpture, is the masterpiece of Picasso's violently eruptive Negroid period of 1907, a shift from moody romanticism to barbaric vigor.*

Cubism's shattering and reassembling of form (with prophetic hints in Dancer, *above) was modern art's prelude to the split atom. By 1912, as in* The Fruit Dish *(opposite), this analytical phase of an aesthetic revolution was complete. The refinement and the (often unconscious) absorption of cubism's principles have occupied artists ever since. Even Pop Art, aggressively anti-abstract, may have an ancestor in Picasso's use of words and letters in this painting.*

straight line from the Toulouse-Lautrec paintings through the familiar Blue period (emaciated, elongated figures painted in chilly blues and blue-greens, highly stylized into a mood of romantic pathos), the Rose period (to which may be added the Harlequin period and the Circus period, all shifting to fresher, warmer, more palatable colors, more graceful forms, and a mood of tender, enjoyable melancholy), the Negroid period (a quick reaction from tenderness to near brutality, from gentleness to force, with a corresponding shift to earthy colors vigorously applied, all inspired by the discovery of the aesthetic quality of primitive sculpture), the Cubist period (exploring the most revolutionary concept in art since the Renaissance), and the Classical period (a return, of sorts, to antiquity, the future having been investigated and temporarily settled).

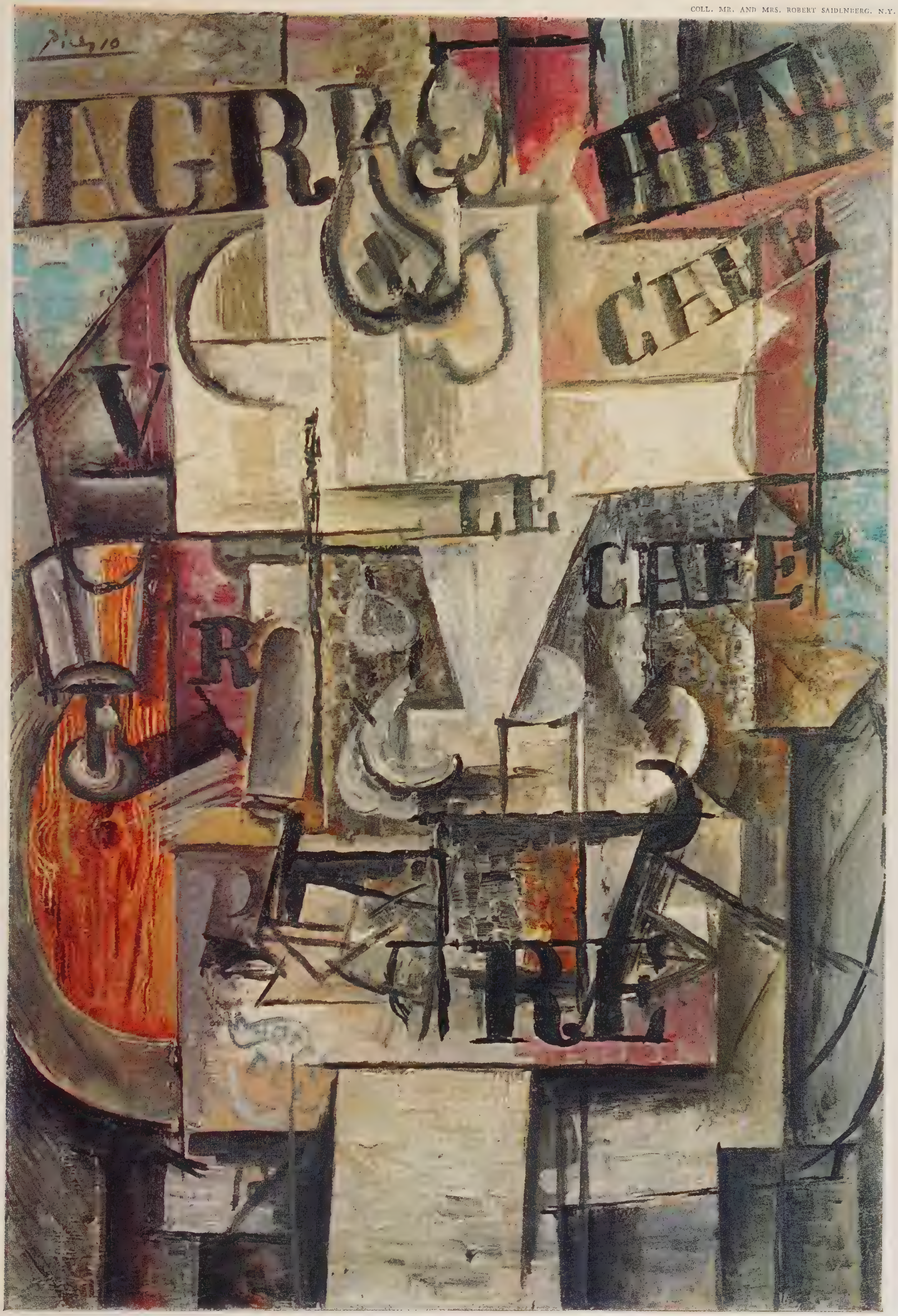
This list takes Picasso up to the mid-1920's, within hailing distance of his middle age, and leaves him supplied with most of the basic elements of his personal formal vocabulary for shiftings, variations, and recombinations in the service of ideas that over the last forty years have ranged from profundity to trickiness, from logical humanism to nightmare, from anguish to high jinks.

But the list is deceptive in its orderliness. Actually, Picasso's development during the early periods was less like a steady progression along a continuous line, less like a series of interesting beads on a string, than like a complex network in which each cluster of paintings is linked not only backward and forward but on all sides, as well as to the distant past through influences as widely separated as El Greco and Praxiteles.

Picasso's mind as reflected in his art might be compared to a seedbed where all rules of germination, growth, and decline have been abrogated by an inexplicable indulgence of nature. Prophetic sprouts, in the form of contrasting paintings, appear within a period dominated by another style for no explainable reason; years later they may be seen to have grown into an entire group of paintings that makes up a period in itself. In Picasso's explosively fertile mind a plant may grow to mammoth size overnight, after lying dormant for years, and may vanish as quickly or persist in full strength. Plants may spring up where no seed seems to have been sown, or a seed of one plant may grow into a plant of another kind, with color, size, and proportion reversed, turned inside out and upside down in new relationships, sometimes monstrous and sometimes exquisitely reharmonized. The only certain thing is that in this wild and wonderful garden the growth will always be luxuriant and fascinating.

Although Picasso is always thought of, and rightly, as one of the great revolutionaries in the history of art, and although his work has been so varied that his detractors have called him an inventor rather than a painter, he has always been as strongly attracted to tradition as to experiment. But Picasso has never confused tradition with habit.

COLL. MR. AND MRS. ROBERT SAIDENBERG, N.Y.



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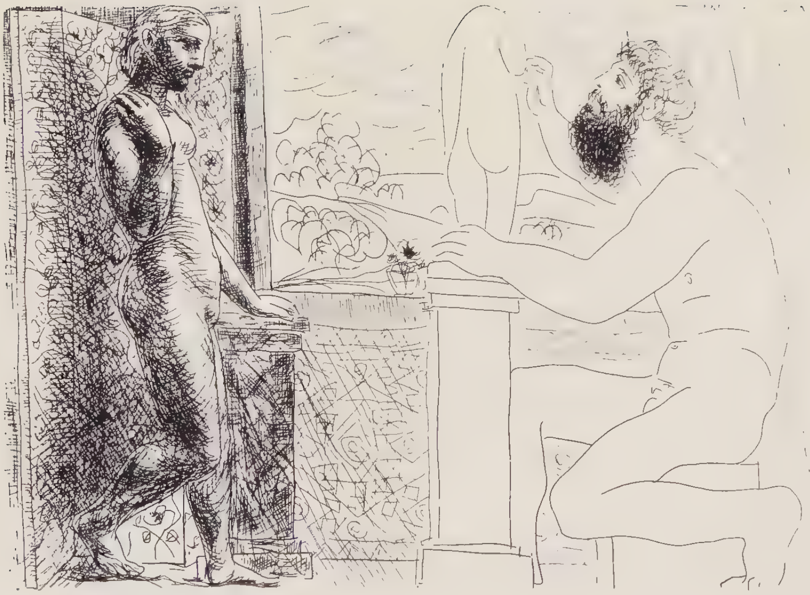
What is ordinarily called in a derogatory way traditional or conservative art is actually only a kind of art-by-habit, born of the confusion of ideas that leads a small talent to believe that imitation of traditional forms carries with it the expressive power of the spirit in which those forms were originally used by the artists who developed them. As the shock of Picasso's disruptions of conventional forms has worn off, the traditional and especially the humanistic purposes served by his inventions have become more apparent.

It has been as impossible for Picasso to dissociate his art from the human values that art has traditionally served as it has been for him to imitate traditional forms; he is the most extraordinary artist of this century in being at once uncompromisingly revolutionary and traditional. As the twentieth-century artist who has been the most aggressive spokesman for the present, he has crossed again and again the boundary of the moment into the prophecy or creation of the immediate future. Yet he has never questioned the validity or the eternal presence of the past and his inescapable origins within it. Picasso is less than half understood if the foundations of tradition are ignored beneath the dazzling contemporary structure that he has added to them.

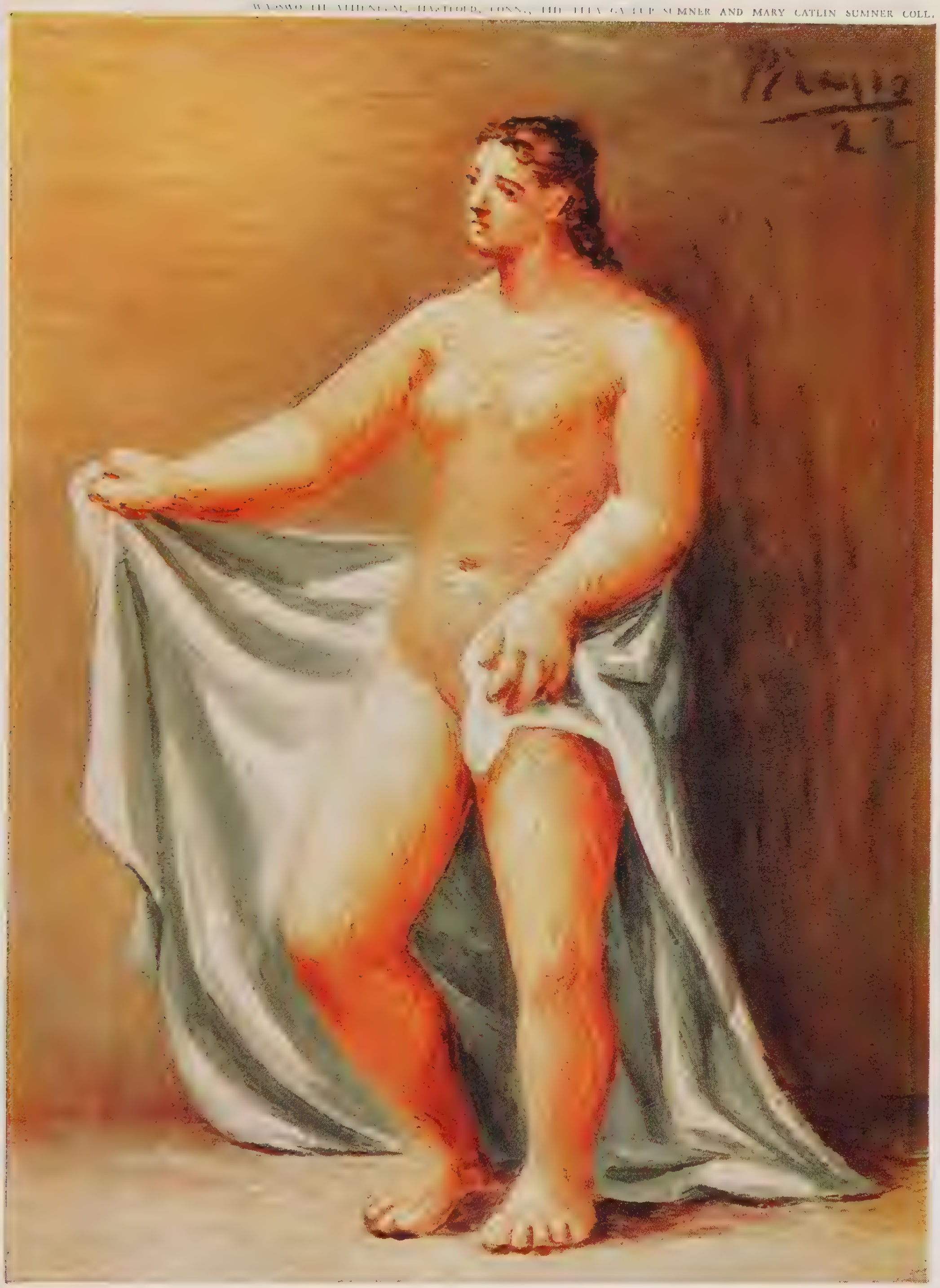

COLL. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, N.Y.

In contrast to the intellectualized abstraction of cubism, Picasso's etchings of 1933 celebrate physical love in the sensuous terms of ancient Greece, as in Sculptor Seated by a Window Working from a Model.

These broad but not rash statements cover what might be called the Picasso panorama, the whole crowded scope of his production, including all the exceptions within the frame. If we call Picasso a great humanist, it does not mean that quantities of light and even trivial work are not interspersed throughout the great range of his expression. His tongue is sometimes in his cheek, but this he expects us to recognize. That a serious artist's tongue may legitimately be there from time to time does not occur to people who, trying to find in everything Picasso does an indication of the godhead, occasionally—and quite naturally—feel that somebody is pulling their leg. In a spirit of play Picasso has done drawings and paintings that through no fault of his own are distorted by efforts to read more than play into them. Any line he puts on paper can now bring a high price and a newspaper notice, but neither the price nor the disproportionate attention means that he is doing anything more than what any good artist does—commenting on life as he sees it, feels it, and lives it.

The difference between Picasso's comment and, say, Rembrandt's, is that Picasso finds literally anything not only worthy of comment but demanding of one. By the reports of people who know him as a person, he sees and feels and lives with extraordinary intensity and liveliness at all levels from passion to horseplay, from philosophical brooding upon the human condition to unquestioning, extroverted gusto for the commonest diversions. And by the evidence of the work that has poured from him for so many years, anything he sees and feels and does is for him incomplete as an experience until it has been released and recorded, whether as a sketch noted down in a few seconds or as *Guernica* (page 75), cer-

WADSWORTH ATHENEUM, HARTFORD, CONN., THE ELLA GALLUP SUMNER AND MARY CATLIN SUMNER COLL.



During the early 1920's Picasso made the most unexpected possible shift of manner for an artist identified with revolution: he returned to classical forms, weighty and specifically defined. The Bather *(1922), reproduced here at actual size, is in effect a monumental painting.*

tainly his masterpiece, with its 296 square feet of canvas resolved from hundreds of preliminary drawings and studies.

In its great size, in its climactic harmonizing of the innovational and traditional sources of modern art, in its intellectual and emotional passion, and in its iconographical summation of a tragedy at the heart of the artist's century, *Guernica* is a masterpiece in the grand manner, specific in its references but universal through their interpretation. *Guernica* refutes not only the mortal charge against modern art but also the defense made by artists and critics against this charge. The charge is that modern art has relinquished its function as interpreter of the ideas men hold, as the clarifier and intensifier of human experience; that it has become fragmentary, hyperpersonal, withdrawn from life, and mute for all but an inner circle which substitutes an esoteric retreat for the vitality of true experience. The defense offered is that in a century in which the world is so complicated that no man can hope to understand it, art can be nothing but fragmentary; and that when the world is directed by forces of destruction, the artist can be creative only in the area where one thing, at least, is certain—the personal, the private enjoyment of abstract speculations in a retreat where it is possible to mark time pending Armageddon. But *Guernica* accepts no withdrawal, and instead of accepting defeat it challenges the victors. It is not an elegy but an indictment.

The immediate inspiration for *Guernica* was the bombing of that city during the Spanish Civil War on April 26, 1937. By the middle of June, Picasso had completed the great canvas in which he combined the immediate expression of fury and anguish as a personal reaction to a tragic crime with an intellectually disciplined presentation in a way not quite paralleled elsewhere in the history of painting. *Guernica* is as volatile in effect as if it had been produced under blind inspiration. But in its pictorial structure it is as firmly calculated as Raphael's *School of Athens* or any other standard monumental composition constructed at leisure over an unlimited period of contemplation and analysis. There is nothing in *Guernica* as a pure structure that need be pardoned or justified by the overpowering urgency of its creation. Nor is there any sacrifice of urgency that must be justified by claiming it was necessary to the creation of a timeless statement.

And it becomes more and more apparent that it *is* a timeless statement. Twenty-seven years after *Guernica* was painted, the impact of the specific event that inspired Picasso's outcry has diminished, and the event itself has been dwarfed by a subsequent mass horror that was inconceivable when this canvas was painted. A lesser painting would have been reduced to inconsequence by this shift of perspective and scale. Museum basements are filled with battle paintings that no longer touch us. They may retain a bit of corollary historical interest if they are accurate as records, but few paintings are duller than those of forgotten cataclysms. They become labored and even amusing once they can no longer stir us by association with the shock and terror that the event originally inspired.

If its life had depended on corollary interests of this kind, *Guernica* would have died entirely, since it is an imagined scene presented in abstract symbols, with no reference to historical fact. And it cannot stir by association the shock and terror of an event that few people would recognize by name if Picasso had not immortalized that name. The tables are turned. If we continue to feel shock at the bombing of Guernica, a relatively small bombing among more recent holocausts, the shock is kept alive by association with the painting, which shocks by its own power.

Picasso has never offered a key to the symbolism of *Guernica*, on the basis that he was painting a picture, not writing a book. But most of the symbols are clear enough. The severed arm at the bottom center of the picture holds a broken sword, the classical symbol of heroic defeat, and hence must be a tribute to the Spanish loyalists whose partisan Picasso was, and by extension a tribute to all men who die in a just cause. The bull rising triumphant over the carnage at the far left (see detail, page 74) is a familiar symbol of violence, and one that Picasso has used before, both in connection with the bullfight and as variations of the classical Minotaur.

The screaming horse that dominates the center of the picture might also be a reference to the bullfight, where the horses of the picadors (before laws enforced the use of protective pads) were expected to be gored in the preliminary stages of the sport and hence might be regarded as innocent sacrificial victims to the makers, or the gods, of violence. Other symbols may suggest themselves: the flower that rises almost like a ghost just behind the hand holding the sword could be prophetic of renewed life that rises from seed, the generative force that persists in spite of our wholesale destruction and killing.

All these symbols hold as universal ones with a strength and breadth of meaning surpassing their immediate sources. *Guernica* thus becomes a humanistic allegory just as surely as is any Renaissance recapitulation of a theme. Its specific reference to time and place is limited, in fact, to the title, which could just as appropriately have been not *Guernica* but *War*. The city of Guernica, ancient, holy, quiet, and picturesque, is ignored as a locale. Picasso builds instead, within an anonymous setting, what is apparently a farmhouse with its adjoining courtyard or barn. This shift from the conventional scene of battle, which would have been used by a Renaissance artist, to the scene of total war with its civilian victims, puts *Guernica* within this century in spite of its alliances with tradition. The painted forms also, of course, are twentieth century in their nature, and provide a climax and a summary of the manners in which Picasso had

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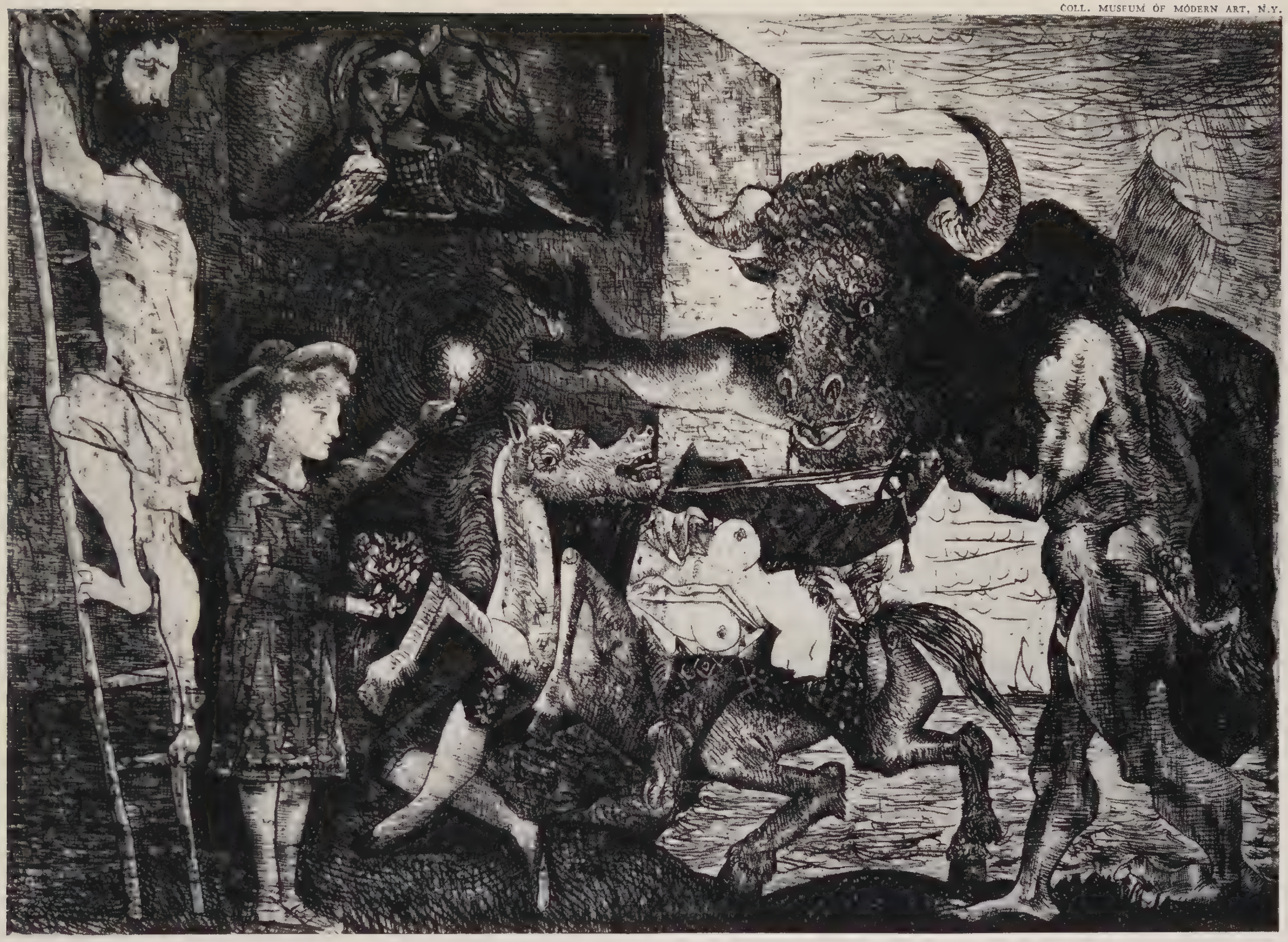
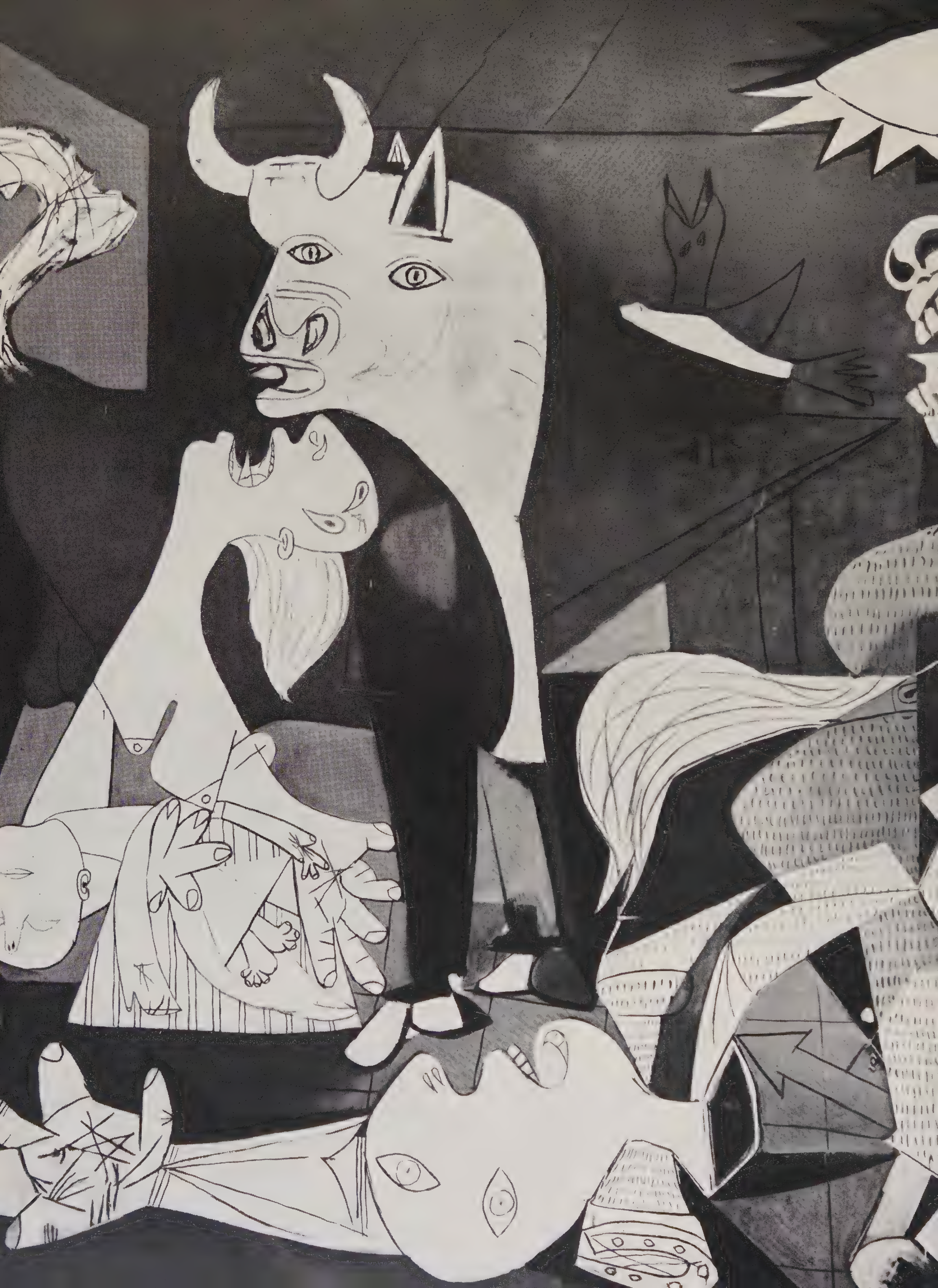
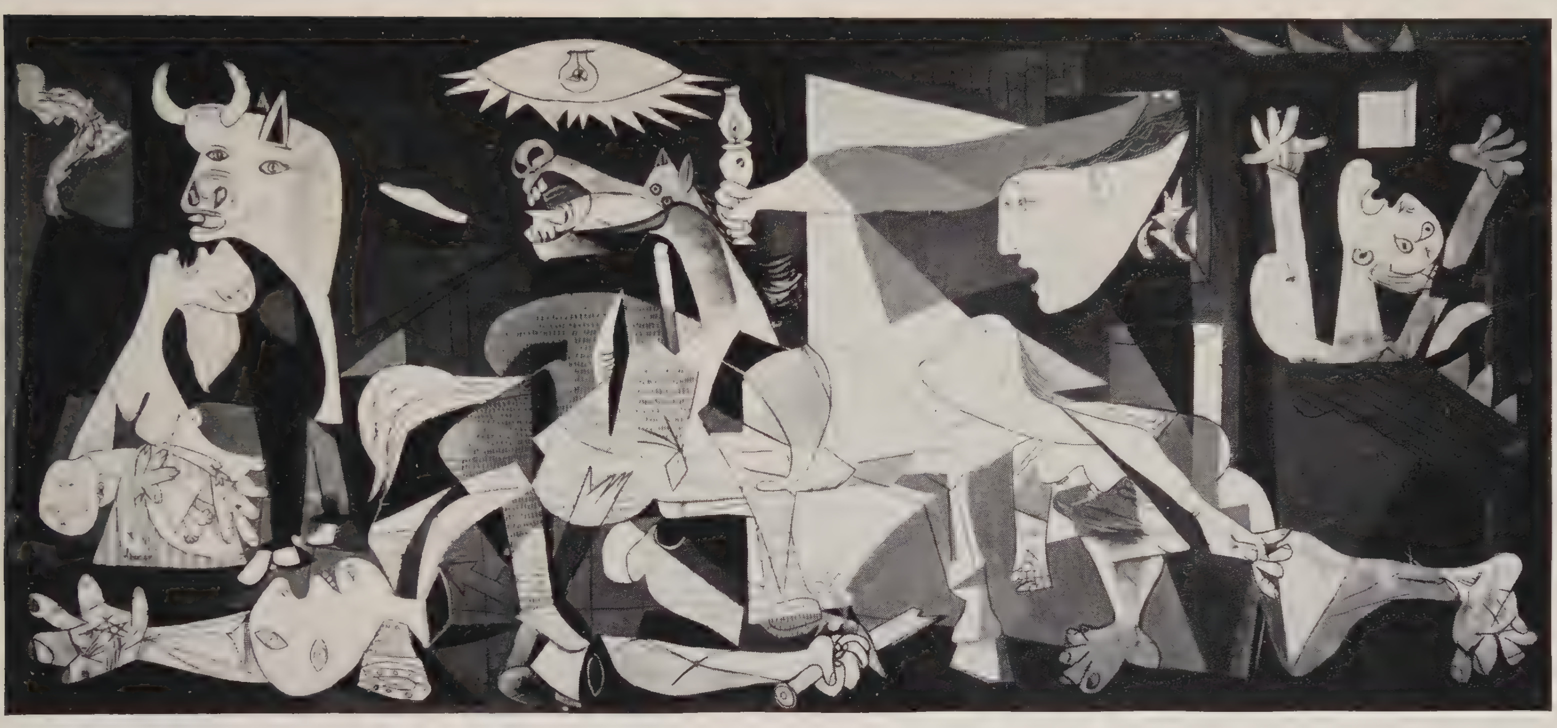


A disturbed period in Picasso's personal life culminated in 1935 with the etching Minotauromachy, *an allegory to which he has never offered a key. The bestial Minotaur, devourer of sacrificial youths and maidens; the Christ-like figure ascending a ladder with his head turned backward; the violent central motif of the horse and a woman in bullfighter's costume (suggesting at once the bull ring and classical legends of abduction); the little girl, serene and confident, holding a bouquet and a gleaming light from which the Minotaur shields his eyes with a hand that could, with another motion, extinguish the light—all these play on the theme of the conflict between good and evil, between violence and tranquillity, and need no specific explanation to evoke multiple associations of terror and beauty. A personal document,* Minotauromachy *led directly to* Guernica *(following pages), a social indictment. Together, the etching and the great mural establish Picasso as a humanist whose technical innovations serve to give contemporary form to traditions as old as classical Greece on the one hand, and as recent as Goya's Spain on the other; traditions that, until Picasso disproved the thesis, had generally been considered incompatible with anything but fragmentary expression in twentieth-century art.*



worked during the various periods already listed here.

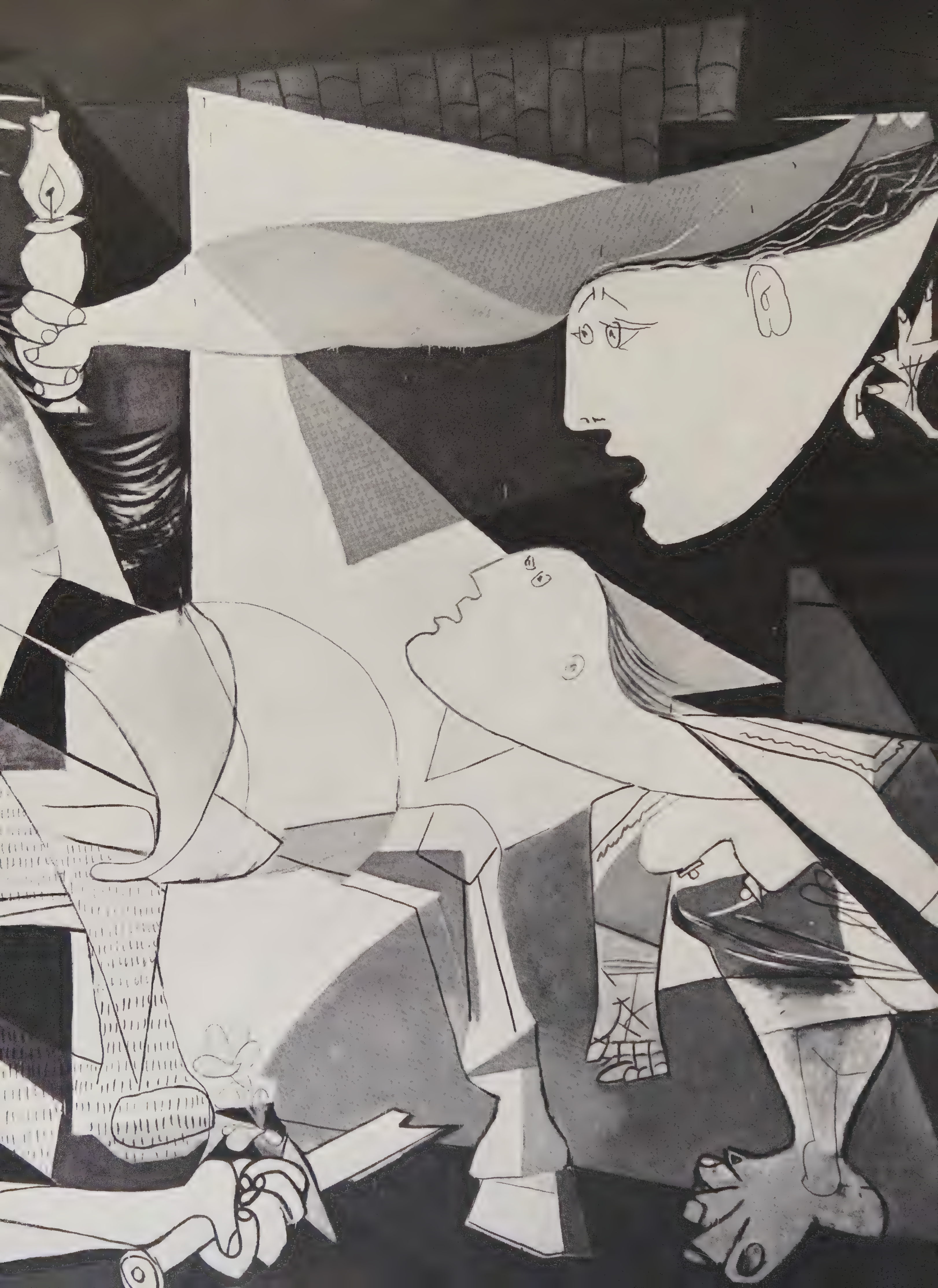
Everything seems to have combined to marshal Picasso's greatest powers at the moment when the bombing of Guernica would light the fuse for this creative explosion. The tender but rather sentimental response to human beings that took various forms during the Blue and Rose periods is ennobled and enlarged into a compassion for humanity. The years of cubism, which produced the final disruption of realistic form, had established forever the artist's right to ignore all natural vision for whatever distortions he found most revealing or most expressive. And this had given Picasso the freest and most certain control in the invention of forms that in their dislocations, intentionally hideous, expressed not only the rending of bodies but the terrible mutations of flesh and of spirit that our century has suffered as the backlash of its scientific adventures. (Cubism itself has been seen as an anticipation in art of the disruption of matter produced by atomic fission a generation later.)


Guernica, *1937*

These cubist-derived forms of the monstrous and the grotesque are clarified and disciplined by combination with variations on the monumental forms of Picasso's Classical period. The head of the fallen man at the extreme bottom left of the painting (again, see the detail opposite)—he who had borne the broken sword, and whose dismembered body persistently suggests a shattered classical statue—and the head of the woman holding the lamp near the upper center (detail, page 76), are hybrid forms in which the classical profile is a dominant part of a mixed inheritance.

A great painting is usually realized at a time when an artist's technical command has come into harmony with his intellectual and spiritual maturity, but a painting of the

ernica, *detail*



power of *Guernica* requires a catalyst that coincides with a decisive moment in the life of the artist, a moment when his sensitivities are at their keenest. In Picasso's case the catalyst was the bombing of Guernica, but this came just after he had passed through a disturbed period in his personal life, a period summarized in a personal allegory, the etching *Minotauromachy* of 1935 (see page 73), which rivals *Guernica* as his masterpiece.

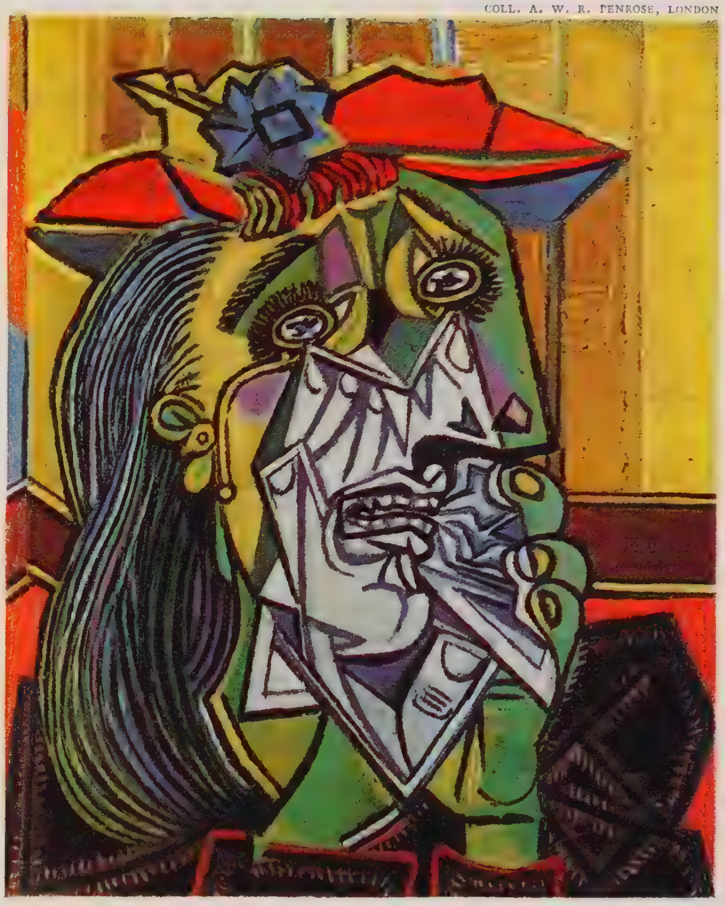
It is worth speculating upon the fact that both *Guernica* and *Minotauromachy* are literally (certainly not figuratively) colorless, suggesting that Picasso, like two other great humanists before him, Dürer and Goya, is first of all a graphic artist, whatever his achievements as a painter. Anyone would normally expect *Guernica* to have been painted in the familiar colors of war, the colors of blood and flame. Who but Picasso would have imagined painting it except in those colors? But *Guernica* is now inconceivable in anything other than the blacks, whites, and intermediate grays that have often been compared with the page of a newspaper. There are even passages dotted with small lines running horizontally that suggest lines of type. And the picture is as forceful, as concentrated in spite of its complexity, as a headline.

Yet if *Guernica* suggests the immediacy of today's mass distribution of news—if it hits like a report on a disaster that reaches us while the victims are still bleeding—it is also a painting that can be fully absorbed only by contemplation. In this aspect it alludes without much question to a source so traditional as to have become trite when employed as a convenient formula—the Renaissance triptych with a large central panel built on a triangular scheme and flanked by two vertical wings. Without being obtrusive, this compositional arrangement is easily discernible in *Guernica*. Partitioning the twenty-six feet of its length into subdivisions has the double effect of making the painting more readable and, whether or not by intention, of allying it to the religious art of the past. In *Guernica* there is no separation between historical methods that Picasso has inherited by assimilation and the innovations that he has created as a man vitally receptive to the forces that have determined the character of his time.

Guernica is the masterpiece of twentieth-century art so far, and must surely remain the masterpiece of that half of the century terminated by World War II. The war not only divided the century at its mid-point, but also drew a sharp line between man's relationship to the universe as he has conceived it since the Renaissance and the conception as it must develop from now on. The decisiveness of this boundary may mean that Picasso, as an artist created by the first half of this century, is the last of the great humanists.

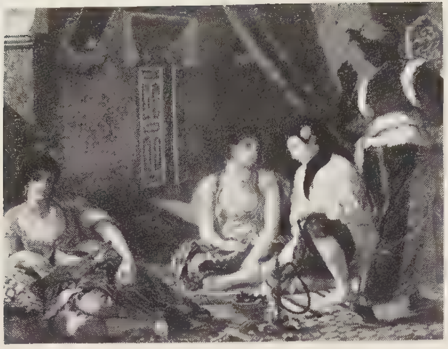
No artist of remotely comparable stature has emerged from the two biological generations that have followed Picasso's; and the artists of the dozen or so aesthetic genera-

COLL. A. W. R. PENROSE, LONDON

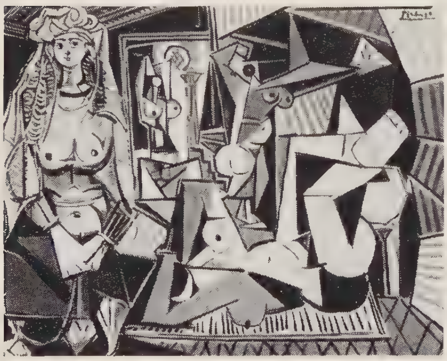


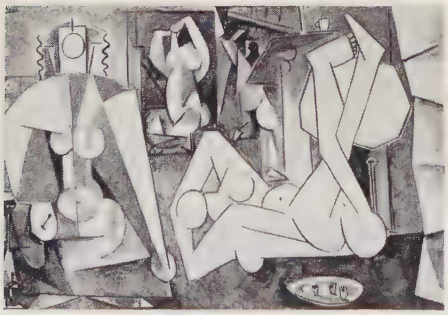
Both Minotauromachy *and* Guernica, *which will probably stand as Picasso's masterpieces, are in black and white, suggesting that he is a graphic artist rather than a painter or colorist. In disproof, rich pigment and brilliant color intensify the all but intolerable projection of anguish in* Weeping Woman *(1937).*

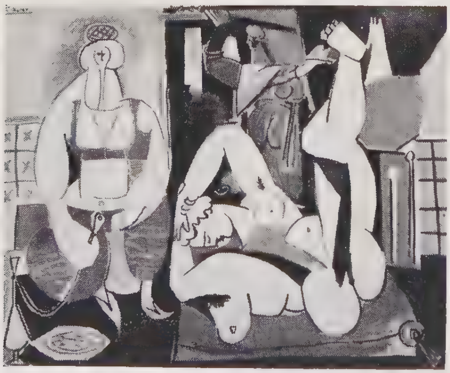
rnica, *detail*


LOUVRE—GIRAUDON

Picasso's variations below on Delacroix's Women of Algiers *(original above) are aesthetic stuntsmanship at the level of fine art. Part juggling act, part analytical exercise, and overall an invitation to compare one form of mastery with another, they flow from the artist's irrepressibly ebullient love of invention.*






PICASSOS ARE FROM THE COLL. OF MR. AND MRS. VICTOR W. GANZ, N.Y.

tions that have succeeded one another so rapidly during the same decades have been compartmented into a variety of isolation wards (or laboratories) where they have explored, and exhausted, one movement after another—so that each, in turn, has seemed momentarily to be "the new art," whether abstract expressionism, now faded, Pop Art, now fading, or "optical art," now burgeoning. Such nonconformists (refusing to conform, that is, to any vogue) as Leonard Baskin and Andrew Wyeth, the first with his humanistic reflections upon death, and the second with his lyrical perception of nature, are artists who continue legitimate traditions but who are neither prophets nor, in any strict sense, men who seem much affected by the revolutionary nature of our immediate time. Even Jean Dubuffet, who has emerged since the war and is more aggressively "modern," is as much a culmination of the surrealist and fantastic art of the first half of the century as he is a new voice.

Within this group, Picasso not only holds his own but remains the great presence of contemporary art, not as the grand old patriarch to be revered by his descendants (and there are few painters of any importance whose artistic genealogy does not include Picasso somewhere), but as an artist whose vigor and invention remain phenomenal. The invention since *Guernica* has continued to be, as in the purely formal aspects of that great painting, a combination and recombination of the vocabulary that Picasso had developed by the mid-1930's. Continued over so many years, this auto-eclecticism should have been a form of inbreeding with consequent evils, but such recessives as have come forth as a result of these multiple intermatings have been benign. The general course of Picasso's art from *Guernica* to the moment has been a steady gentling, although any generality applied to Picasso is proved by an unusually large number of exceptions.

Parallels have been drawn between Picasso's changes of style and the succession of love affairs, liaisons, and marriages that began early in Paris and are ending happily today at his house in the south of France. It is true that a secondary history of his career as an artist could be summarized in the portraits he has done of his various companions. Within recent years he has turned more and more to painting his wife, Jacqueline, his children, especially the girl Paloma, and subjects related to his house and its domestic activities —the pets, the kitchen and the studio, the views from the windows.* A painting of a tabletop bearing an onion, a knife, and three eels fresh from the market and lying on their wrapping paper will be inscribed on the back (translated): "Homage to Jacqueline for a matelote [a kind of eel stew] that she prepared for lunch 3.12.60 offering to her through this painting a small portion of the immense desire I have to please her. Picasso."† And although there is hardly a cousinship of style, there is a brotherhood of spirit with Renoir, who might have done exactly the same thing, or Rubens, who in his old age painted his young wife and their children as a form of adoration.

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* Some of these paintings of Jacqueline have been reproduced in an article by David Douglas Duncan entitled "Picasso's Lady," in HORIZON for January, 1960.

† From illustration in David Douglas Duncan's book *Picasso's Picassos.*

If his most spontaneous paintings now come straight from the heart in this manner, Picasso's intellectual preoccupation with art as a technical process, as the organization of space, form, line, and color, has taken a retrospective analytical turn in a series of variations on masterpieces of the past. He has translated Courbet's realistic *Girls on the Banks of the Seine* into his own terms of form; has taken Velázquez's *Ladies in Waiting* as the subject of a series of studies which amount to a kind of doctoral thesis that could be called "A Comparative Analysis of Continuation and Innovation in Spacial-Formal Organization as Practiced in the Spanish Renaissance and in Cubism"; and has rung some revealing changes on Delacroix's *Women of Algiers* (see opposite).

Women of Algiers is a famous and historically important painting, but in truth it has not aged well. Filled with anticipatory tingles after reading descriptions of Delacroix's coloristic lushness and the exotic poesy in his painting, we find *Women of Algiers* a deflating experience. Delacroix's revolution was only comparative within the context of his part of the nineteenth century, and we are likely to be more surprised by his academic character than by innovations that now seem tentative. And this is where Picasso serves Delacroix. With that combination of ebullient play and serious study (play and study are often inseparable in Picasso) he refreshes our vision for the life that seemed to have died out of "The Women of Algiers"—not so much transforming it as giving it a good shake to rid it of the dust. The variations are extremely free, and sometimes may be partly humorous, as if Picasso were finding delight in poking a bit of benevolent fun at Delacroix and then balancing things by poking a bit of fun at himself. If this flavor of satire is involved, it is the kind of good satire that can be created only when the satirist has a full understanding of himself along with others. The key to Picasso's variations on *The Women of Algiers* is an interplay of style and attitude that never says "Delacroix would have done it this way if he could," but rather, "What Delacroix did in that way then, we might have done this way now—for better or worse."

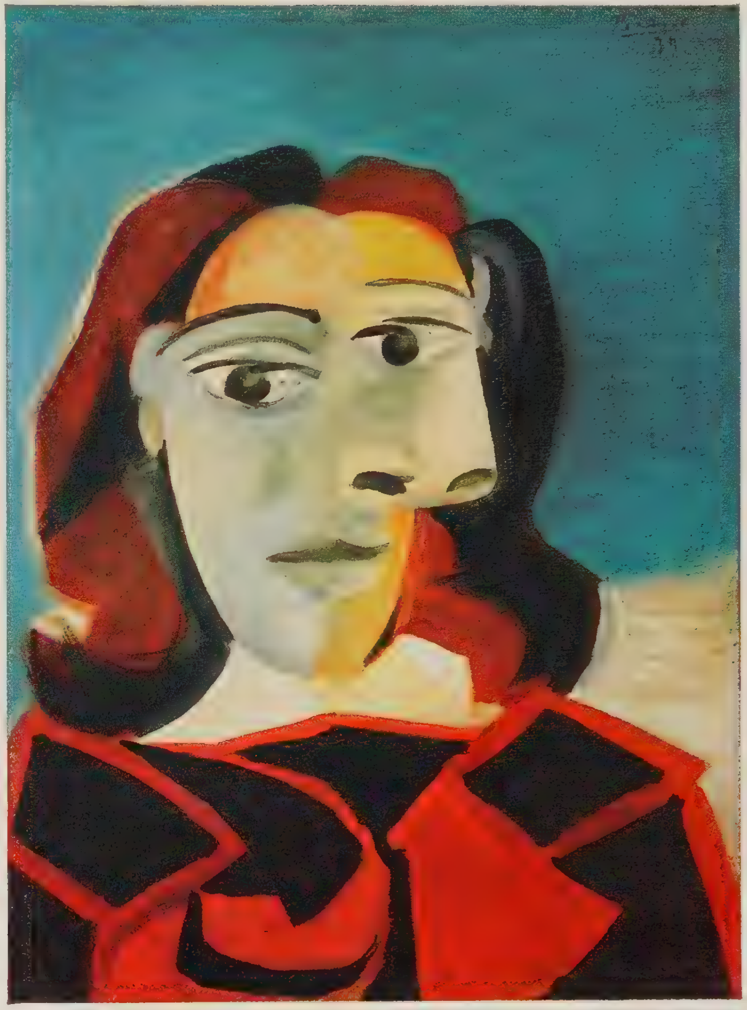
There could be, in this marriage of the great tradition with Picasso's own revolution, a self-consciousness of his position as an old master—as if these variations were his presentation piece for membership in Valhalla.

If this consciousness is there, it is justified.

This is the fifth in a series of articles about great artists by John Canaday, art editor of The New York Times. *In future issues he will appraise the work of other painters.*

For further reading: Picasso, Fifty Years of His Art *by Alfred H. Barr (The Museum of Modern Art, 1946);* Picasso *by Wilhelm Boeck and Jaime Sabartes (Abrams, 1955);* Picasso's Guernica, The Genesis of a Painting *by Rudolf Arnheim (University of California Press, 1962).*

STEPHAN HAHN GALLERY, N.Y.



Cubism, as the analysis of objects in terms of pure form, would seem altogether unadaptable to the investigation of individual personality. But in this Portrait of Dora Maar *(1939) Picasso employs distortions inherited from cubism to create what might be called an "inner portrait" of searching psychological intensity.*

ur prairies were once like the Serengeti Plain, teeming with wild herds. Now, to see such a sight, we must travel as far as East Africa

THE GOLDEN PLAINS OF TANGANYIKA

A poor and struggling new nation, Tanganyika, is custodian of one of the world's priceless resources—the wild creatures of East Africa. The burden of this responsibility invites the help of all mankind

By PAUL BROOKS

No spot on earth is better suited than East Africa to dramatize the joys—and the responsibilities—of man's relationship with the rest of the natural world: a world to which, for richer or for poorer, he is inevitably bound. It is a land of vast wealth, but of a kind that cannot be possessed. Indeed its unique asset, wildlife, exists by virtue of *not* being possessed. Though sadly diminished in numbers, the great mammals and brilliant birds of the African bush still present one of the world's major spectacles. Yet it is more than a spectacle; we sense an obligation not only to see but to understand. For in an age of triumphant technology, whatever we do not understand we sooner or later destroy.

In most of the so-called civilized world, destruction of the natural environment has gone beyond the point of no return. Only in a few places, like East Africa, can one still experience on a grand scale the abundant life once found in so many parts of our planet. On the golden plains of Kenya and Tanganyika—with their great herds of antelope, their giraffes and zebras and buffalo—an American sees as in a mirage our Great Plains in the days of Lewis and Clark: "This scenery already rich, pleasing, and beautiful, was still further heightened by immense herds of buffalo, deer, elk, and antelope, which we saw in every direction, feeding on the hills and plains." Watching the mixed herds of hoofed animals (of many more species than even primeval America knew), noticing the vegetation on which they feed (some of which looks wholly inedible), and studying the predators that in turn feed upon them, even the casual observer becomes aware of the close and complex relationship of each animal to its environment. Here variety is not merely the spice but the condition of life. The fact is worth remembering, for it is a key to the problem of land-use in a part of the world very different in its potential from the fertile areas of western Europe or America.

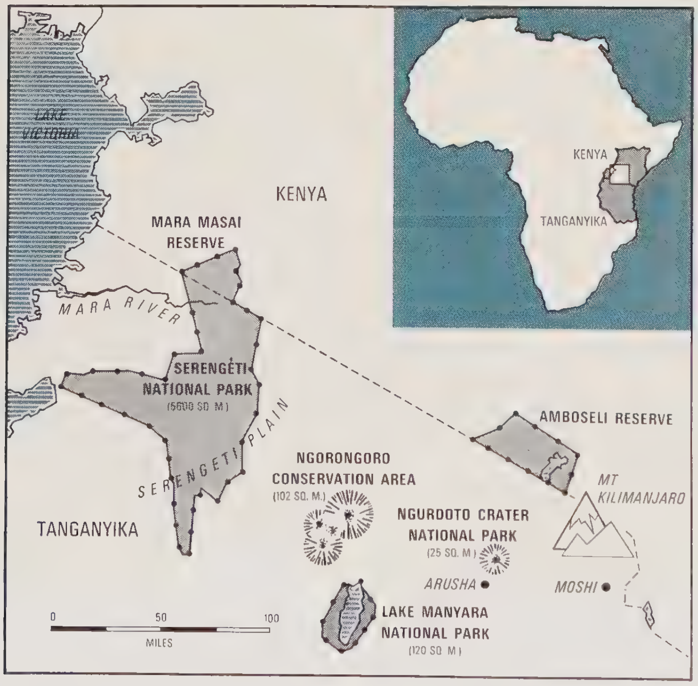
The problem of wildlife conservation in East Africa is obviously confined to no single region or country. Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika can be considered an ecological as well as (potentially) a political unit. A giraffe cannot be expected to know when he crosses the invisible border between, say, the Mara Masai Reserve in Kenya and Tanganyika's Serengeti National Park—nor, alas, when he crosses the equally invisible boundary of the park itself and the unprotected country where a poacher may be lying in wait to snare him and sell his tail for a fly whisk. But from the point of view of the American conservationist, one aspect of this vast subject that is of particular interest and immediacy is Tanganyika's system of national parks and reserves.

Historically, there is a close link between the American experience and the parks of Africa. When Lieutenant Colonel Stevenson-Hamilton was struggling back in 1905 to establish the great Kruger National Park in South Africa, he took courage from what had been accomplished here: "I had incidentally heard a good deal about the American national parks, and of their success as a public attraction. Would it conceivably be possible to wean the South African public from its present attitude toward the wild animals of its own country, which was that of regarding them either as a convenient source of exploitation, or as an incubus hindering the progress of civilization? . . . I sent for and read all the literature available concerning the American national parks, especially the Yellowstone, and was astonished at the vast amount of money which the U.S. government thought it worthwhile to spend on it, and at the public enthusiasm displayed. The American public must surely be very different from ours!" Today, with American visitors to East African parks outnumbering even the British, with American dollars helping to train African administrators, with our own National Park System and universities co-operating in the training programs, the link has become stronger than ever.

The Tanganyika government is well aware of the value of its parks. Before self-government was achieved in 1961, there was only one; since then, four more have been added, and the appropriation for maintenance has been doubled. The original and most famous park, the Serengeti, over 5,000 square miles in extent, lies south of the Kenya border (where it adjoins the Mara Masai Reserve), stretching from the vicinity of Lake Victoria in the west to Olduvai Gorge (the site of Dr. Leakey's famous excavations) * in the southeast. Lake Manyara National Park, with its spectacular flamingos and its splendid forests, comprises about 120 square miles of park land lying halfway between Ngorongoro Crater and Arusha, the principal city of northern Tanganyika, where the park administration is located. Ngurdoto Crater National Park (not to be confused with Ngorongoro Crater, of which more later) is a little gem of 20 square miles near Mt. Kilimanjaro (whose upper slopes may soon be included in the park system). Finally there are two new parks in the east central part of the country: Ruaha of 5,000 square miles and Mikumi of 700—the former financed by two American institutions, the New York Zoological Society, and the Old Dominion Foundation. Though extensive, these parks taken together include only a small fraction of the country's land area. Obviously a large proportion of the wild animals live outside the parks. For their protection the Game Department administers a system of Game Reserves and controlled hunting areas, allowing strictly regulated safaris in the latter.

While much slaughter in the name of sport has taken place in the past, legal hunting is no longer a principal threat to African wildlife. The dangers today are far more complicated and difficult to control. So difficult, in fact, that pessimists believe Africa's great game herds to be inevitably doomed as anachronisms in a modern world. Keep a few specimens in the zoos to gawk at, and that's it. Meanwhile, however, an increasing number of trained scientists and administrators are trying to devise a lifeline that will save not only a handful of passengers but the ship itself—Noah's Ark if you will. This lifeline is composed of at least three principal strands. In the present state of uncertainty they might best be phrased as questions: 1) Can the needs of wildlife and native tribes be reconciled? 2) Can the habitat itself be preserved? 3) Do the new African governments care? With varying degrees of emphasis, these questions arise in every area where wildlife is at stake. I have chosen three lookout points from which to cast an eye on these questions—and though I have selected these places because I happen to have visited them (on safari with my family in the summer of 1963), there is also some logic in the choice. First, Ngorongoro Crater, formerly a part of Serengeti Park and now a government reserve, represents a pioneering attempt to reconcile the interests of wildlife and those of a pastoral people. Second, Serengeti Park itself is the largest—though still inadequate—completely protected wild-

MAP BY FRANCIS AND SHAW



EAST AFRICAN GAME PARKS

Our map shows the game reserves and conservation areas described in this article. Not shown are two parks recently added in east central Tanganyika. The government of this newly independent country has allocated much good land to these reserves, as well as money for tourist rest camps, roads, training schools for game wardens, and an education program to make its own citizens aware of the virtues of wildlife conservation. However the Tanganyikan budget is small, and contributions of money and specialized help from many nations are needed to solve the many problems of game conservation. The wild creatures of East Africa are the world's treasure, and therefore they deserve the world's help.

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* See "The Time of Man" by Loren Eiseley, HORIZON, March, 1962.

life habitat. And finally, at Lake Manyara one finds a good example of administration by Tanganyikan Africans who are indeed concerned with the future of Africa's wildlife.

Ngorongoro is the showcase of Tanganyika. The crater of an extinct volcano, 7,600 feet above sea level, its slopes are heavily forested and its floor, 2,000 feet below the rim and more than 100 square miles in extent, is cool and well watered compared to the nearby sun-baked plain. The first white man to lay eyes on it was the Austrian explorer Oskar Baumann, on March 18, 1892: "At noon we suddenly found ourselves on the rim of a sheer cliff and looked down into the oblong bowl of Ngorongoro, the remains of an old crater. Its bottom was grassland, alive with a great number of game; the western part was occupied by a small lake." The next day he recorded: "The abundance of game was really magnificent. Large herds of antelope roamed around and long-maned gnus and light-footed zebras. And the broad backs of rhinos appeared singly or in pairs." Here also were the kraals of the pastoral Masai, though later the German colonial administration tried with some success to drive them out and two brothers named Siedentopf turned the whole crater into one fantastic farm and ranching operation, which—in addition to cattle—included the raising of ostriches and the taming of zebras. Under the British rule that followed World War I, some Masai tribes returned, and they were well established in 1940 when the area became —with the western Serengeti—a national park. Thereafter, conflicts between native rights and strict wildlife conservation were inevitable. In 1959 a solution was sought by excising 3,000 square miles from the old Serengeti National Park to form the Ngorongoro Conservation Area, to be managed for the joint benefit of the wild animals and the Masai who lived there.

Ngorongoro Crater has been described as a huge zoo, but the term is inept. A zoo implies restraint; the animals here are wild. Nor would the people who live among them take kindly to this description. To the visitor from outside, the resident Masai are more than a picturesque addition to the scene: they give it a meaning in human terms. I remember our first close-up view of the crater floor, as our Land-Rover twisted down the steep, narrow road from the rim. It was late afternoon; the tawny plain and the pale blue, green-bordered lake were lighted like a stage. Hundreds of black dots moved slowly from right to left in snakelike lines; a denser pattern of heavier, mottled shapes moved across mid-stage in the opposite direction, with a few slim, upright figures in the rear. The first were wildebeest, or gnus, whose heavy-shouldered profile suggests at a distance our American bison; the second were Masai cattle and their herders, making their way homeward to their corral within the village. Gray's *Elegy* in a new context: one could almost hear the curfew tolling the knell of parting day. Yet that clump of shade trees in the distance where we planned to pitch our tents were neither rugged elms nor yews; they were umbrella acacias and the fever trees familiar to Kipling's "Elephant's Child." And no "rude forefathers" were buried beneath them: for the Masai—with due regard for nature's cycle—lay out their dead on the open plain to be eaten by the hyenas.

The following evening we came to know these people a little better—or at least to get a sense of their way of life. It had been a long day, a kaleidoscope of sharp-edged new impres-

JEFF SMITH—PHOTO RESEARCHERS

Zebras are among the most widely distributed of African fauna

SAMUEL BROOKS

A yellow-billed stork comes in for a landing at Ngorongoro sions. We had risen at dawn after a cold night; a bank of mist still hung about the rim of the crater and hippos grunted from a grass-grown arm of the lake. Elephants were moving about in the fever trees near camp, and on the flat grassland beyond, where one loses all sense of perspective, a solitary wildebeest loomed up like some giant legendary creature. As we drove out onto the plain, a hyena loped with his strange seesaw gait ahead of the Land-Rover and an owl flapped overhead. A shallow pond, rimmed with deposits of white soda, was packed with red-billed ducks and their young; the delicate long-legged waders at the shoreline were avocets and black-winged stilts. Following an elephant track, we had entered an enchanted little valley of lush grass enclosed by overarching fever trees, and surprised a pair of shy—and here quite rare—reedbuck. We had watched zebras knee-deep in the water, drinking, with white egrets mounted sidewise like circus riders on their backs. And in exploring this Eden, we had almost got shamefully stuck; soda flats look dry on top, but the deeper the wheels sink the wetter it gets, and even with our four-wheel drive we barely churned our way through. Back in camp by midday, we had spent the afternoon recording the monotonous but haunting songs of four young Masai warriors who had come to call. Now they had invited us to walk back with them as they drove their lowing herds of cattle to their village a mile away. We had become part of the scene that, the previous evening, we had watched from afar.

The sea of animals that encompassed us was a mixed and scrawny lot by American dairy-farm standards. In the Masai economy, however, where cows represent wealth and social status, it is numbers that count, not butterfat content. In contrast, the guardians of this four-footed bank roll were a delight to look at. Slim and long-legged, the Masai has delicate features that show his Hamitic rather than Bantu origins. Until marriage, he cherishes an elaborate hairdo of clay-matted twists, parted fore and aft and stained with red ocher, while the enlarged lobes of his ears encompass a variety of wire and bead and ivory ornament. He wears a blanket over one shoulder, a red cloth skirt, and carries the inevitable long-bladed spear as protection against lions. He has a smooth and rapid stride.

Within a few minutes the brown bulge on the plain toward which we were headed began to take shape: a group of low, loaf-shaped huts, built of mud and wattle, surrounding a corral fenced with thorn. As we approached, a tiny boy began driving animals into the corral, including a huge old bull which he controlled with a small switch and great aplomb. The village patriarch rose to his feet, barely able to walk with the aid of two sticks; another blind old man—straight out of the Old Testament—was sorting out a flock of sheep by touch. The girls now took over the milking, for which they use long hollow gourds, or *kibuyus*. We watched one girl as she worked. The first few drops she poured back on the ground, scattering it like a libation; one thought of Homer's Greeks pouring their wine to the gods. And while she milked one side of the cow, a calf was sucking on the other. Modern, sanitary dairy farmers might question this procedure—as well as the rinsing of the *kibuyus* with cow urine—but to the visitor from a prepackaged, pasteurized world it was singularly refreshing. When the time came to race the sun back to camp, we were convinced that the crater would be a poorer place without the Masai.

PETE TURNER—FPG

Hippos, once seriously threatened, are now in plentiful supply

SAMUEL BROOKS

Antelope are numerous and diverse. These are roan antelope

Yet it will be an even poorer place if they abuse it. Pastoral people have played a dual and contradictory role in conservation. By fighting off agricultural tribes, they have preserved the habitat of the wild animals among whom they live in mutual tolerance. Proud and warlike, the Masai keep poachers from living off the wild flesh that they themselves despise as food. Yet by overgrazing the range with their cattle—and worse, with their sheep and goats—they have turned some areas of Masailand into near desert. Having already lost much of their ancestral territory to the pressures of settlement, they are naturally suspicious of any regulations to do with land. Here as elsewhere they do not always stick to their agreements; for example, their illegal clearing of the forest slopes could seriously endanger the water supply. But there are signs of rapport. The Masai who live in the crater have kept constant the number of villages and discouraged immigration from outside, even among their own people; the headman who formerly led the opposition to the Ngorongoro Conservation Area has himself become an ardent conservationist. Meanwhile the Masai are still there. Domesticated cattle and wild zebra may still be seen grazing side by side; domesticated tourists, if they act properly, will be received without condescension by a people whose unique charm is their indifference to our way of life.

In contrast to Ngorongoro Crater, which is a comparatively small and self-contained area, the Serengeti Plain is a vast grassland where, for the wildlife, mobility is a key factor in survival. As we plowed through the park along the single road that connects the campground at Seronera with Ngorongoro Crater, we felt at times like the only living creatures in an empty world. For miles in every direction stretched an unbroken expanse of sparse, sere grass, relieved here and there by one of those rocky outcroppings known as *kopjes*, rising like tiny islands of shade in a sun-drenched sea. On the far horizon, distorted by shimmering heat waves, a frieze of flat-topped acacias floated just above the plain. Lifeless? Not quite. Two, three, dots against the pale blue sky. Another and another—perhaps a dozen now, circling, slowly descending, dots no longer, but the uptilted, splay-tipped wings of vultures settling in for a kill. Turning off the track, and taking our direction from the vultures, we came to a stop within a few yards of two heavily maned lions who were just finishing off a Thomson's gazelle, identifiable only by the short, spiky horns. One lion was obviously the senior partner; he had already had his fill. But the other was still at work. Growling as he ate, he would take a casual swipe at any vulture that ventured too close; when we turned off the motor in the Land-Rover, we could hear the crunching of bones.

Back on the road, we drove through another seemingly lifeless stretch and suddenly the plain came alive with antelope, shy ostriches stalking among them and watching us with uneasy alertness. Here apparently was preferred grazing, though the difference was not noticeable to the untrained eye. Unfortunately we were not in the right place at the right time to witness the mass seasonal movements of wildebeest and other hoofed animals. This migration underscores the inadequacy of the present limits of Serengeti Park.

In 1959, as I have mentioned, the borders of the Serengeti Park were redefined, based on the false assumption that the great wildebeest migrations would still be contained within the park.

TANGANYIKA INFORMATION SERVICES

Ngorongoro, an extinct volcano, has the largest crater in the world. Its flat floor, 12 miles across and 7,600 feet above sea level, teems with game and has been made a conservation area.

However, that same year there appeared in Germany, Bernhard and Michael Grzimek's now famous *Serengeti Shall Not Die,* in which—on the basis of painstaking research from the air—they stated flatly: "We have now established that the huge herds of wildebeest, zebras, and gazelles live outside the new borders of the Serengeti National Park for a large part of every year." Subsequent studies have confirmed the fact that the animals cross the western boundaries of the park during the dry season into unprotected country where there is heavy poaching; while in the calving season, herds of wildebeest follow the fresh new grass across the eastern boundary to the foothills of the crater highlands and give birth to their young outside the park limits. Yet, as the Grzimeks point out, "The whole object of creating the Serengeti National Park was so that the last remaining great herds of grassland animals in Africa should be protected within its borders all the year round." Happily measures are now being taken, by President Nyerere himself, to resettle the people near the park boundaries (who live mostly by poaching) to areas outside the main path of the migrations. For here is one of the last places in the world where great herds of ungulates—or hoofed animals—roam across the open range as did once the bison of the American West.

Estimates of the animal population of the Serengeti and adjacent Mara region of Kenya come to well over a million. That's a lot of animals. But we should beware of jumping to any complacent conclusions. If you know where to go for it, you can find local abundance of any species right up to the bitter end. Wildlife has already disappeared from most of the African continent, much of it within our own lifetimes. As one authority writes: "Those who have not been privileged to see Africa's multitudes of wild animals in all their former grandeur have difficulty in visualizing how East Africa must have appeared half a century ago." Nor should one be deceived by the fact that there may be an *overpopulation* of certain species in certain areas, just as there is, for example, of elk in some of our national parks. It is an artificial situation, having to do with the needs of the animals in relation to the limited carrying capacity of the remaining range.

The frequently drawn parallel between the African plains and the American West of a century ago also needs examination if it is not to mislead. One can argue fairly (in an attempt to exorcise guilt) that the great herds of American bison were doomed in any case; the choice was between them on the one hand, and agriculture and beef cattle on the other. In most of East Africa, on the contrary, neither climate, soil, nor the resulting vegetation are suitable for anything *other* than mixed species of wild game. Rainfall is sparse and uncertain. By agricultural standards the soil is poor. The grass cover is fragile; overgrazing by cattle or sheep, combined with a period of drought, can reduce it to dust, at the same time encouraging other plants to invade the grasslands. Yet country like this, when undisturbed, can support large numbers of wild animals because over aeons of time each species has evolved in such a way as to find its own ecological niche. Whereas in a herd of cattle each cow is competing with its neighbor for the same blade of grass, in a mixed herd of wild animals the different species utilize the various grasses, shrubs, and trees which grow together in the same area. As the well-known ecologist Lee M. Talbot has written: "Food preferences of these wild ungulates are to a large degree complementary to each other and the

SAMUEL BROOKS

SAMUEL BROOKS

Masai tribesmen and their herds of cattle (left, above) share the broad floor of the Ngorongoro Crater with thousands of wild animals. Unlike nearly everyone else in Africa, black or white, the Masai do not kill game, whether for food or sport. But indirectly they are a menace to conservation because their numerous cattle overgraze the land and contribute to drought and erosion. Cattle are a status symbol in Masai society, and over the past sixty years the size of the herds has increased twentyfold. Four young Masai (at left and below), whose village is in the crater, paid a visit to the author and his family at their camp nearby, and gave them permission to make tape recordings of some of their traditional songs.

plant species preferred are often those unpalatable to domestic livestock." (Experiments indicate that various species of wild game may produce three to seven times as much meat per square mile of grazing land as domestic cattle—an important factor in deciding the most economic use of land outside the parks.) There is still much that we do not understand about the seasonal migrations, population dynamics, distribution of rainfall, and carrying capacity of the range. The Serengeti Research Project, currently being conducted by a group of leading ecologists and game biologists, is of importance not only to the future of the Serengeti itself but to conservation throughout East Africa.

Four days before he reached Ngorongoro Crater, Dr. Baumann, the Austrian explorer mentioned earlier, recorded in his journal the first impact of another spectacular scene. The expedition had made the exhausting climb up the Rift Wall: "When, after a strenuous ascent, we arrived at the magnificent plateau, it was almost evening. There, on the top, a wonderful view over the shimmering Lake Manyara compensated us for our efforts. . . . Cool, clean air refreshed us; at this height clear streams rushed between slopes covered with fine grass; a dark forested mountain range appeared to the north." Today's traveler to Lake Manyara National Park sees much the same prospect from the top of the escarpment, though in our case the Land-Rover had done all the work. Descending to the level of the lake, we stopped for supplies at the village of Mto wa Mbu (Mosquito Creek), whose main street was less a street than an international bazaar, with everything laid out for sale from tiny piles of coffee beans and finely woven baskets to bunches of ripe bananas and huge bundles of sugar cane. Here we met the park warden, an enthusiastic and intelligent African whose authority seemed to extend beyond his official duties: he casually broke up a fist fight in the crowd while scarcely interrupting his conversation with us. The warden spoke modestly, but he was working at the true heart of the conservation problem—which is, of course, education. The visitor from abroad realizes with something of a shock that many Africans in the towns go through life without ever seeing an elephant or a rhino or a buffalo. And though the animals figure so prominently in their folklore, the native attitude is, quite naturally, to consider them as a menace to herds or crops or as a source of meat. This has been well expressed by a native Kenyan, Mr. Perez Malande Olindo, who, after graduating from Michigan State University, returned to East Africa to make a career of game management and conservation: "In 1948 I started schooling, and in our first reader was a story of how a lion had devastated an area not too far from our school, killing people and cattle, and of how the invader had been ultimately killed to save the rest of the people. Other wild game . . . used to invade gardens in great numbers. . . . To encourage hunting, the people who had killed the truly fierce animals, such as lions, or the big animals, such as elephants, received special recognition. This enhanced their social status, especially with women. As a result, people in my age group have grown up in an area deprived of the natural beauty and richness of much of our wildlife."

To the race-conscious African, moreover, the wild animals represent a past that he wants to forget, when his country was exploited as the white man's playground: if the white man

SAMUEL BROOKS

Elephants move leisurely through the forests in family groups

VAN MEISS-TEUFFEN—PIX INC.

Giraffes (and one gnu) assemble for a drink at Lake Manyara wants animals, kill them off and he will leave us alone. The national parks, concerned with saving the animals, were looked at with suspicion. "Because the parks were used almost exclusively by Europeans," writes John S. Owen, the able Director of Tanganyika National Parks, "they were regarded as being run exclusively in the interests of the white man." The job for the immediate future is "not only to awaken public opinion but to change it."

A huge task, particularly in view of the fact that most of the educated Africans prefer office jobs to the isolation and dangers of work in the parks. But the warden at Manyara gave us an example of how the park authorities, with help from many sources, are going about it. One of his best tools is a wildlife film, with narration in Swahili, made in the park itself by William Eddy, a young American who was for two years Education Officer of the Tanganyika National Parks. Africans of all ages come for miles to see it. It is one example of the educational information program which is being steadily extended through the use of films directed to African audiences, showing the purpose and value of the national parks. Posters in Swahili carry the words: "Our national parks are the envy of the world—be proud of them." "Our national parks bring good money into Tanganyika—preserve them." Pride and profit. At the moment, both are essential. The former without the latter is hardly sufficient in a new and struggling economy. It speaks well for the Tanganyika government that it currently contributes $250,000 a year from its small budget to support the parks, recognizing a duty to the world to preserve this unique heritage—confident that as tourism continues to increase, it will become the nation's greatest industry. Soon after achieving independence, the government promised that "we will do everything in our power to make sure that our children's grandchildren will be able to enjoy this rich and precious inheritance of wildlife."

The fact that the future of Africa's wildlife is a world responsibility has been recognized in concrete terms. Research in the Serengeti is being financed by the United Nations. The I.U.C.N. (International Union for the Conservation of Nature), with headquarters in Switzerland, stressed the central importance of East Africa by holding its 1963 conference in Nairobi. The World Wildlife Fund (well established in England and getting under way in America) puts major emphasis on threatened species in Africa. Programs for conservation and game management, which were a British responsibility during the colonial period, now receive strong support from the United States. The Agency for International Development, for example, has allocated funds to the wildlife management school at Moshi and has undertaken the sponsorship of young African conservationists in American universities and national parks. The New York Zoological Society has for some time taken a leading role in East African conservation. Together with American foundations such as Old Dominion, Ford, Rockefeller Brothers, and Munitalp, it is making substantial contributions both to the educational program and to the extension of the park system itself.

Tanganyika is fortunate in having no general land shortage, whereas in Kenya the establishment of new *national* parks is very difficult, owing to local tribal rights in the matter of land. As the park system develops, the emphasis is more and more on bringing the Africans themselves into the parks that one

ROGER TORY PETERSON—PHOTO RESEARCHERS

Poachers hunt the rhino for its horn, allegedly an aphrodisiac

VON MEISS-TEUFFEN—PIX INC.

The greatest of all predators is also the laziest of beasts day will be their responsibility. (Since July 1, 1964, they have been charged a lower entrance fee than Europeans.)

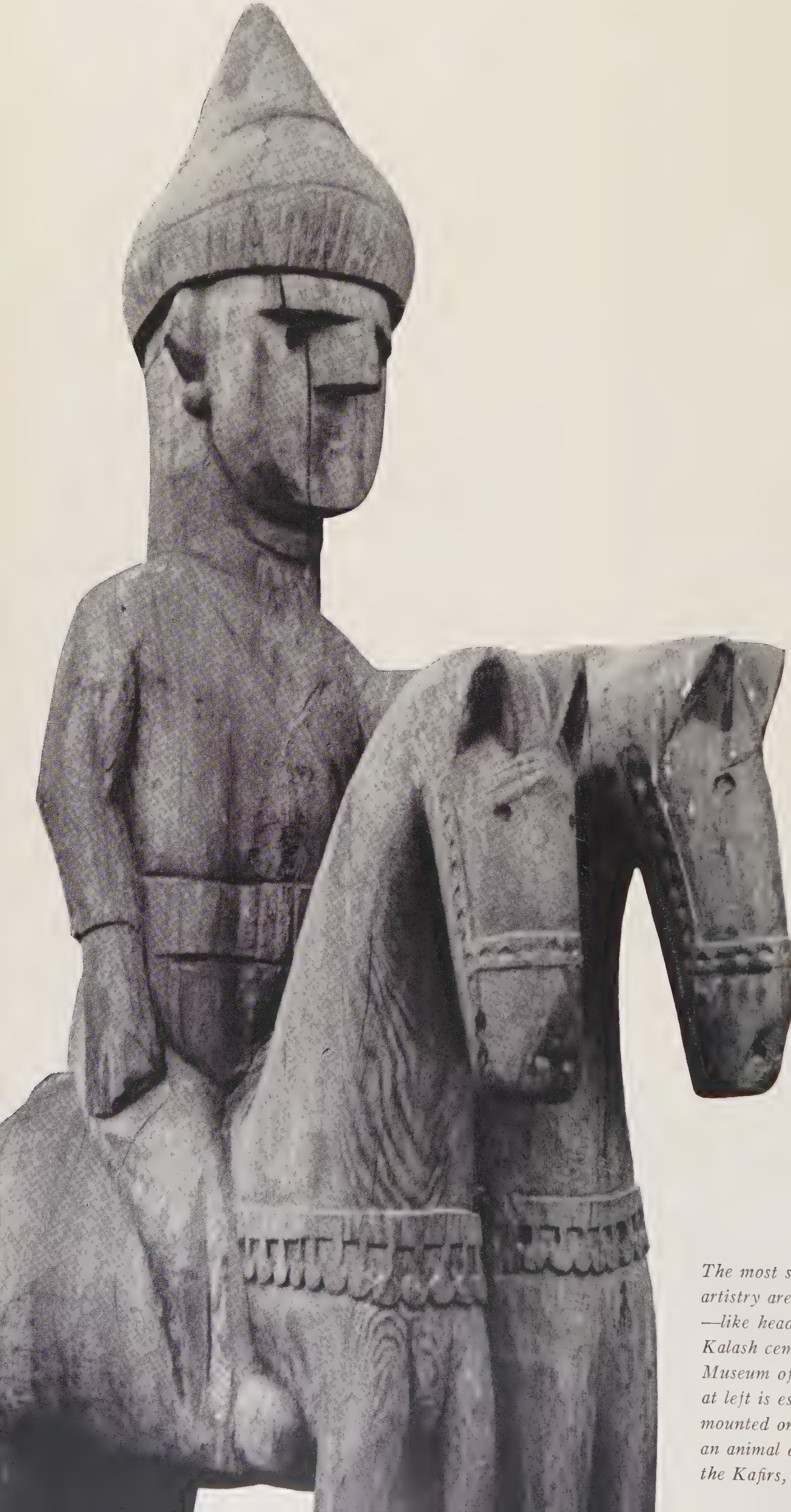
There is a good deal more to running a park or natural reserve than building a few roads and campgrounds. In East Africa particularly, a technical knowledge of game management is essential. Hence the significance of the new College of African Wildlife Management, established in 1963 at Moshi near Kilimanjaro under the auspices of an American organization, the African Wildlife Leadership Foundation. Its Principal is Dr. Hugh Lamprey, formerly chief biologist for the Tanganyika Game Division. African students come here from the game departments and national park services of Tanganyika, Kenya, and Uganda, to follow a two-year course in such subjects as wildlife ecology, population dynamics, range management, and conservation in all its manifold aspects. Their studies are less from books than in the field. The library-bound college student in America might view with envy this paragraph in the monthly newsletter from Moshi for October, 1963: "Exploratory journeys were made over a large part of the Reserve, combining anti-poacher patrols with instruction on the ecology of the area. . . . Three cadets had a remarkable experience on one line-abreast sweep: they met a group of forty-five lions. On this occasion the behavior of the cadets and the lions was exemplary." These students take their instruction where they find it, and it does not always come from a Doctor of Philosophy: "Following the sighting of a new bush fire, an immediate search led to the capture of an Ndorobo poacher. He was an old man who was still following the traditional hunting and honey-gathering life of his tribe and as no useful purpose would have been served by prosecuting him, he was returned to his home area where the chief agreed to keep an eye on him. Some of the excellent bush skills which were demonstrated by this Ndorobo were very instructive, particularly his ability to make fire."

Reading this report recalls to me our own brief visit to Lake Manyara. After the warden had shown us the small interpretive museum at the park gatehouse, we drove slowly through a lush and infinitely varied forest. We followed a dirt road shaded by enormous fig trees from which families of baboons descended en masse to watch us from a patch of sunlight before bounding into the darkness. Elephants were all about, in small groups and large herds. One young male blocked our passage on what he clearly considered his road; we did not argue, and all he did was trumpet loudly as we finally slipped by. Back at the lake shore by evening, we camped on the dry saline flats between the water's edge and a scrubby plain studded with great baobab trees that could have been imagined only by an African god or Arthur Rackham. Just before nightfall—which comes with startling suddenness in the tropics—we heard a rumbling overhead that might have been a distant jet plane. Flying into the sunset were hundreds of flamingos—not in a V like geese, but in a perfect arc, a scimitar slicing the sky. The roar of their wings spoke louder than words of the wild beauty that such a park as Manyara holds in trust for the world.

When Paul Brooks can take time off from his job as Editor-in-Chief of Houghton Mifflin, he and his wife head for the wilderness. Roadless Area, *published recently by Knopf, is his account of some of their travels. In March, 1960,* Horizon *published his eloquent article "Man's Way with the Wilderness."*

TANGANYIKA INFORMATION SERVICES

These young East Africans are studying wildlife management at a school near Moshi. Their governments take a serious view of the duty to guard a unique and priceless national heritage.

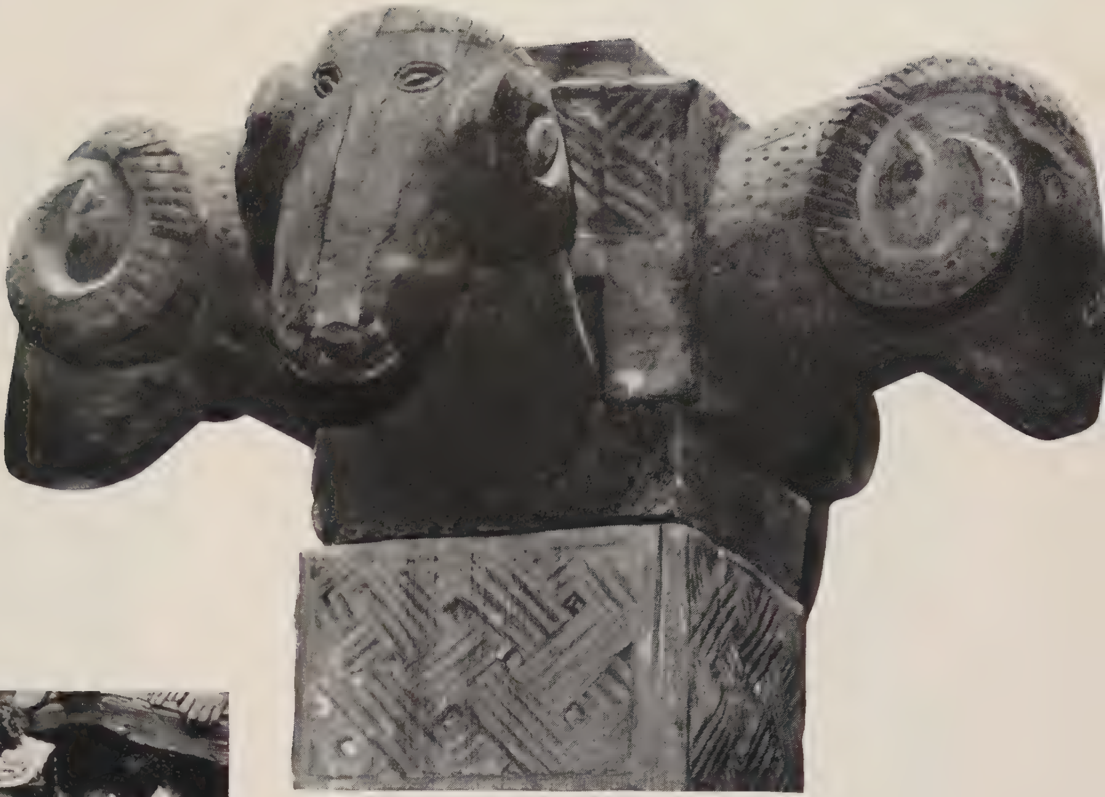


In the remote high valleys of Pakistan the Kafirs stubbornly preserve an art as extraordinary as their culture

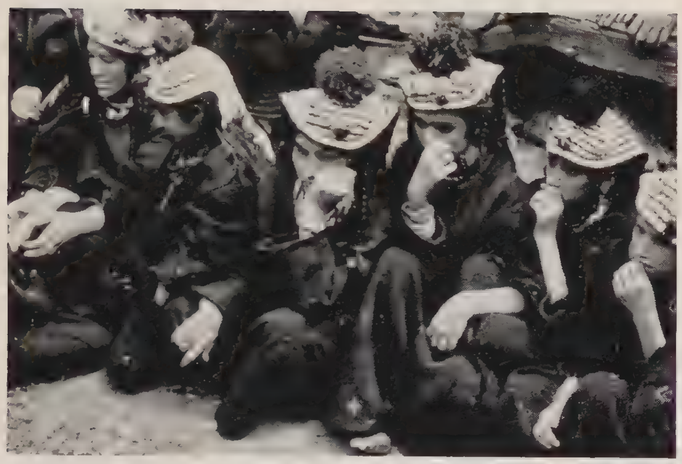
Images of the Infidels

By PAOLO GRAZIOSI

The most startling expressions of Kafir artistry are found in wooden effigies placed —like headstones or monuments—in Kalash cemeteries. Now in the Peshawar Museum of West Pakistan, the grave figure at left is especially honored because it is mounted on a representation of a horse— an animal of considerable prestige to the Kafirs, who rarely come across one.



FRANCES MORTIMER—RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE; OPPOSITE: SAME



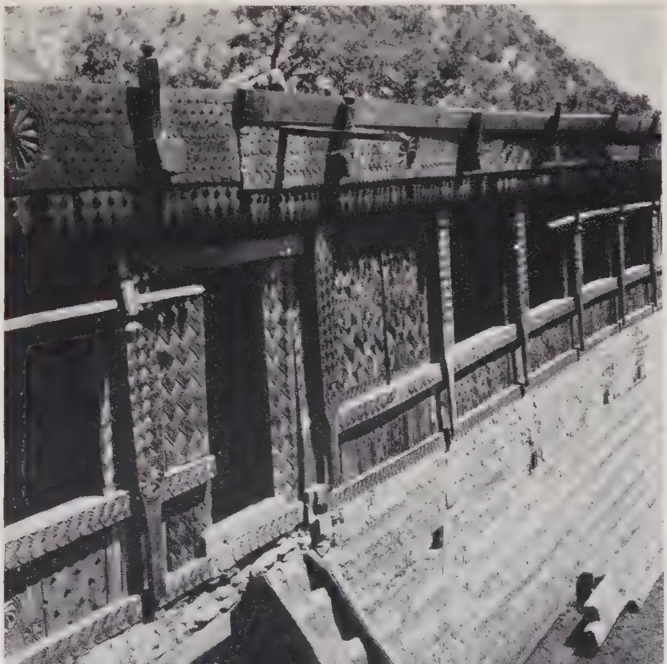
In the memories of most Westerners the history of Afghanistan begins with the nineteenth century, when the territory was thought of as the land of the Khyber Pass and was the chessboard upon which agents of England and Russia discreetly played what Kipling called the "great game" for India.

Yet, long before, Afghanistan had formed a part of the great Persian, Greek, and Indian empires. The Silk Road sliced through Afghanistan on its way from the Mediterranean to the Far East, creating wealthy cities along the way. This wealth, and command of the trade route, was savagely fought for by the Seleucids, Parthians, Sakas, Kushans, and Tahirids—all of whom left some impress of their cultures. Then, in the thirteenth century, Genghis Khan ravaged the country, destroying much of the cultural residue that had accumulated. One of the ancient warring bands, however, left behind a civilization that still remains in the valleys of the Hindu Kush: the Kafirs, as the neighboring Moslems named them, or Infidels.

At the end of the nineteenth century the Kafirs were divided into several tribes, surrounded by Moslems with

In addition to marking their graves with elaborate figures, the Kafirs decorate nearly everything they have. Rams' heads like those above (now in Afghanistan's Kabul Museum) are frequently used to adorn gateways and shrines. The hats worn by the young women at left, waiting to join a dance, are decorated with sea shells procured through trade routes reaching to the sea. And the house front below has been incised with a characteristic profusion of geometric designs.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS ARE BY THE AUTHOR EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE NOTED



whom they were in continuous and bitter conflict. In 1895 the Emir of Kabul, Afghanistan's capital, determined to purge the land of the unbelievers, and the Kafirs were forced to become Moslems. Kafiristan, the Land of the Infidels, became Nuristan, the Land of Light. Beyond the Afghan border, however, in Pakistan, was a band of Kafirs known as the Kalash, who escaped the Emir's forces.

Today the Kalash tribe—diminished in numbers and isolated in the cliffside villages of the Chitral region of Pakistan—preserve their ancient traditions and their polytheistic religion. These Kafirs sustain themselves with a primitive agriculture, and with herds of sheep and cattle. Their clothing is simple (the women wear brown robes and hats covered with shells from the distant sea, and the men, wide trousers and jackets woven from goat's wool); their houses, solidly built of wooden beams and stone, are simple; their art, too, is simple—and enormously energetic.

The horse motif recurs often in Kafir art, yet there are no horses in the valleys of the Kalash. The theme would appear to have its roots in the art of the Indo-Europeans who lived in Afghanistan centuries ago. Wherever the representation of the horse occurs—at the entrance to a village, on a house, or in a cemetery—it conveys great prestige, and sometimes ominous power.

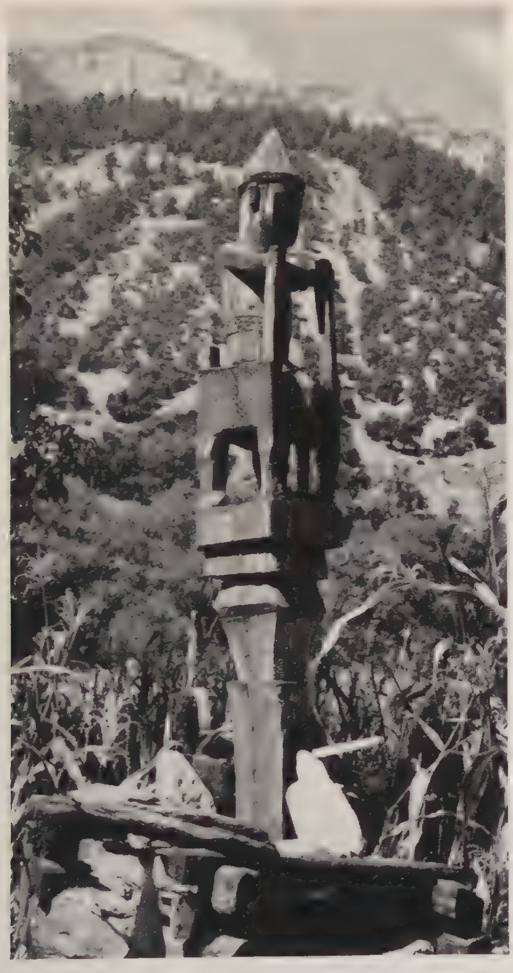
The finest, and most elaborate, Kafir art is found in graveyards. Propped up against the wooden coffins (which are left on the surface of the ground, their lids weighted down by stones) are wooden effigies of men. Depending upon the importance of the dead person (or the status his relatives may wish to earn with conspicuous display), there may be a single statue, several statues, or an imposing statue of a man on horseback. The figures are possessed of remarkable poise and authority, and are elaborately carved. They are often marked with traces of scars and wounds, and their horses are decked out in tassels and other ornaments.

Sculpture is also used to decorate the shrines and altars of Kalash gods. Mahandeo, the supreme god of the Kalash, has an altar of stone and wooden beams, crowned with four horses' heads. The Gestakhan, or house of ceremonies, occupies a prominent position in each village. Dedicated to the goddess Gestak, protector of the family, it contains elaborate carvings. The only sculpture of a deity in human form, however, is that of the protector of pregnant women, Dezalik, whose image is kept in a house where women are confined during childbirth.

The prototypes of these sculptures are elusive. The figures recall, at times, Persian and Indian work. Whatever their antecedents, however, the primitive sculptures of the Kafirs are quite unlike the works of other primitive sculptors. They stand boldly, and often nobly, alone.

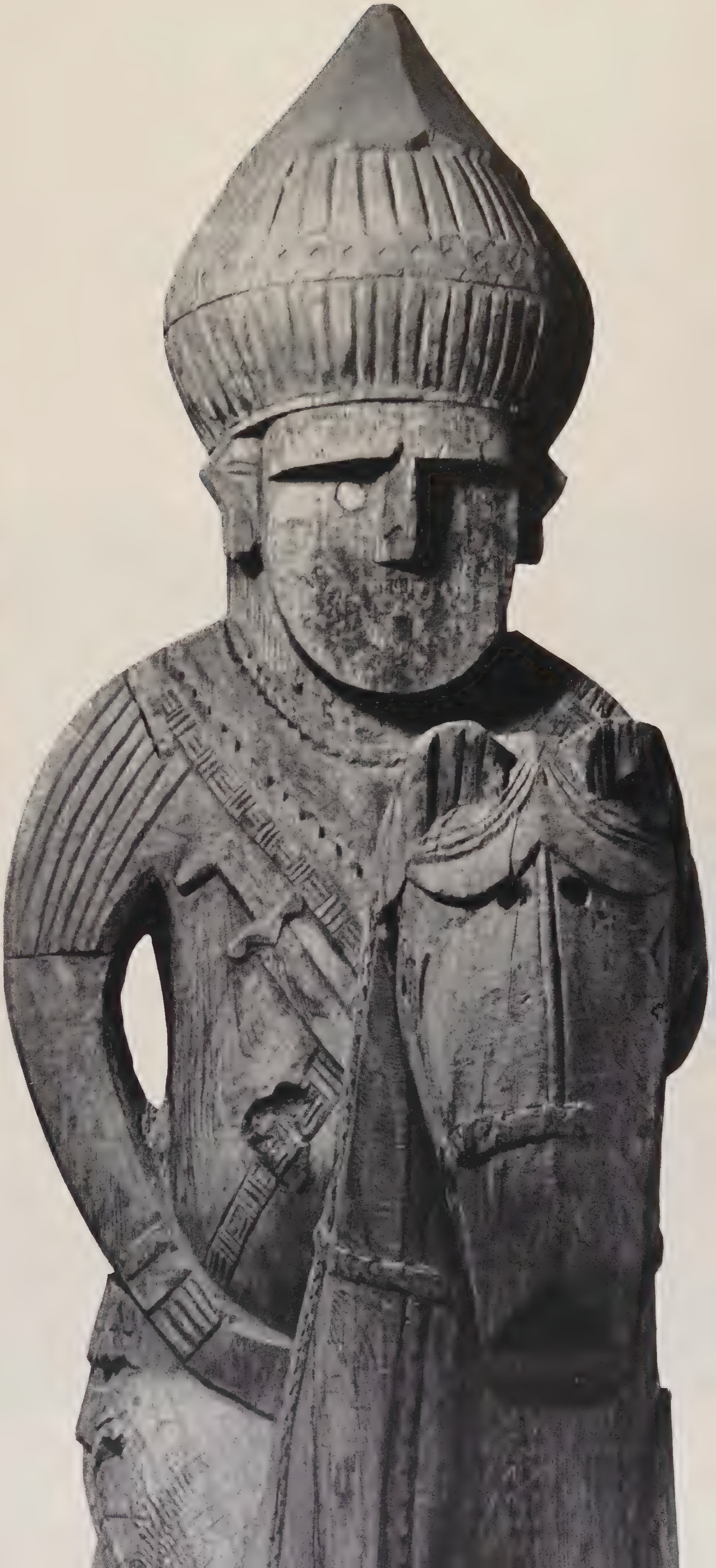
Paolo Graziosi, Professor of Anthropology and Prehistory at the University of Florence, led Italian anthropological expeditions among the Kalash peoples in 1955 and 1960.

The only known Kafir statue of a divinity in human form is that of Dezalik (opposite top), kept in the Bashali, or women's house. The figure opposite, far left (Peshawar Museum), is notable for the style of its dress, which resembles more the old Persian court styles than that of today's Kafirs. Another unusual statue (below) bestows prestige on a Kalash ancestor by enthroning him.

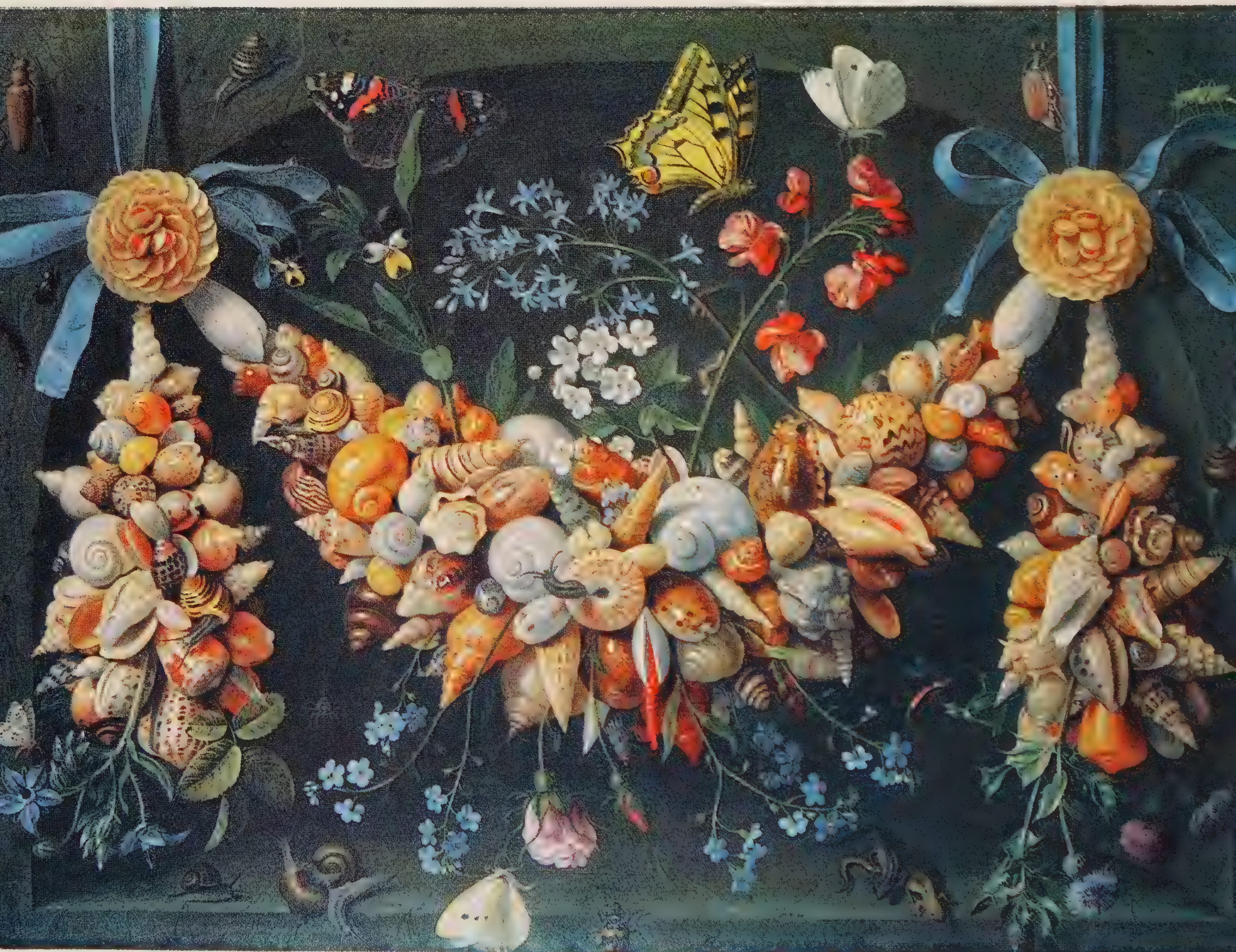


Two of the finest examples of Kafir sculpture techniques are the simple figure directly opposite and the more intricate horseman (Kabul Museum) at right. They depend, for their impact, upon the opposition of simple geometrical shapes. The faces, with cleanly curving chins and emphatic delineation of nose and brow, are immediately arresting against the graceful lines of the turban and the body.

RIGHT AND OPPOSITE CENTER: FRANCES MORTIMER—RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE



Science may have dispelled some of its ancient mystery, but the shell is still unchallenged as nature's most elegant example of good design



This fantastic set piece painted by Jan van Kessel is a typical product of the seventeenth-century shell mania

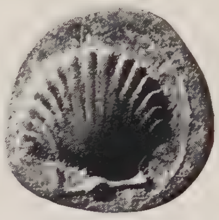
The Miracle of the Mollusk

To the deceptively simple lessons of nature, man has turned repeatedly for renewal, self-discovery, and a glimpse of his place in the great order of things. Few creations of the natural world have served him so widely or so well in this quest as the lowly mollusk. Hunted from the beginning for its succulent flesh, its castoff shell has been a part of the human landscape ever since man, himself a remote descendant of the sea, began to set his mark upon the earth.

Such is the charisma of the shell that it has been more avidly sought, collected, exchanged, worn, and even worshiped than almost any other natural object. It has inspired ancient metaphors of birth, death, and divinity that, immortalized in the art and literature of centuries, are still vital—perhaps because we recognize in its myriad forms what the poet Paul Valéry has called "the ideas of order and of fantasy, of invention and of necessity, of law and exception." But it is modern biology, by making us aware of the essential connectedness of art and science, that has given conchology its most fascinating interest.

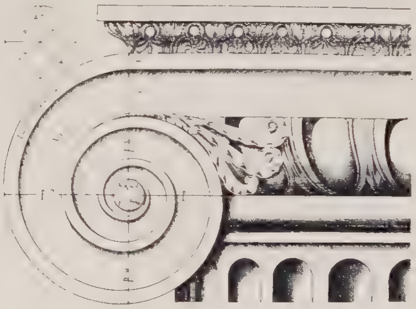
Shell collecting for its own sake first appeared in England and the Low Countries early in the seventeenth century, coinciding with the dawn of the scientific revolution. Sailors returning from long voyages of exploration and trade in Africa, the Americas, and the Pacific brought back sea chests full of exotic specimens and found a ready market for them. Though most of the new collectors were wealthy dilettantes intent principally upon impressing rivals and putting on a handsome show (witness the elaborate painting opposite), some became patrons of genuine naturalists and thus a beginning was made in the systematic study of life beneath the sea.

Two centuries later, Edgar Allan Poe described this inflated passion for collecting in a modest little work prepared for schoolroom consumption entitled *The Conchologist's First Book*. In defense of what he considered a most respectable avocation, he said: "Writers have not been wanting to decry this study as frivolous or inessential; most unjustly assailing the science itself on account of the gross abuses which have now and then arisen from its exclusive and extravagant pursuit. They have reasoned that Conchology is a folly, because Rumphius was a fool [Rumphius was a seventeenth-century German doctor-adventurer with the Dutch East Indies Company who paid £1,000 for one of the first-found specimens of the rosy *Venus dione*]. But there have been men of all ages who have carried to an absurd, and even pernicious extreme, pursuits the most ennobling and praiseworthy."



Phoenician coin honoring the Murex, 3rd c. B.C.

THE AMERICAN NUMISMATIC SOCIETY

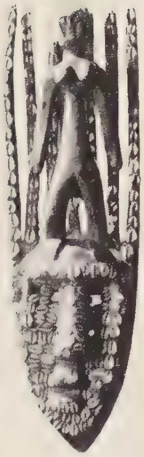


Ionic volute in a late Renaissance adaptation

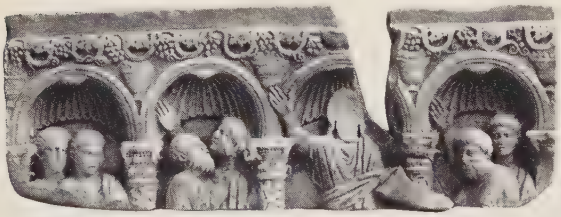
N.Y. PUB. LIB.

Roman perfume flask and a Peruvian Chimu vase

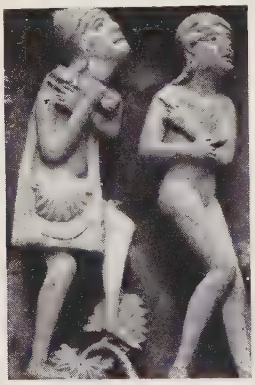
ROMISH-GERMANISCHES MUSEUM, COLOGNE—PHOTO COURTESY OF SHELL, LTD.
BRITISH MUSEUM—PHOTO COURTESY OF SHELL, LTD.



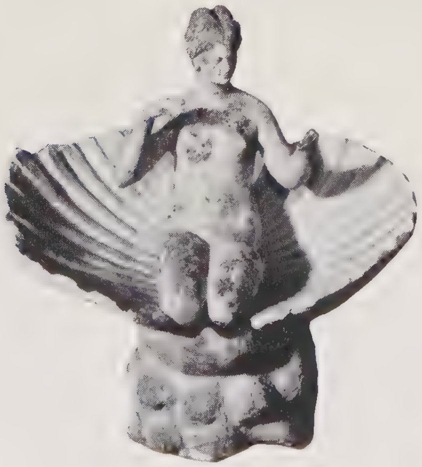
Initiation mask inlaid with cowries, Mali, West Africa
MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, N.Y.



Shell niches in a 4th c. Italian relief
THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, GIFT OF E. AND B. BRUMMER 1948



Scallop as pilgrimage emblem, 12th c., France
HURAULT—ROGER-VIOLLET



Birth of Aphrodite in a 3rd c. B.C. *terra cotta*
LOUVRE—PHOTO COURTESY OF SHELL, LTD.

Poe's evaluation notwithstanding, it was men like Rumphius who set the stage for the crucial voyage of the *Beagle* in the last century. Since Charles Darwin wrote his account of that trip, conchologists have brought an entirely new set of scientific precepts to their work on land and sea. Particularly in marine biology, technical advances in the gathering of specimens at depths and distances never before penetrated, have provided some of the new-frontier aura of space exploration. From ocean floors three miles down, to airy mountain heights of 18,000 feet, and just short of Pole to Pole, more than a hundred thousand species have been recorded, and the count is by no means complete nor evolution ended.

Among the most adaptable creatures in the animal kingdom, mollusks absorb almost any change in their environment with equanimity, though their offspring may take on a subtle new look in the process. They owe this remarkable talent to the mantle, a secretory organ which creates the shell from the lime and other mineral salts in the water, and to the specialized pigment-producing cells that weave their unique markings. A change in the chemistry or temperature of the water, in food supply, in predators, even the arrival of a genetic freak among their numbers, may in the short span of a few generations produce still another species better adapted to its new surroundings.

To the conchologist, amateur and professional alike, this seemingly chaotic situation presents little difficulty if the rules of the game are followed. The system of classification, which dates from Linnaeus's *Systema Naturae* of 1735, begins with one of the twenty-three subdivisions of the animal kingdom, the phylum Mollusk, or Shell; under this huge umbrella a place for every future evolutionary arrival is provided in advance. Mollusks are broken down into six classes, pretty much according to the type of shell or valve they wear. Three classes are of general interest: the single-shelled snails, or Gastropods; the two-shelled clams, or Bivalves; and the Cephalopods, a marine catchall of highly mobile creatures that wear their shells with detachment, if at all.

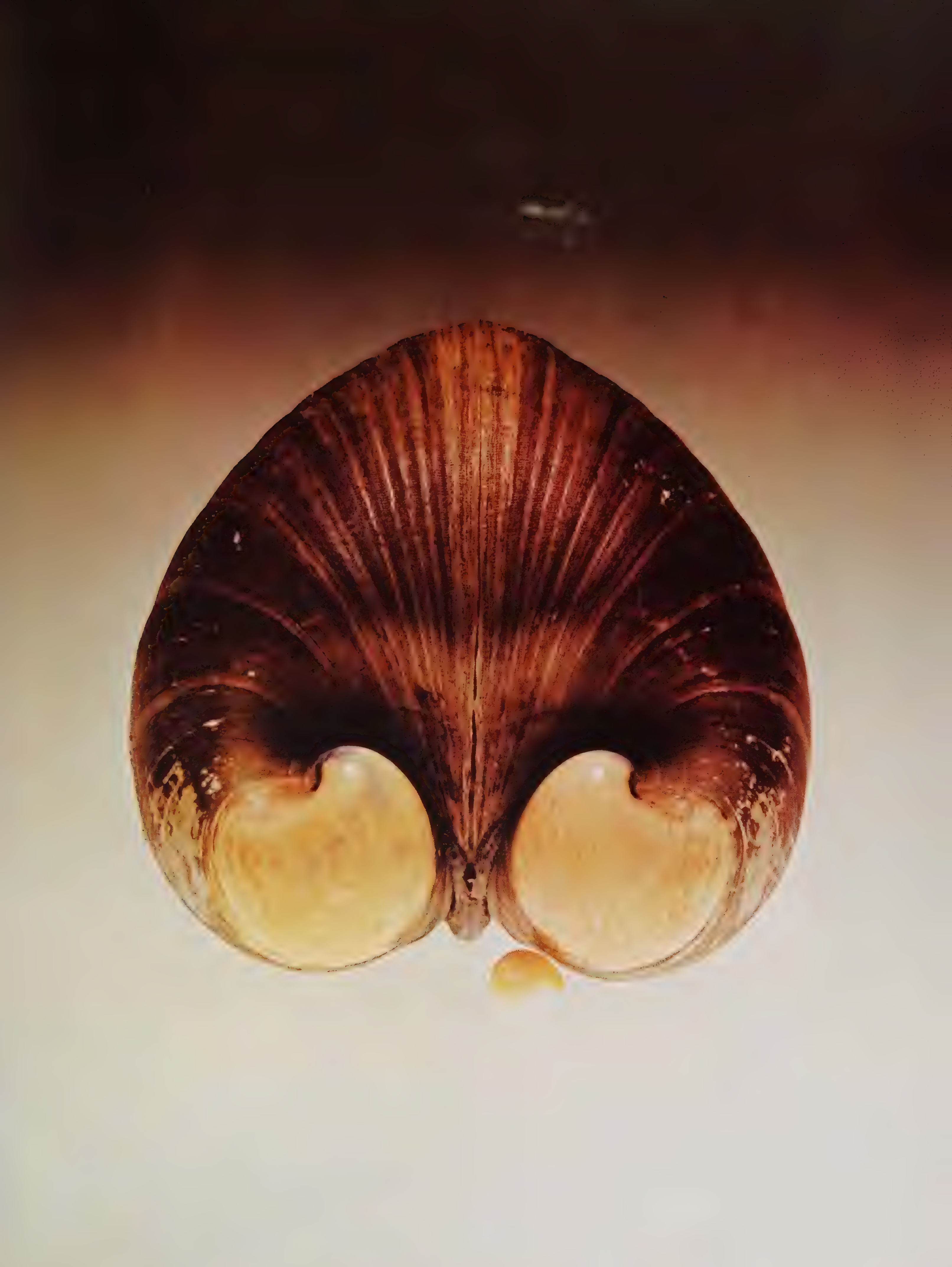
Of these three, the snails enjoy unchallenged numerical superiority, accounting for something like eighty thousand recognized species, among them the whelks, volutes, conchs, tuns, cowries, periwinkles, augers, turbans, and cones. About half their number are salt-water denizens; the rest are found on land or in fresh-water lakes and rivers. Surprisingly peripatetic in view of their top-heavy burdens, snails are known to creep, burrow, float, jump, and even hitch aboard other marine life to get about. Though great variety is the rule, their most typical shape is that of an attenuated toy top. Their characteristic spiral has been the wonder and inspiration of artists almost as far back as formal design can be traced; and indeed, seen in cross section, the curved inner structure of a snail suggests the hand of as fine a draftsman as Leonardo da Vinci. He did, in fact, make studies of several species, and the graceful proportions he discovered are thought to have guided another architect in designing the monumental staircase of the château at Blois. Dürer, too, made geometric sections based on the "line of the shell" for his treatise on proportion, decades before mathematicians began to study logarithmic curves. In our own time Frank Lloyd Wright found his inspiration for the helicoid shape of New York's Guggenheim Museum in the architecture of snails, of which he once said: "The beauty of their variation is never finished. It is not just a question of principle of design. This multitudinous expression indicates what design can mean. Certainly Divinity is here . . ."

There is evidence that snails have also suggested forms found in ancient Mayan and Aztec architecture. The Greeks were sufficiently impressed with the beauty of the shell to reproduce one species' whorls in the Ionic capitals of their temples. To

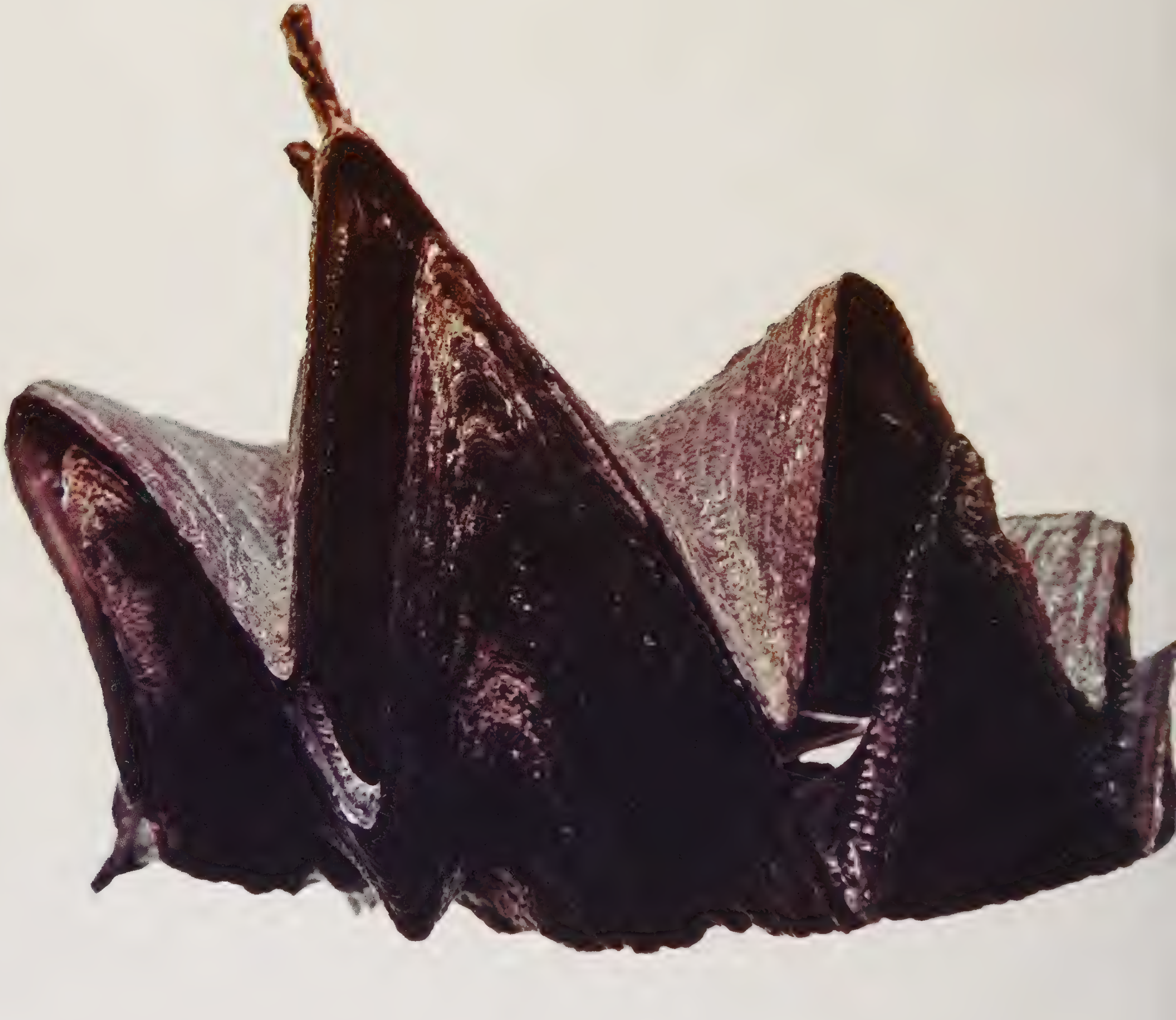
TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 105

ON THE FOLLOWING EIGHT PAGES:

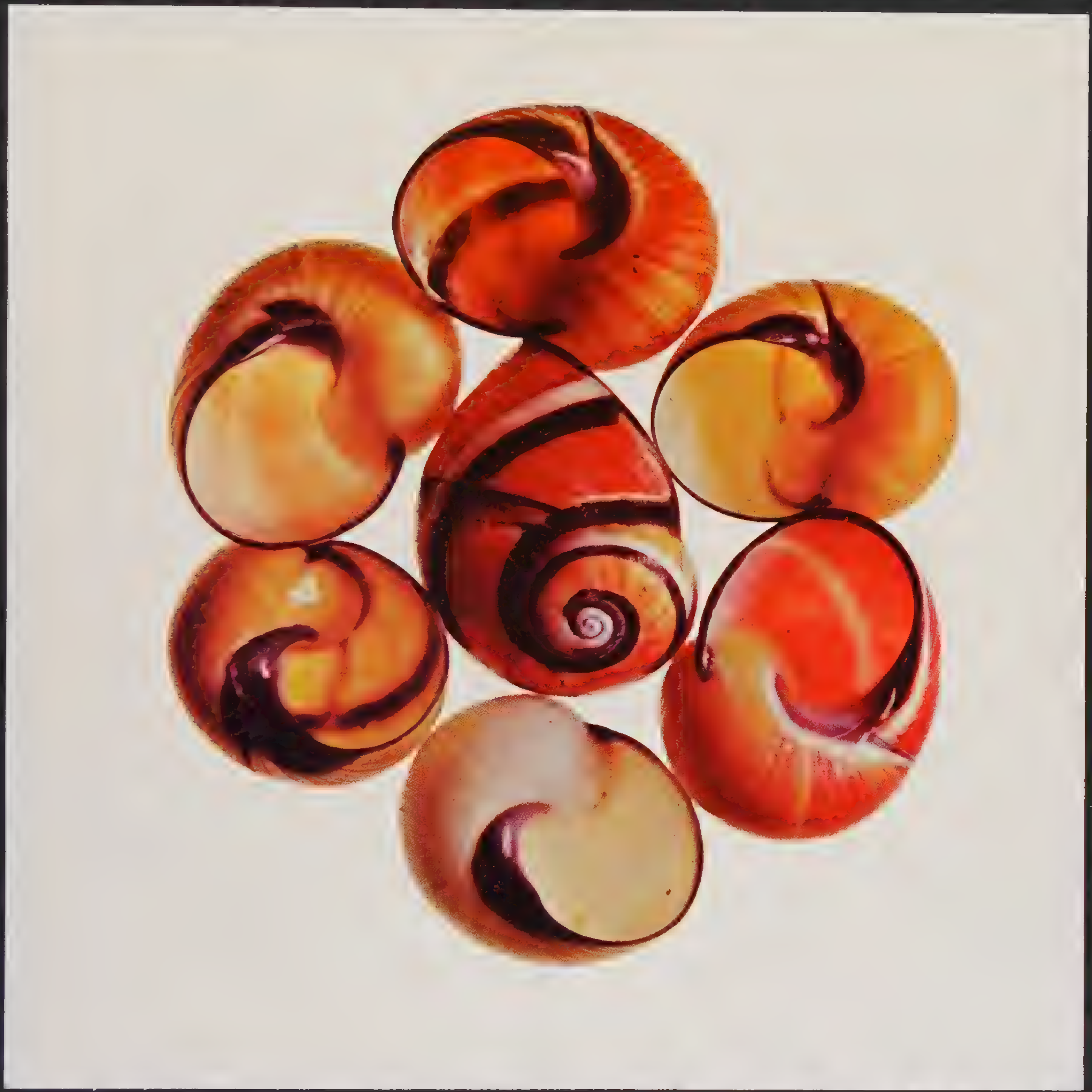
A portfolio of shells from the New York gallery Stix Rare Shells, photographed for HORIZON *by Hiro*



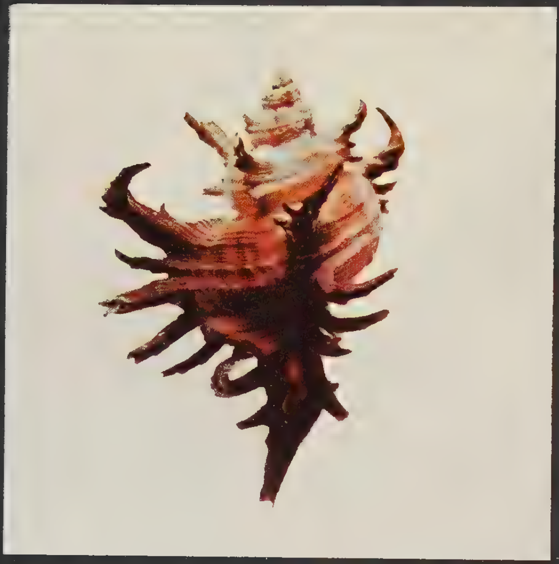
Heart Cockle *(Isocardia cor)* 3″ Mediterranean

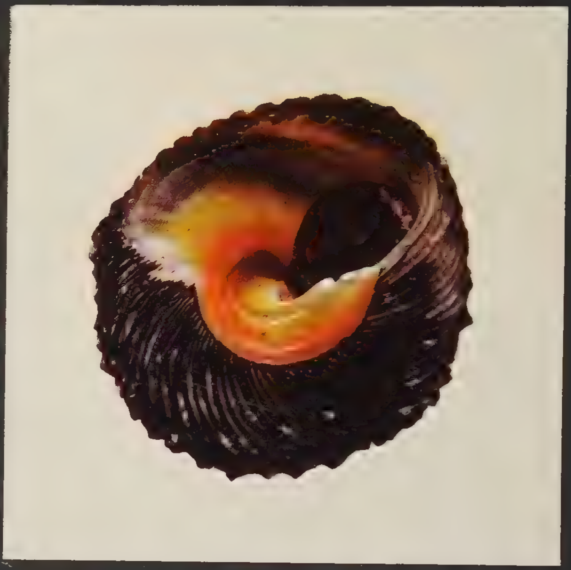


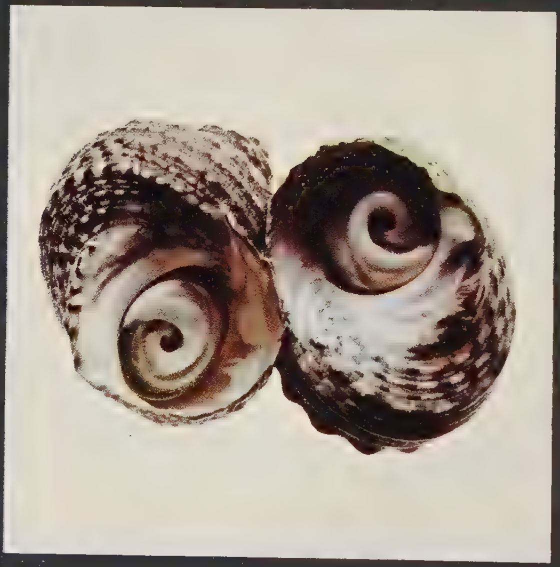
Cock's Comb Oyster *(Lopha cristagalli)* 3" Australia

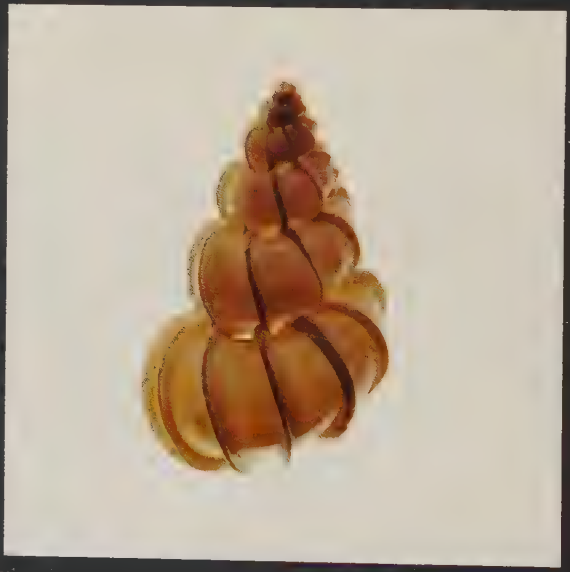


Painted Tree Snail *(Polymita picta)* 1⅛" Cuba







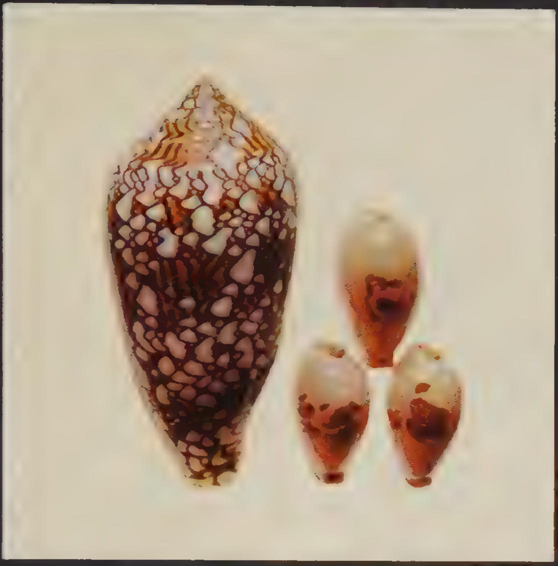


Stag Horn Murex (*Murex monodon*) 3½" Australia

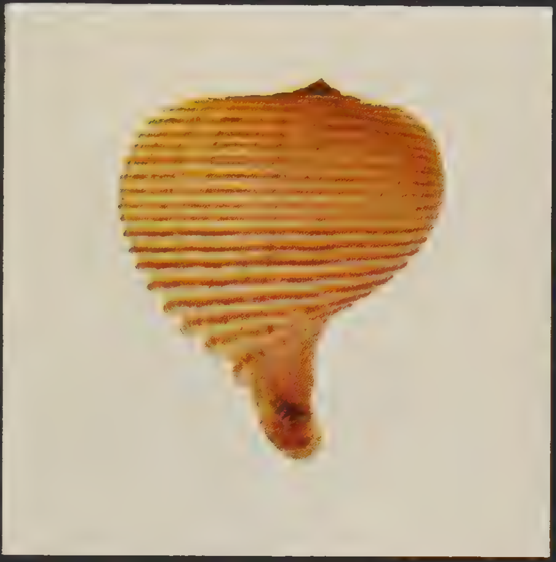
Queen Tegula (*Tegula regina*) 1½" Southern California

Wavy Turban (*Turbo fluctuosus*) 1⅜" Gulf of California

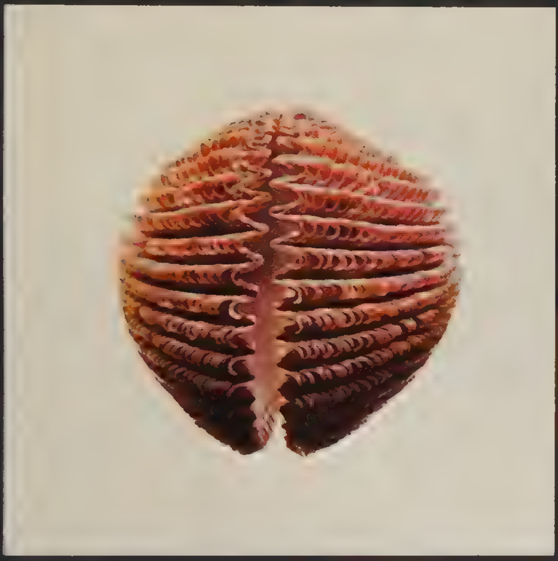
Precious Wentletrap (*Epitonium scalare*) 1⅞" Japan



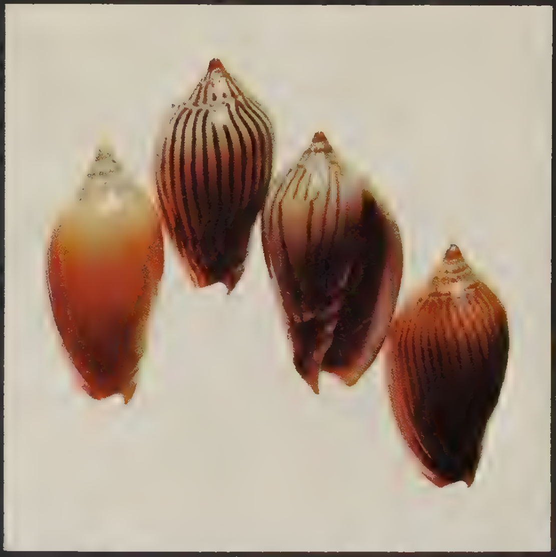
Cloth of Gold Cone *(Conus textile)* 2¾" South Pacific
Saul's Cowrie *(Cypraea saulae)* 1⅛" Australia



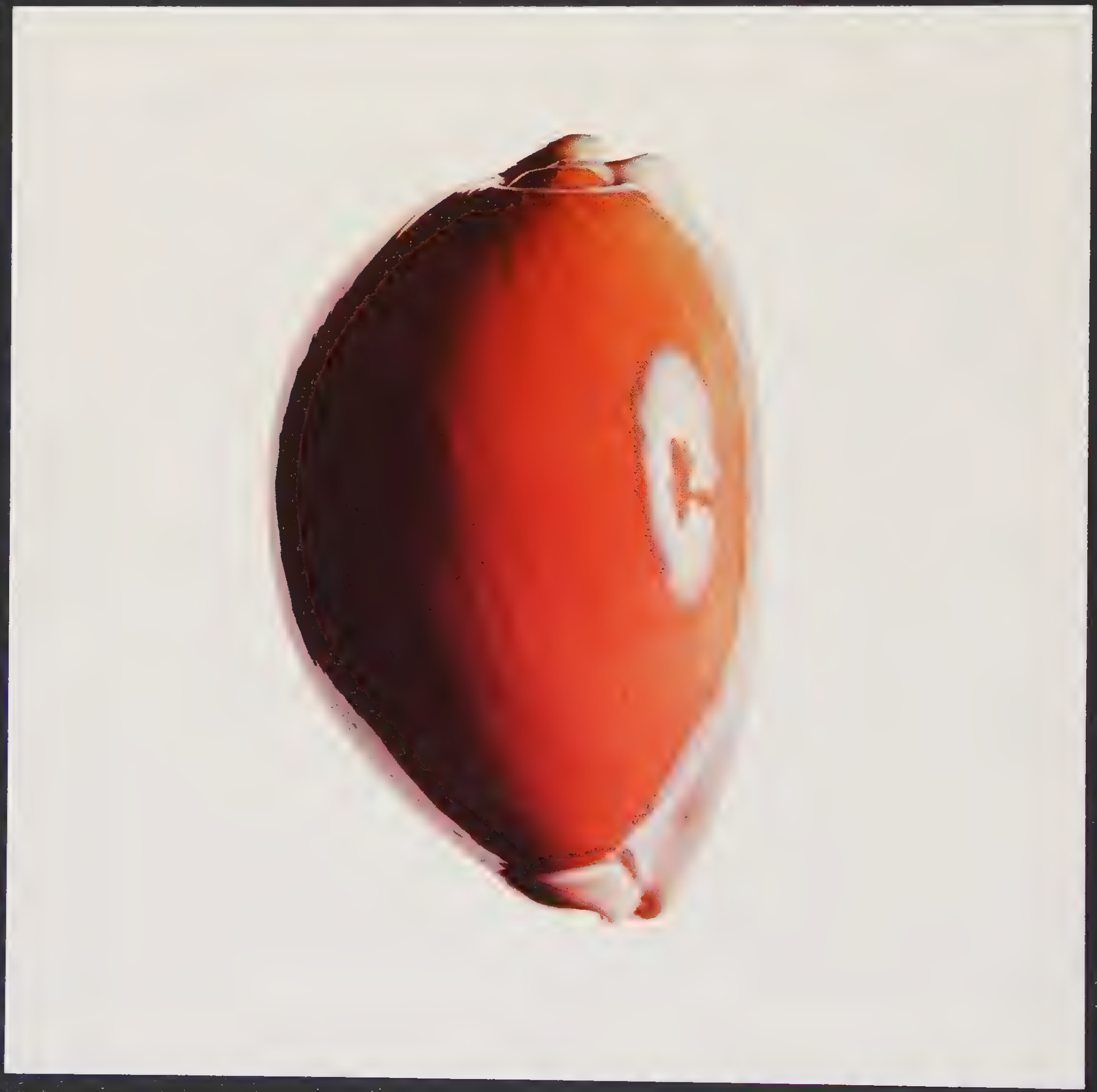
Papery Rapa *(Rapa rapa)* 2¾" Philippines



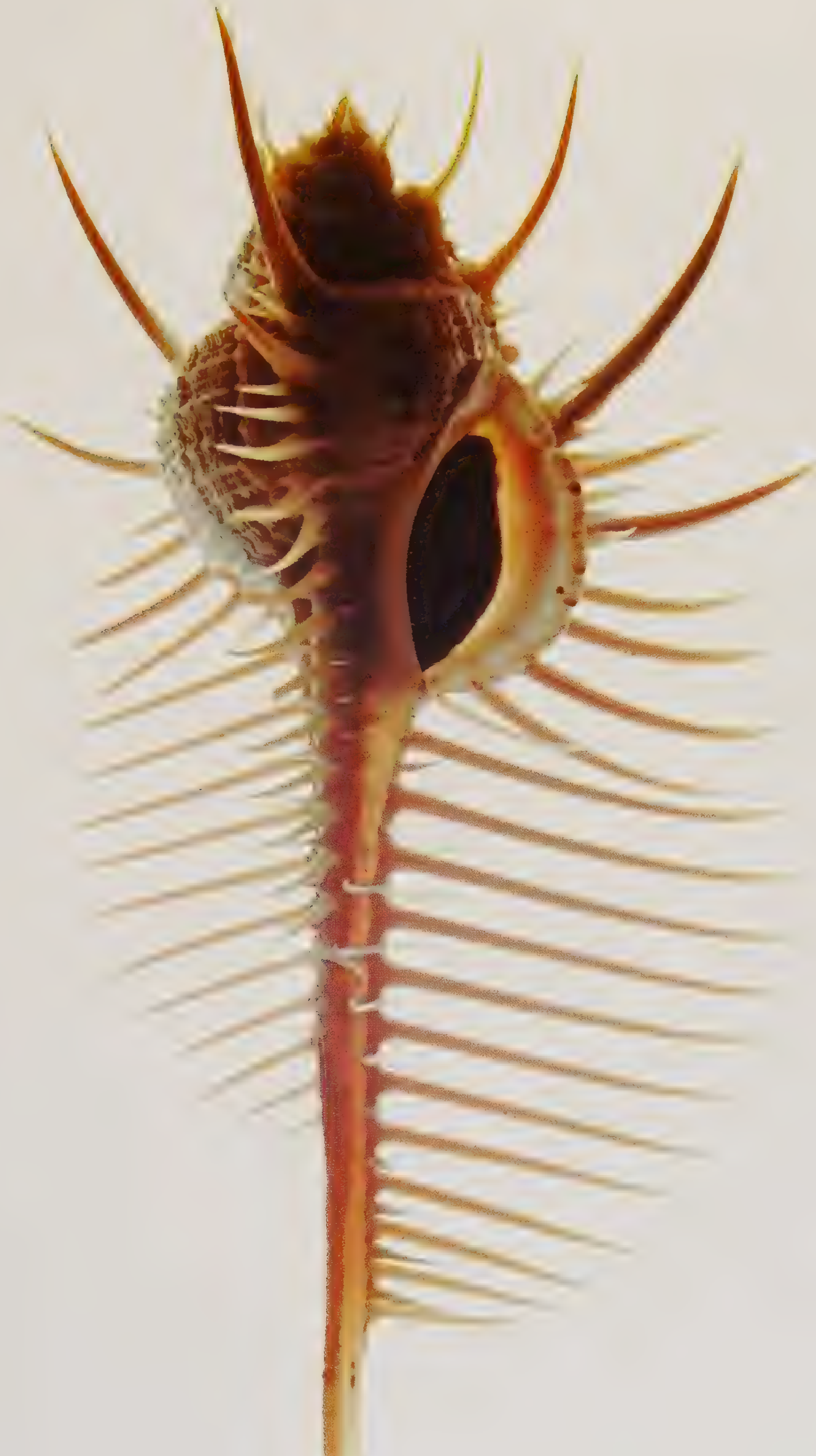
Common Cockle *(Trachycardium consors)* 2¼" Panama



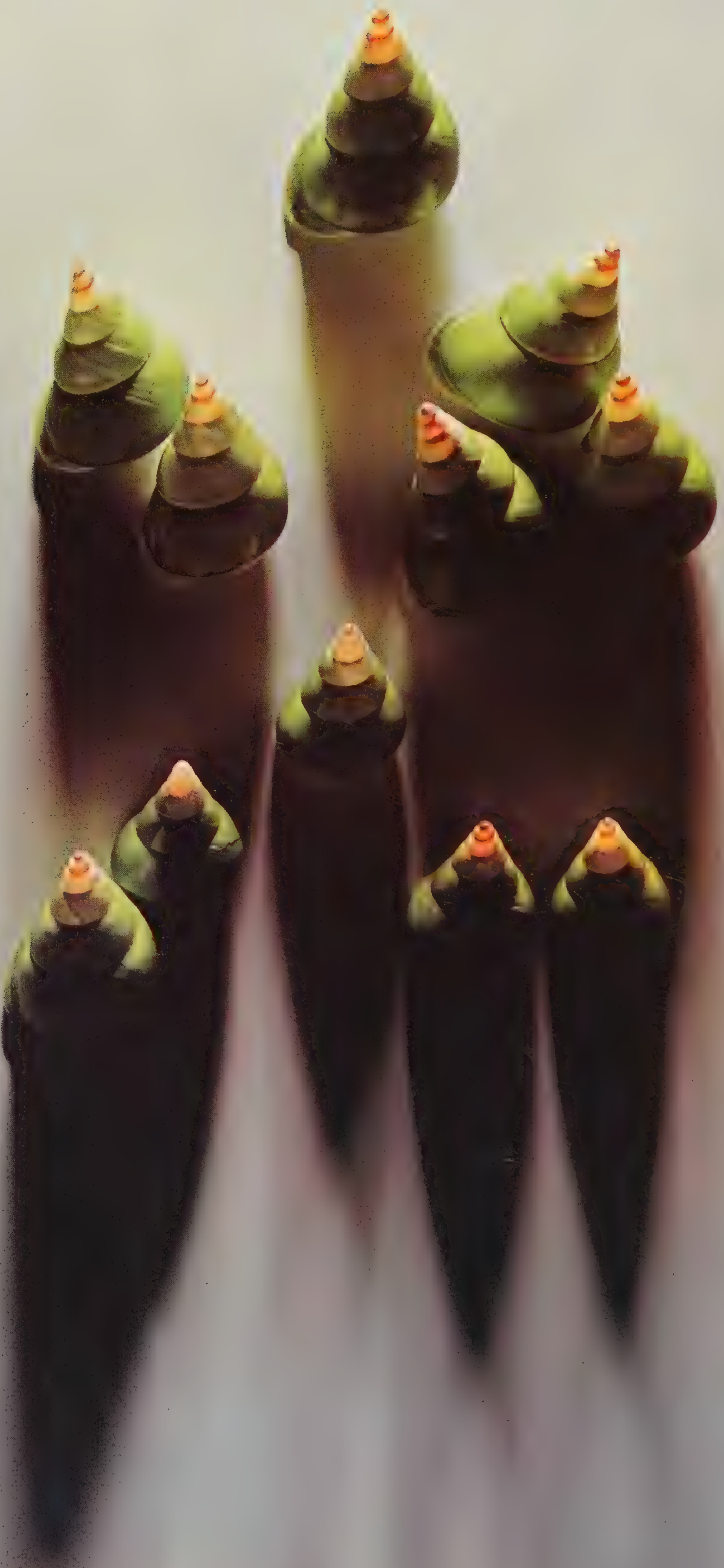
Zebra Volute *(Voluta zebra)* 1⅝" Australia



Golden Cowrie *(Cypraea aurantium)* 3½" Melanesia



Comb of Venus *(Murex triremus)* 5½″ Philippines



Rare Green Snail *(Papuina pulcherrima)* 1⅝" New Guinea

TEXT CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

make the transfer from nature to art complete, craftsmen may have wound a string around an actual whelk shell and used it as a rudimentary compass to inscribe the expanding spiral on the stone.

In a more practical fashion, the Greeks and Phoenicians before them found an even greater reward in several species of the Murex, launching more ships in their quest than a dozen Trojan Helens could provoke. The fierce-looking, spiny-shelled Murex was the principal source of purple dyes from Babylonian times on. As early as 1500 B.C. it had been a major factor in providing Phoenicia, whose Greek name is a derivative of "red," with wealth and a colonial empire that spanned the Mediterranean. So valuable were the dyes extracted from a small gland within the animal that the wearing of purple was reserved for the high-born, a tradition honored to this day in the royal robes of the great European dynasties and in the vestments of the Roman Catholic Church.

The second class of mollusks, the bivalves, are rarely as showy as the snails, but they have not been neglected by history. Numbering some fifteen thousand, their shared characteristic is a two-part shell held together by a variety of ingenious hinges. Some bivalves are as small as a pinhead, but the legendary Giant Clam of the Pacific can grow to 500 pounds and has often been unfairly accused of devouring human beings. Actually, clams have a rather delicate palate, unlike the snails, and most of their numbers are discriminating vegetarians, methodically sifting microscopic plant food in the water through internal strainers. In their sex life, however, clams show little more stability than the scandalous snails, changing from male to female at different stages of life and even living dexterously as hermaphrodites.

Once again, it was the Greeks who first gave the bivalve the symbolism by which it has been immortalized in the myth of Aphrodite rising from the foam on a scallop shell. Perfectly suited in its rigid symmetry to the classic vocabulary and ideally expressive of civilization's ancient dependence upon the sea for sustenance, the scallop passed into Roman, then Renaissance, and then Classic Revival iconography. It was probably never more extravagantly used and more variously rendered as ornament than in the rococo style of the eighteenth century. The scallop also became part of Christian symbology beginning in the Middle Ages, when it was worn as a proud emblem by pilgrims returning from the sacred shrine of Saint James at Santiago de Compostella near the Spanish coast. Renamed the "Coquille St. Jacques," it soon became the symbol of the martyred saint himself.

Symbolic associations have, for the most part, escaped the third class of shells, the cephalopods, probably because few observers have found much beauty in the writhing nakedness of creatures like the octopus or squid. Much more advanced along the evolutionary scale, they show little family resemblance to the rest of the mollusks and, with one notable exception, either shucked their shells or adapted them as a primitive sort of interior skeleton many geological ages ago. Only the spectacular female *Argonauta*, "ocean Mab—the fairy of the sea," continues to produce a shell, and then not for her own protection but as a carrying case for her eggs—an improbable sort of perambulator which this sea-born nanny pushes about on the surface of the water, confounding naturalists from the time of Aristotle almost to our own day.

Such are the barest observable facts about some of nature's smallest and most perfect progeny. Only the vivid experience of stalking a shell in the warm waters of a tidal pool or in the murky recesses of a barrier reef, only the feel of its form, color, weight, and texture in the palm of your hand, can begin to transmit the excitement known to those who, since history began, have gone down to the sea to harvest its most splendid gift.

W.B.

Scallop-shaped gold cup by Cellini, 16th c.
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, BEQUEST OF BENJAMIN ALTMAN 1913

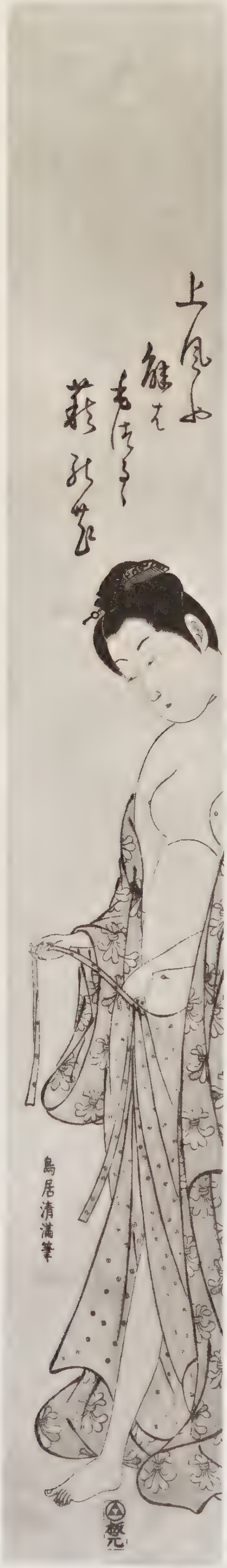
Turbo shell in a German baroque cup mounting
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, GIFT OF J. PIERPONT MORGAN 1917

Shell-carved details from an 18th c. American secretary
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, ROGERS FUND 1927

By BERNARD RUDOFSKY

Hedonism for the Destitute

In Japan bath time is as jolly and as sociable as our cocktail hour. It's more relaxing —and it's cheaper, too



ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO, CLARENCE BUCKINGHAM COLLECTION

One recently published *Guide to the Far East* contains the alarming statement that the Japanese way of bathing is habit-forming, and that foreigners who succumb to it "consider, with the Japanese, any other system repulsive." It is one thing to indulge in foreign customs, it is quite another to deprecate one's own. The State Department, having shouldered the responsibility, formerly the province of Thomas Cook and Son, of selecting suitable travel countries for the citizen, ought to go one step further and look into the subversive side of travel.

A few generations ago things were different. The traveler abroad knew his place and was not perpetually on the verge of losing his national dignity. He did not look at travel as an invitation to debauch. When ladies were still ladies, their reactions to such outlandish institutions as the Japanese bath were unequivocal. One Anna d'A.—she was too modest to reveal her full name—who visited Japan in the 1860's and wrote a book appropriately called *A Lady's Visit to Japan*, left us a precious snapshot, if only verbal, of a bathing scene. Invited to enter a Japanese house, she did so "without the slightest doubt or hesitation, little prepared for the absurdly indecent scene . . . At the further end of the room [was] a portion partitioned off by a low wall, within which enclosed space numbers of men and women were bathing *in puris naturalibus* [which] reminded me forcibly of a presentation of souls in purgatory I once saw outside a church in Antwerp."

Anna was able to cushion her shock with a morsel of Latin and an elegant reference to art, but a simple sailor has no such mental foxholes to hide in. The dangers seafaring men are liable to encounter, then as now, are described by a diarist of Admiral Perry's Japanese expedition. "I went into a bath house," writes Ensign Edward Yorke McCauly, "where girls of seventeen, old women, young women, old men, were squatting on the stone floor, without rag enough to cover a thumbnail . . . they invited us to join in and take a wash—but I was so disgusted with the whole breed, with their lewdness of manner and gesture, that I turned away with a hearty curse upon them . . ." In modern Japan a net of relay stations—inns and hotels approved for and by foreigners—assure the most demanding moralist an unbroken succession of wholesome impressions. They all have a clean bill from the Minister of Transportation, the Japanese counterpart of Duncan Hines.

Today, as in the past, opinions on the bath are anything but unanimous. Some learned doctor proved to his great satisfaction —I do not remember by what stratagem—that man can live a long life in perfect health without ever taking a bath or, for that matter, without washing himself, and at one time or other everybody comes across a person who is living proof of the doctor's theory. Among us the belief in the wholesomeness of bathing is of very recent date and, what with the shakiness of most of our beliefs, bathing might very well fall into oblivion should somebody come up with a more attractive, though not necessarily better, idea.

There are proved and approved methods for washing a shirt or a pot, but when it comes to cleaning the human epidermis, we disagree on aims as well as needs. Worse, we take exception to all practices that differ from our own. During his six years of residence in Japan the first American consul, Townsend Harris, faithful to his native ways, continued to bathe in cold water—"much to the amazement of the Japanese," as he noted in his diary. To Puritans reared in the masochistic discipline of cold showers, bathing in hot water is anathema; a person who admits to enjoying a hot bath, a voluptuary.

A Japanese would not dream of taking a bath in cold water, all the more as he has plenty of running hot water available. No other country in the world is as liberally provided with natural hot springs. Japan boasts more than a thousand medical thermae, and so far nobody has taken the trouble to count the nonmedical ones. To be sure, in some parts of the country, running water, hot or cold, is scarce, yet people do not bathe less frequently because of it. Some bathe several times a day. They go without a meal rather than without a bath. "For the poorest rice farmer and the meanest servant, just as much as for the rich aristocrat, the daily soak in superlatively heated water is part of the routine of every late afternoon," wrote the anthropologist Ruth Benedict in *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword.*

A British scholar has called bathing *la grande passion* of the Japanese, coming perhaps closest to its true nature. Their bath, it has been said, is primarily a ritual, although few Japanese will agree to this. The word "ritual" applies more correctly to their notion of cleanliness, which does not stop at the body and its coverings but extends to the house as well. The best-known example of this concept is the custom the Japanese have of taking off their shoes before entering a house. While we expend energy and imagination on inventing new methods of cleaning floors, the Japanese solve the problem by not dirtying them in the first place.

Word has reached the most uninformed tourist about this elementary precaution against carrying the filth of the streets into the house, but few tourists have ever heard how the Japanese go about taking a bath. For generations the Japanese have tried to wipe out this annoying ignorance. At inns multilingual notices far from any tone of spoof proclaim the rules in quaint language, and guidebooks are most emphatic on one point: one does not enter a Japanese tub unless one is perfectly clean.

This may seem as absurd as sitting down to a meal perfectly sated. Yet what is absurd to us is not necessarily so to a Japanese. Come to think of it—if you are invited to a banquet at the Imperial Palace, you will do well not to arrive on an empty stomach. Prepare for the august occasion by eating a hearty meal, for although the monarch has divested himself of some minor aspects of his godliness, it is still blasphemy to eat in his presence. Anyway, there is nothing paradoxical about bathing in a clean state—it is the only civilized way. Westerners who follow the Japanese custom for any length of time find it most natural. Few, if any, will lapse into their old habit of wallowing in their own dishwater, so to speak.

To the Japanese our very methods of cleaning are dirty, and they are not alone in their idiosyncrasy. "In India the people consider an ordinary tub bath an extraordinarily dirty habit," writes Santha Rama Rau. Devoid of any genuine desire for keeping clean, we mistake our efforts at cleaning for cleanliness itself. To us cleanliness is not an innate trait but a budgetary item—the responsibility of maids, window cleaners, and laundries. It does not occur to us that our *manners* are unclean to the Asians. Indians, for example, share the Japanese distaste for them. "Indians," elaborates Miss Rau, "consider foreigners dirty because they shake hands, wear shoes indoors, eat with knives and forks."

The Japanese rate body cleanliness a concomitant of bathing rather than its motive. Washing, which in our bathing routine is the pith of the matter, in Japan is performed outside the tub. There are no showers; the soaping and scrubbing is followed by repeated dousing with bucketfuls of water. Since the room is empty—except for the tub, which often is a sunken tub—and the slatted floor drains off the water, splashing, rather than being a calamity, adds a note of merriment to the bath. Faithful to the tradition of civilized countries, the Japanese do not practice our custom of putting a tub into a latrine or, what amounts to the same, installing a toilet in the bathroom. Despite their weakness for Western gadgets, they draw the line at our bathroom. Preferring to ignore our bathing arrangements, they also remain totally unacquainted with our bathing *methods.* Most Japanese never see the inside of a Western bathroom, except perhaps in moving pictures. Neither will they—nor indeed we—give much thought to the predicament of a Japanese who is about to take his first bath abroad. It simply does not occur to anybody that he, too, needs instruction, as a couple famous for their hospitality found out to their regret.

A Japanese houseguest of theirs taking his first Western bath in their New York apartment, disinclined as he was to enter the tub without having washed, lathered himself and, after some browsing, discovered a serviceable substitute for a bucket, whereupon he began to drench himself with many helpings of hot water—from ingrained habit outside the tub. He became aware of, but was left unmoved by, the fact that the water he splashed about was not absorbed by a floor drain but escaped under the closed bathroom door. Not one to reflect on this unusual device, still less given to questioning the merits of foreign arrangements, he finished his bath in leisure, with the composure expected from his race. The point of the story is that his hostess, herself a Japanese, with her manners unimpaired by years of living abroad, was standing all the time behind the door in the corridor, mopping up the water as fast as she could without uttering a sound.

Anyone conditioned to tiled bathroom walls and plate-glass shower stalls might consider an all-wooden room, with walls, ceiling, and floor of unpainted wood, the least likely place for taking a bath. And so, he thinks, is the wooden tub, the classical square type of box with a wooden lid to keep the water from cooling off when not in use. Its velvety smoothness and fragrance give a novice the first inkling that there is a sensuous side to bathing. Compared to the wood's caress, the touch of an enameled tub is frigid. Besides, Japanese wood is not just ordinary lumber. The stock of a lumberyard is catalogued like books in a library, every board carrying an identification. Like pages of a book, boards cut from the same tree are sold together. And such is the quality of their wood that it is easy to see why the Japanese prefer it in its natural state. The very idea of painting or staining it is revolting to them. It is not a matter of taste but a case of vandalism. The Japanese have never forgiven those postwar American families who lived in requisitioned Japanese homes for covering every inch of woodwork with paint.

In the Japanese bath the scrubbing and dousing serves merely to tune up the body for immersion in water so hot as to be barely tolerable. The trick is to get into the tub fast, with the greatest economy of movement; to glide into the water without rippling its surface. As long as one keeps still, the hot water does not hurt. Submerged to the chin, one crouches in the burial position fashionable the world over in prehistoric times. To call the immersion a "soak," as Ruth Benedict does, is an understatement. What takes place in the tub is regeneration, something close to a sacrament. The Christian martyrs who stepped into caldrons of boiling oil with a smile and a prayer on their lips came closest to the sense of fulfillment a Japanese bath bestows on an unflinching soul.

The average Japanese tub is small, for the Japanese are not only slight of build, they have a singularly high compression quotient. The Sagamiya Inn at Izusan boasts of a *sennimburo*, a thousand people's bath, duly noted in the *Official Guide to Japan*. On measuring it, it turns out to be 15 by 30 feet, about the size of a New York living room or a small midtown art gallery. As anybody who frequents cocktail parties and gallery openings can attest, such an area is indeed able to absorb an unlimited number of people. And, in a way, the effects of the Japanese tub routine are quite similar to those of an American cocktail party. At the hour when we try to soothe our frazzled nerves with an ounce or two of alcohol, the Japanese seek, from similar motives, the embrace of hot water. "When I have a worry," a Japanese confided to me, "I make it a rule to go into the tub. I go into it a pessimist and come out an optimist."

A typical Japanese gesture is to provide a brimful tub. Whether it has symbolic meaning or whether the overflow helps to skim impurities from the water's surface, whatever the reason, it is impressive. Newcomers are confused by such lavishness, and some have been known to laboriously ladle out enough water to make room for themselves. Whenever I take a plunge into a full tub, displacing gallons of more or less precious hot water, I cannot help wondering whether Archimedes bathed *à la japonaise*.

It is the stonecutter's business to cut tubs from blocks of marble or granite, although their high cost puts them out of reach for ordinary people. Examples of his art are usually found in the bathrooms of inns—single, double, and family-size tubs, miniature pools in the form of a lute, basins hewn into rock. At spas, where bathing goes on at all hours, balneal scenography is limited only by the innkeeper's budget. The principal *caldarium* of an elegant inn often resembles a watering place for the horses of Valkyries rather than a bathroom: water cascading from great height over gigantic boulders covered with moss and multicolored mineral sediments; a fragmentary pine grove and assorted shrubs; and, even more incongruously, an aquarium with white carp built into one of the walls. Sometimes the splendor of the nymphean retreats is topped by a view—anything from an intimate garden to a sweeping panorama of mountains and islands.

Still more spectacular, if only by virtue of a helping hand from nature, is the Japanese outdoor bath. It is unlike our swimming pools—no diving board, no reef-blue tiles, no chlorinated water. Instead, it is of a bucolic sort—a purling brook amid a glade of trees; a swift flow of steaming water traversing a mountain ravine; a placid lake whose water contains alum, iron, and hypochloric acid, "only needing to be diluted and sweetened in order to constitute an excellent lemonade" (as a 1907 guidebook points out); a miniature gorge with arbors and secret nooks, with dressing and washing rooms hidden behind rocks. Above all, it is a natural *hot* pool—sometimes boiling hot. To lie in the water's embrace, the darkness of the night scarcely lessened by a stone lantern or the light of a thin moon, the air resounding with the song of nightingales, is balm for a man who, in a lifetime of bathing, has focused on nothing more stimulating than the sight of a toilet seat and the sound of a flush.

The sociable side of the bath is often vastly more exotic than its mechanics. A couple from God's own country embarking in a matrimonial tub for the first time may feel adventurous and not a little self-conscious. Instead of sipping bourbon and water on their porch, they find themselves seated vis-à-vis in a marble tub shaped to resemble a rowboat, with bow, stern, and two benches. Spankingly sober, they contemplate each other although, thanks to the haze of hot steam, visibility is benignly poor. Words remain unspoken, thoughts unavowed. Drifting as it were, through an Oriental Hades in a stony skiff without oars, they never felt so lost. Tomorrow they will ask for separate bathrooms or take their baths in turns.

Whatever the pleasure of company in the bath, most Westerners are unenthusiastic about sharing their bath water with strangers. Precautions and cleanly habits notwithstanding, companionable bath water tends to opaqueness, and travelers who patronize country inns far from hot springs make it a rule to arrive early. The inconvenience of cutting short one's journey in the middle of the afternoon is compensated for by the prospect of finding immaculate bath water. Physicians do not object to the custom of sharing a tub as unhygienic. Indeed, compared to the marinade of our swimming pools, Japanese bath water seems unexceptionable. Provided their bathroom is large enough, a family (which, as a rule, is a small crowd) takes a bath together. In the average household there is likely to be only a small tub, accommodating one person at a time, and it takes all of an evening until everybody has had his turn. Precedence is scrupulously observed. First to mount the tub is the honorable guest. He is succeeded by the master of the house and his sons in the descending order of their age. Next come the female members of the family and, lastly, the servants. In some parts of the country where the old customs are still honored, male servants precede the women of the household. Where fuel is precious, the privilege of the bath is extended to the neighbors: "there is a warm intimacy about the evening chats at the bath which keeps close the relationships between women of three or four neighboring households," writes the anthropologist John F. Embree in *Suye Mura*, his classic study of village life.

One looks in vain for this sort of conviviality in the public baths and the pools of watering places. Barriers of age, status, and sex do not come down with the clothes. If anything, nudity makes them insurmountable. Well formed and hairless as the bodies of the Japanese are, there is something disconcerting about their porcelain anonymity—a soupçon of sexlessness. Like Raphael's angel faces lolling in sweet indolence on little cloud cushions, the uniformly bland expressions of Japanese faces floating on the steaming waters look disturbingly similar. Sometimes a smile offers a guidepost to identification, disclosing, if only intermittently, a highly individual set of teeth. But smiles are rare, and an acquaintance struck up in the bath is not sanctioned outside it.

From the time of Perry down to our days, mixed bathing has been a thorn in the side of alien residents in Japan. Having bullied their way into the country by threats and fulminations, their missionary itch kept them forever meddling in their hosts' affairs. In Yokohama, the oldest and strongest outpost of the West, mixed bathing in public bathhouses came to an end in 1862 "by force of public opinion as expressed by the foreigners then resident there" (John Black, *Young Japan*). There was never a question of consulting the native residents' opinion. A few years later the government issued a ban on going naked outdoors, not directed, as one might think, against exhibitionists, but to put an end to walking home from the bath without clothes, a practice that had been equally common in medieval Europe. (After a very hot bath, the blood racing in the body obviates the need for coverings, and the thought of having to put on clothes violates the senses much more than does the sight of nudity.) Still, in order to pacify foreigners, the good citizens of Yokohama covered their red-hot bodies, and workmen chucked their loincloths in favor of more voluminous, if less suitable, garments. "No Japanese ever saw any impropriety in it [the loincloth] until we pointed it out to them," noted Black with satisfaction.

Not to lose face, the Japanese added the Dirty Mind to their ethics, but, unacquainted as they were with its workings, took little pleasure in it. Their sense of propriety—the nude is seen in Japan but not looked at—coupled with their desire to appear respectable in the eyes of the Western world, brought about one of the situations that are the despair of the militant tourist: in resort towns stalked by missionaries and diplomats the Japanese have updated their bathing etiquette to meet the most exalted expectations of foreigners, while only a stone's throw from their trails, life goes on unregenerate and unspoiled. The real testing grounds of Japan's Westernization in the line of bathing are without doubt the new territories, such as the public beach.

Although the Japanese have reared some champion swimmers, swimming is not among their ordinary achievements. It is strictly a competitive sport. So little does swimming appeal to them that, according to the *Official Guide*, "during World War II, swimming was almost forgotten." The Welfare Ministry (in a letter to the author) disclosed that 7,635 children under the age of fourteen drowned during 1957, a heavy toll in view of their short vacation and even shorter bathing season. An investigation of the wholesale drowning of school children in a river (while bathing under supervision) brought to light the fact that only one of four instructors could swim.

In Japan a child in peril of drowning is a luckless child. "We feel," writes Lily Abegg in *The Mind of Asia*, "that it is natural to save a drowning child; the East Asian, however, thinks it is unnatural to risk his life if he is not related to the child, which in any case might turn out to be 'only a girl.'" Fortunately, in Japan, beach activities are mostly limited to the national pastimes of sleeping and eating. Swimming is too tiring for men, too masculine a sport for women. Although they all dote on water, they do not think much of getting wet outside of a tub or pool; they leave the rivers and seas to the fish.

There is one exception to the rule. At least once during the summer—traditionally, on the first Sunday in August—townspeople and rural folk go for a picnic to some pretty beach. At the place on the Shikoku side of the Inland Sea where I made my home, the beach and the bathing are superb. The shore, hemmed in by a grove of pine trees as old as creation, stretches for about two miles in one perfect curve, and although it lies in the path of typhoons, it is well protected by several mountain ranges. Yet this is not a resort, hardly a town, at best a fisherman's beach that most of the time looks like a stage-set for a ballet. From tall wooden poles hang dragnets dyed baby-blue and black, strawberry-blond and green—to suit the caprices of fish—with globes of iridescent glass for floaters. In the hot sun shrimp and sardines are drying on mats and wooden trays, while in the shade of high-pooped boats men, women, and children are sorting the day's catch. No coastal steamers or excursion boats ever enter the bay except on the occasion of the annual beach picnic when the grove is turned into a fair.

On that August Sunday thousands of people arrive by bus and bicycle to camp under the ancient pines. They spread mats and newspapers on the ground, string awnings from the trees, and settle down to a rustic meal, washed down with rice wine and beer. The men strip to their long underwear while the women sport the sketchiest of wrappers—kerchiefs, spidery towels, and sashes in picturesque disarray. Half awash in the gentle surf, a few children and their young mothers play in advanced stages of undress. Some are bare to the waist, adding to the scene a touch of the South Seas. A few intrepid souls, immersed to the chin, make motions of swimming with their arms. In their long white slips they recall Bellini's priests diving into the canals of Venice in search of the Cross.

Farther out, where the bottom of the bay dips abruptly and large seagoing fishing boats cast anchor, a lone swimmer, a young Japanese woman, is giving proof of her skill. What earned her the envy of the other women (the men pay no attention to the fair sex) is not her swimming style but her bathing suit. It is the color of yellow chrysanthemums, reflecting now and then the glint of a sun already low over the neighboring hills. Only fish keep her company and, as is their habit at that hour, they are cutting capers in the glassy sea, jumping high into the air, in pairs and sometimes in schools.

The lone swimmer seems to be done with the day and, with a few vigorous strokes, returns to the shore. At the water's edge she looks for the spot where she left her wooden sandals, finds them, and slips them on. Then, not without some difficulty—one can easily see that she is not used to it—she peels off her bathing suit of fashionable but conservative cut. This done, she throws it over her arm and, without a wrap, without a stitch, without a trace of self-consciousness, walks away—a living allegory of modern Japan.

Bernard Rudofsky, architect and social critic, spent two years in Japan and recorded his observations in The Kimono Mind, *to be published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., in April. This article and one that will appear in* HORIZON*'s Spring issue form part of the book.*

For ten centuries the camel caravans

creaked and swayed across the Sahara. No more—

and those who bemoan the end of

this picturesque traffic perhaps do not

know what the chief commodity was

The Libyan politician, businessman, and intellectual sipping his fruit juice in the bar of the oilmen's hotel in Tripoli is explaining the philosophy of Islam; he can evidently explain it equally well in English, French, Italian, Arabic, or Turkish—whichever you prefer. Because of his intelligence, education, and political skill, he is one of the inner circle that runs Libya, a curious composite state of three almost separate countries, Tripolitania, Cirenaica, and the Fezzan. If anybody knows the answers to the future of this newly created nation, it is this sort of man, whose resemblance to an Arab aristocrat of the old school is undoubtedly carefully cultivated. The fringe of black beard which outlines his jaws and chin is more characteristic than his expensive Western suit. For his ideas and his thinking are not European at all, they are Arab; and the difference between his political, religious, and social philosophy and that of the Westerner is profound. Hearing him expound his views, the listener gradually realizes that changes in this part of the world are relatively superficial: the number and diversity of Western gadgets in a city like Tripoli have little to do with what is being thought and what will eventually happen in the Moslem world of North Africa. Libya, together with those Moslem states which lie within and around the Sahara Desert, is not looking to Europe, to the United States, or to Soviet Russia for salvation, but rather backward into the past, to the great days of Islam.

Inasmuch as every other nation glorifies its territorial conquests, it is not unusual that this spokesman for Pan-Arabism emphasizes the enlightenment brought by the armies of the Prophet, rather than the atrocities they committed during their invasion of Roman Africa in the seventh and eighth centuries. When the first European travelers penetrated Moslem Africa a thousand years later, without exception they depicted this whole vast region as a world of hunger, thirst, bloodshed, slavery, and fanaticism. They had plenty of experiences to prove it; and, for that matter, a great many of them proved it with their lives. A reader of their accounts of the slave trade and of the treatment of slaves, as well as of women and prisoners of war, is startled, then, to hear a modern Libyan defend these old practitioners of flaying men alive. What about the razzias and the tens of thousands of Negroes who were driven across the Sahara? The scholar does not appear to hear the question. He explains with fervor and apparent sincerity how it was a true believer's duty to object if he saw one man ill-using another; but, more to the point, how it was imperative to intervene actively if he saw a master mistreating a slave—unless, he adds in fairness to logic, the slave had misbehaved. At this point one remembers Captain G. F. Lyon's account of his journey with a slave caravan in the Fezzan in 1820; scores of women and children died on the way, and, says the English naval officer, "None of the [slave] owners ever moved without their whips, which were in constant use . . ." The misbehavior of the slaves in this instance was their inability to survive a march of more than a thousand miles across the desert from Lake Chad to Tripoli.

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So much for the Moslem theory and practice of slavery.

It would be totally unfair, however, to suggest that the Arabs invented the institution, or that their exploitation of the system was any worse than that of other nations, ancient or modern. The classical world, like the world into which the Prophet was born, was firmly based on human bondage, a fact which Plato himself took into account in his blueprint of the ideal society—ruled by philosophers, worked by slaves. Here again, the Libyan spokesman for Islam makes his point. Mohammed was not concerned with making a revolution by overthrowing society, he was concerned with improving it by sensible and practicable reforms: his aim was to protect the rights of men—and even of women—and

THE MERCHANDISE WAS HUMAN

By JAMES WELLARD

even of slaves. To denounce slavery in the seventh century was like advocating the emancipation of women: it would have led to the collapse of society. What was needed was what the Greeks called "right thinking" on these and related problems. This is the basis of Koranic law: property must be respected; alms must be given, up to one-fortieth of a man's annual surplus; women's security must be provided for; and slaves must be accorded certain rights.

All this was, in its way, a new and dynamic concept of society, impregnated with a religious fervor which was to shake the foundations of the then-known world for centuries to come. It undoubtedly marked the end of the old classical world. Rome was to follow Greece and Egypt and the other Mediterranean empires into dust. And part of this process—following, that is, the destruction of Roman Africa by the Arab invasions—was the relapsing of the desert into its pristine state of empty wasteland, supporting only the bare minimum of life. As a result the whole of Africa became practically terra incognita to Europeans for the next thousand years.

But then a new factor changed radically the "silence" of Africa. This was the slave trade which, under the efficient direction of the Arabs, was soon to involve the whole civilized world from the end of the Middle Ages to the beginning of the twentieth century. The ancient world, of course, was based on slavery, but not on African slaves. The exploitation of black labor was the contribution of the Arabs to mankind, for it was they who organized the vast traffic in human merchandise out of Africa to the Atlantic and Mediterranean ports. It made the desert an exceedingly busy place, with tens of thousands of men and animals crawling every day across the immense wasteland, since by the eighteenth century the demand for Negro slaves had become insatiable in almost every corner of the globe. Who else was to work the salt mines in the Sahara Desert itself, who the sugar plantations in Barbados, who the tobacco fields in Virginia, who the British, French, Portuguese, Spanish, and Turkish mines and factories, if not the docile African Negro?

The Arabs had the answer to the world's economic problem.

Yet it was a long time before they got the slave trade properly organized. First, they had to conquer by fire and sword hundreds of thousands of square miles in one of the most amazing campaigns of all time, not excluding Alexander's conquest of Asia Minor. For the Arab armies started their invasion of North Africa and southern Europe from Egypt, which entailed crossing the greatest desert on earth from east to west, a march of nearly two thousand miles. It is not surprising, then, that it took them almost a hundred years to wipe out the last vestiges of Byzantine authority in the coastal cities, in addition to the Berber resistance in the desert and mountains. Overpowering the Christians was relatively easy: they collapsed almost at the sight of ten thousand Arab horsemen under their pennants and banners, but the Berbers were a different matter When Arabs and Berbers joined in battle, it was axiomatic that they fought until one side or the other was wiped out to the last man. So died the greatest of Arab generals, the first conqueror of Ifriqiyah,* ʻUqbah ibn-Nafiʻ, who was ambushed near Biskra, "the Garden of Allah," and cut down with every man of his band.

But the Arabs had one advantage over all other armies of conquest: their religion made dying on the field of battle a relatively easy form of martyrdom, since it assured the warrior a passport into the most delightful heaven men had so far conceived. The posthumous rewards for Christian martyrdom, in contrast, were debatable: one is amazed at a young mother like Saint Perpetua of Carthage willingly leaving her new baby and electing to be tossed by a savage cow into eternity. The Mohammedans had far livelier prospects, whence it follows that no other religion has served the cause of war so well as Islam.

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*The name for North Africa borrowed by the Arabs from the Romans.

Moreover, the Arabs had an additional advantage: they were absolutely pitiless in their dealings with their enemies and devised some very fancy tortures, punishments, and insults for those who fell into their hands. We read of a Berber chieftain, though badly wounded, being flayed alive, his skin stuffed with straw, and the dummy thrown into a cage for two monkeys to play with. The Berber had died, incidentally, when the flaying reached his navel—"this enemy of Allah!" exclaims the Arab historian indignantly, as though to underscore the fact that the punishment fitted the crime. It is not surprising, then, that the Arab commanders and governors could put to death all their prisoners in cold blood and thus save themselves the problem of what to do with them. In fact, they often enjoyed doing the job themselves. The Emir Ibrahim, after his victory at Tripoli in 894, sat on his throne, had his prisoners led before him, and personally plunged his spear into their hearts. The admiring Arab historian al-Nuwayri reports that Ibrahim killed five hundred defenseless men in this manner before he grew tired of the sport.

These were the people, then, who took over North Africa and the desert from the Romans and ended by imposing their religion, customs, and language on almost the entire northern half of the African continent—as they had done, in fact, on an area greater even than the Roman Empire, an empire extending from the Bay of Biscay in the west to the confines of China in the east. These, too, were the people who had no interest whatsoever in the welfare of the nations they had conquered except to force their religion on them by the sword. Otherwise, the conquered territories were simply sources of loot.

The loot of Africa was twofold: slaves and ivory—one, in a sense, presupposing the other, since slave porters were obviously needed to bring the ivory out of the Congo. The routes by which both "products" were brought from Lake Chad to the Mediterranean ports had, of course, already been well traveled even in Carthaginian times. The Arab traders simply took over these trans-Saharan trails and went into business. Before their day was over they were estimated to be bringing out 5,000 slaves a year by the Fezzan route alone, losing half of them on the way. By 1900 the Lake Chad region from which these Negroes were taken was practically depopulated.

In the pursuit of the slave trade the Arabs had the same advantages of religion and ferocity as they had had in war. Their attitude was extremely simple. "Allah has created them [Negroes] slaves as he has made their skins black, and you can change the one as little as the other," said the Sheik of the Kwaida tribe, who could trace his descent from the earliest Mohammedan conquerors. He further argued that Allah had created black men to be sold and had given to the Arabs the special right to sell them. "Neither the fact that the Negroes of his old hunting grounds were fast becoming Mohammedans, and as such by the laws of the Koran ceased to be lawful spoil, nor the damage done to the Negro countries by the continual raids, reconciled him to the new conditions. He was a true and pious Mohammedan, and his alms attracted many poor to his village. . . ."

The main trans-Saharan slave routes were:

1) Timbuktu–Taodeni–Fez–Tangier
2) Timbuktu–In Salah–Biskra–Tunis
3) Kano–Agadès–Ghat–Ghadames–Tripoli
4) Lake Chad–Bilma–Murzuq–Mizda–Tripoli
5) Lake Chad–the Tibesti Mountains–Kufra–Benghazi

The greatest traveled of these five main routes seems to have been the fourth, which is the most direct between Lake Chad and Tripoli—the route that the Roman general Julius Maternus probably took in A.D. 70 when he set out from Garama, the capital of the Garamantes. The slave caravans that crossed the Sahara by this Bilma–Murzuq route were enormous, consisting of thousands of camels and thousands of slaves, for the Arab traders traveled together when they could as much for the sake of pleasure as of security. As far as the slave trader's personal safety was concerned, he had nothing to fear but the hostility of the tribes whose country he was crossing. Otherwise he was in no danger of dying of thirst, for he knew the whereabouts of every well between Kano and Tripoli and, in any case, always carried enough water for his own needs. It was the slaves marching across the desert who had to worry about water, and it was this very concern of the Negroes that enabled the Arab slavers to herd their caravans across the desert with the minimum of trouble. In the first place, no prisoner was going to leave the train unless he wanted to commit suicide; in the second, the Arab guards had only to indicate the direction of the next well, or water hole, and the slaves would trudge in that direction. The system was to feed and water the Negroes at the well, point out the road and landmarks to the next, and send the column on its way. The only difficulty was getting the slaves to leave the well and plod off once again into the desert. This was accomplished by blows and curses, but, in general, there was very little resistance at any stage of the journey. The Africans were timid and their sufferings on the trans-Saharan journey reduced them to the condition of automata. A few of the younger and prettier women were kept behind at the oasis to entertain the Arab masters until the arrival of the next caravan. The men, older women, and children were driven off along the road to Tripoli, to reach the next well as best they could. As a result, the route was well marked with the skeletons of adults and children, together with the grotesque carcasses of camels who had died lying on their sides with their heads drawn far back and their legs tucked up. These avenues of bones, along with the stone circles that served as temporary mosques for the pious slave traders to perform their evening rites, still mark the ancient slave-caravan route across the Fezzan—a route which was certainly being used as late as the 1920's. The last-known (i.e., admitted) consignment of slaves to arrive in Murzuq was in 1929, after a two months' march across the desert. From Murzuq there was another month's journey on foot to Tripoli or Benghazi before shipment to Saudi Arabia, but the northern third of the journey was considered easy compared with what the slaves had endured before arriving at Murzuq.

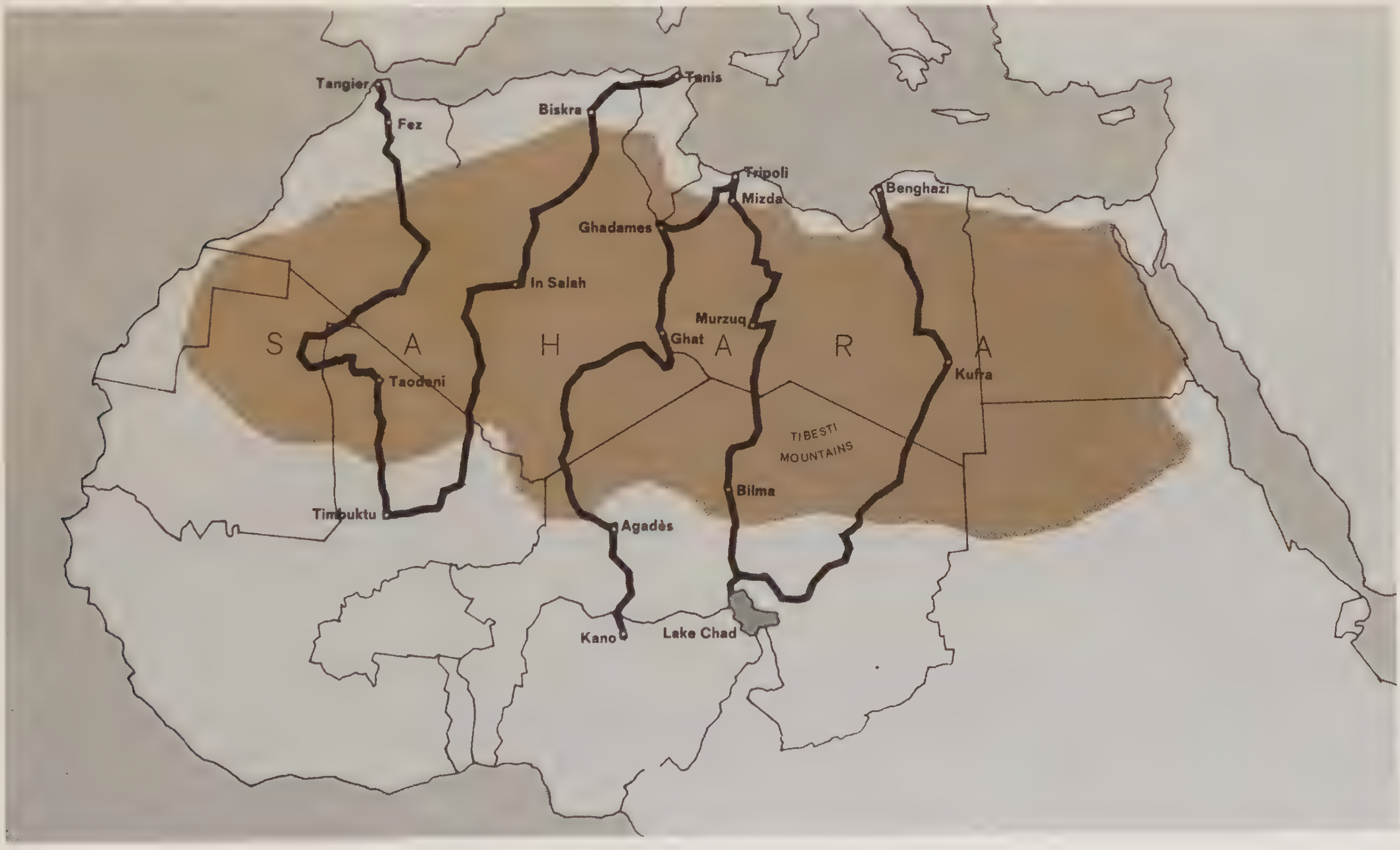
You can still meet older men in the desert who remember bringing slaves back in the northbound caravans from the Niger. The white-robed Libyan who described this traffic to me in the oasis of Greifa, not far from Murzuq, recalled that, in his day, the Negroes were given a trough of beer from which they drank until they were besotted, then shipped off, as sailors were once shanghaied in British ports. He remembered, too, when the nearby oasis of Garama was the stopping place that specialized in castrating selected Negroes intended for the Turkish harems.

Officially the slave trade was prohibited long before 1929; unofficially it has never stopped. However, the chances of a European getting any information about it—apart from hearsay and rumors often padded out with lurid details for the readers of the Sunday newspapers—are slim. Slaving is nowadays a very private monopoly of the Arab world, whose potentates can well afford the luxury on the strength of their oil royalties. Naturally, no one will ever again see the long columns of men, women, and children stumbling across the desert, as the nineteenth-century travelers saw and described them. In any case the commodity is too expensive to treat in this manner. But in those countries where Oriental despots still maintain the system of Islamic feudalism, slaves are obviously needed for the courts and harems of kings and princes. Moral indignation does not enter into this sort of commercial enterprise any more than it does, say, into the international armaments business.

During the great days of the slave trade, Africans were being brought out of the interior at the rate of at least 100,000 a year. In some cases we have fairly exact statistics: for instance, the records show that 300,000 African slaves were exported to British colonies between 1680–1700. Between 1700 and 1786, it has been estimated that 610,000 were imported into Jamaica. The *total* number of Africans sent overseas as slaves from the beginning of the sixteenth century (when the first Negroes were shipped to the Spanish gold mines in Hispaniola) to 1865 (when the United States, one of the last among the Christian countries to do so, abolished slavery by a constitutional amendment) can only be conjectured; but it must have been, at a minimum, twelve million. If we accept Dr. Livingstone's estimate that at least ten lives were lost for every one that reached the coast, the number of Africans who were captured, killed, or exported during the four and a half centuries of the slave trade is almost inconceivable.

The Arabs were by no means responsible for the system, of course. They were merely the entrepreneurs, owing to their conquest of the whole of North Africa and their control of the interior. They were also the conveyors as far as the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, and the Indian Ocean. The Christian nations took over the trade at the ports, with the British getting the lion's share in the transshipment of slaves to the New World. But all the civilized nations at this time were involved in one way or another with the slave trade, and the demand for more and more Africans to work the mines and plantations of the West Indies and North, Central, and South America was enormous. Everybody co-operated to supply the demand, except the Negroes, whose resistance was so feeble as to amount almost to a form of collaboration.

CAL SACHS



The principal slave routes across the Sahara

The rounding up of tens of thousands of prisoners was initially undertaken by the African chiefs in their intertribal wars—at first only in order to get women for their harems. Male slaves were useless, so the men prisoners, later a valuable booty, were disposed of. Dr. Heinrich Barth, traveling in the Sudan in 1851, witnessed one method of disposal:

> To our utmost horror [he writes] not less than one hundred and seventy full-grown men were mercilessly slaughtered in cold blood, the greater part of them being allowed to bleed to death, a leg having been severed from the body.

This wanton destruction of a useful work animal was, of course, typical of those African chieftains who had not been apprised by the Arab agents of the value of the hundred and seventy full-grown men. For where the Arabs had been able to organize the slave trade, many thousands of lives were saved, or, at least, given a one in ten chance of survival. This principle of selling people instead of butchering them had long been recognized by the Congolese, for we find a seventeenth-century Italian explorer relating how one native Congolese was in despair because, having sold his brothers, sisters, children, father, and mother, he had nobody left to sell except his wife, and his personal honor forbade him to sell her.

Once the Moslem traders reached the royal African courts, the system of selling was soon organized on the basis which the Carthaginians had used two thousand years before: the exchange of European gewgaws in return for valuable African products like a strong young man, good-looking young women, or boys and girls suited to the harems. Now it was a question of getting enough prisoners alive, not of killing them off when captured. For this purpose the Arabs organized the *razzia*, an expression in their language originally meaning a "raid against infidels." Eventually it came to mean "a man hunt"—though the Moslems never forgot that an infidel, and especially a Christian, was, from the moral point of view, a better slave than a black believer.

The razzia was a very simple form of man hunt, whether conducted by the Arabs or their Negro converts. It consisted of a surprise raid on a village or an oasis, of cutting down any resistance, taking off the young men and women for slavery, looting the settlement, and, if the loot was inadequate, of burning the houses and palm trees by which the inhabitants survived.

Captain Lyon, one of the first Europeans to travel in the Fezzan, describes a razzia against the Tiboos in 1819, and states that "In the course of one morning, a thousand or fifteen hundred slaves have sometimes been procured in this manner by two or three hundred men only. When the inhabitants are all secured, the camels, flocks, and provisions come into requisition; and these dreaded Arabs march on and conquer other defenseless hoards, in the same manner."

With the connivance, then, of the African chieftains, the Arabs were able to achieve a double purpose by their razzias. First, they did a useful service to some local monarch who wanted his neighbors weakened by having their men carried off into slavery; and secondly, they supplied the European traders with an African commodity these traders had not yet been able to acquire for themselves—for long after the end of the Middle Ages, explorers, traders, and conquerors had great difficulty in penetrating into the interior of the Black Continent, with the notable exception of the Portuguese, whose traders and missionaries had made some progress into West Africa. But practically nothing was known of the African kingdoms lying along the Tropic of Cancer, between the Niger and Lake Chad, until Dr. Barth's explorations of just over one hundred years ago. Our only real source of information was Arabic texts, notably the *Travels* of al-Hasan ibn-Muhammad al-Wazzan, alias Leo Africanus. Just how reliable Arab or Moorish historians are is pretty much open to question, though in fairness to Leo he is engagingly frank about himself. "When I hear the Africans spoken of badly," he said, "I will affirm myself to be from Granada; and when I perceive the Granadans to be discommended, then I profess myself to be an African."*

Nonetheless, it was on Leo's entertaining account of his travels in Africa that geographers, historians, and others had to rely for the next three hundred years, because no European had been as far as Roman Cydamus (Ghadames), let alone Timbuktu, till the second decade of the nineteenth century. So almost all that we know about the African kingdoms south of the Sahara comes from Leo, who visited them in 1520 or thereabouts—or said he did. "I myself saw fifteen kingdoms of the Negroes," he writes; and proceeds to give their names, pointing out that they are for the most part Niger River states.

Slavery was an integral part of life in all these African kingdoms, as the Moslem faith, which they had adopted (the Hausa chieftains calling themselves sultans), did not question the institution but only strengthened it. Slaves, in fact, were the currency of the Negro regions, as they were of Barbary. Leo informs us that one horse was worth fifteen to twenty slaves, the latter being in abundant supply because of the wars and razzias. In fact, in a list of African exports that Leo conveniently prices to illustrate the state of the Barbary market, we find both male and female slaves quoted lower than eunuchs, camels, or civet cats (source of a fixative used in making perfumes).

a skin of the addax gazelle	8 ducats
a man or woman slave	20 ducats
a eunuch	40 ducats
a camel	50 ducats
a civet cat	200 ducats

One notes that a eunuch is worth twice as much as a slave in 1520, and it is surprising that he was not worth more, since the mortality rate among the boys and men who were forcibly gelded was extremely high. Only one out of ten, at the most, survived the "operation," which was done without any kind of surgical skill, let alone an anesthetic. Yet it was usual for the most healthy boys and youths to be chosen for castration, all these eunuchs being sent up the Lake Chad–Bilma–Murzuq caravan route to Tripoli for use in the harems of North Africa, Arabia, and Turkey, except for those retained at the courts of the African kings.

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*al-Hasan, or Leo, was born in Granada, Spain, and taken as a child to live with his parents in Fez, Morocco. He lived and wrote for a time in Rome.

Major Dixon Denham, writing in 1826, tells us that in these African wars "No males were spared on either side, except on terms worse perhaps than death. The sultan of Bornou had more than 200 youths under twenty from Begharmi in his harem, as eunuchs; while the sultan of Begharmi (who was said to have nearly 1,000 wives) had treble that number of unfortunate Bornouese and Kanemboo eunuchs, chosen out of the most healthy young men who had fallen into his hands as prisoners . . ." Since the survival rate of eunuchs was one in ten for the operation and one in ten for the trans-Saharan journey, the odds against a young *castrato* reaching the Tripoli market were, theoretically, only one in a hundred. But the slave merchants could not afford to risk such odds even in the transportation of human beings who were easier to capture and transport than civet cats. So the *castrati* probably received the same preferential treatment accorded to especially beautiful virgins, who were carried in cages on the backs of camels. The other slaves, of course, walked and were driven from well to well, arriving at the coast in the form of living skeletons, there to be fattened up before being sold at the auctions.

We have an eyewitness description by Captain Lyon of a slave caravan which he accompanied from Murzuq to Tripoli, himself attending on many of the girls and children who were left to die on the road by their Arab masters. Of those who arrived at their journey's end after months of traveling across the desert, Captain Lyon has this to say:

> Their good-humored gaiety and songs had lightened to me many hours of pain and fatigue, and their gratitude for any little benefits I had it in my power to confer had quite warmed my heart toward them. Even when so exhausted as to be almost unable to walk, these poor creatures showed few instances of sulkiness or despondency; the first stanza of a song having been sung by one enlivened the whole *Kafflé*, who immediately joined in chorus. Their patience under fatigue and endurance of thirst was very extraordinary. Khalīfa's girls were allowed to drink only once in twenty-four hours, yet they were always cheerful.
>
> I was frequently amused by observing the pains taken by these innocent savages to adorn themselves . . . Though overcome by privation of every kind, and by the fatigue of a long day's journey, they employed themselves in converting into neck ornaments snail shells, berries, or any other whimsical objects they could meet with. . . .
>
> One of the women of the Fellāta had a little male child, which was carried by turns by the whole *Kafflé*. Her milk had failed her, and this poor infant had nothing to nourish him but a mixture of cold water and flour, unless I sometimes gave him some cusscussou [couscous] . . .
>
> None of the [slave] owners ever moved without their whips, which were in constant use; that of Hadje Mohammed more so than the rest: in fact, he was so perpetually flogging his poor slaves that I was frequently obliged to disarm him . . . No slave dares to be ill or unable to walk; but when the poor sufferer dies, the master suspects there must have been something "wrong inside," and regrets not having liberally applied the usual remedy of burning the belly with a red hot iron . . .

Thus, for more than ten centuries, the Negro captured in the villages and forests of Central Africa was the cornerstone of the Saharan economy—first, because it was he who worked the oases and the salt mines; and second, because he helped to provide the Saharan tribes with a *raison d'être*. This was the convoying of the slave caravans across the desert.

It is worth taking a look at the particular Saharan tribe that has ruled the desert, perhaps even from Carthaginian times—the Tuareg, or "Veiled Men." It is possible that these people are the direct descendants of those nomadic tribes which inhabited the Garamantian kingdom in Greek and Roman times. Whether this is the case or not, the Tuareg until quite recently were, in a sense, a nation whose culture and language had survived relatively unchanged since classical times.

The traveler who visits one of their settlements, particularly an encampment near an oasis that has some connection with the outside world, soon has visual proof of this. If he is lucky (soliciting the aid of the local police is the best approach), he will be invited into one of the black tents which are open on all four sides to allow the breeze, if any, to blow through. At such a settlement, between what is called the Red Rock Desert and the Great Eastern Sand Sea in western Libya, I made off toward such a tent, from whence came the beating of a drum. There were five men in the tent, two in the dark blue ceremonial gowns of the nobility, the others in white. All were veiled, and what was visible of their faces was stained purplish by the dye of the veil. What was most striking, however, was the curious combination of impassivity and ferocity in their dark, partly bloodshot eyes, gazing unblinking through the slit of their veil. The two chiefs, who sat enthroned on a bolster, spoke not a word and made no sign or gesture of either friendliness or hostility in response to my wishes for the happiness of the bridegroom, for this was a wedding party —or the male part of it—and the drum was announcing the fact. There was no recognizable human expression in their regard: their manner and posture were strictly ritualistic. It was obvious that they belonged to another world altogether; we had nothing in common—neither experience, language, nor, possibly, human emotions. My presence was tolerated as part of the courtesy of the desert. Their tent was open to anyone who wanted to sit in the shade.

One was struck above all by the archaism of the scene: five men sitting in a tent doing nothing for hour after hour, yet concentrating with all their being on maintaining the tradition and ceremony of a vanished way of life. For the regime of the Tuareg is over. His is a cameline economy. He is, or was, a caravaner. And the caravans are almost a thing of the past. There are still thousands of camels in the desert, but there are few long-distance caravans. Airplanes, Land-Rovers, and heavy diesel trucks have replaced them. Tractors are replacing the plow camels. Roads are reaching out across the entire desert. Nobody needs to depend on the Tuareg for transport or protection, and these are the only functions he knows. It is not clear how those who reside in the vicinity of the oases live at all. They have a few goats, tents of goatskin, camels, and nothing else. They are still adept at going out into the desert to find odds and ends of fuel, which they bring in on their camels—enough roots of trees to light the domestic fire. Otherwise they have nothing to do and do nothing.

The five men I found sitting in their tent in the desert were representative of the Tuareg who have close contact with "civilization." A few survivors of the great days of their desert dominion are still to be found in the remoter corners of the Aïr, and they would be no more strange in appearance, accoutrements, and weapons to a Roman observer than they are to us. The camel is the same; so is the riding saddle; so is the rider's "seat" and his method of guiding his mount with his bare feet (as the legs are used for "aids" in riding a horse). The Tuareg's provision for a long trip into the desert is still one goatskin of meal and another of water, with a handful of dates to appease his hunger on long marches. His weapons are a sword, a spear, a dagger, and a large shield made of sun-dried hide—arms which would make him a fair match for a Roman soldier.

But this type of fiercely independent, proud, and primitively armed fighting man is disappearing, along with his basic culture and even his language. Language is an index of the rise or fall of an ethnic group. Temajegh, the language of the Tuareg, is an example. It survives in everyday usage; the written alphabet, called T'ifinagh, is all but forgotten. It was once the duty of all noble Tuareg women to be able to write in the T'ifinagh script, which is one of the most ancient of North African alphabets, going back at least to Carthaginian times and probably, like all other Western alphabets, derived from the Phoenician. But since in the old monuments it is written from left to right, right to left, up to down, down to up, and in the spiral manner, it is, not unnaturally, difficult to read! In fact, within a few years there will be nobody left who can write it at all, and it will take its place with old Cornish as an utterly "dead" language.

In short, with the official abolition of the slave trade, the desert tribes, and the desert itself for that matter, began to play a diminished part in human affairs, and the Tuareg, who had been the only link for two and a half thousand years between Central Africa and the Mediterranean—in other words, between the Negro and the white world—began to pass from the stage of history. They were left unemployed and purposeless, with the result that they turned to intertribal war and oasis-raiding to keep some semblance of their nationhood. Then, again, as the supply of black labor for the cultivation of the oases dried up, the palmeries were increasingly neglected and often, as the consequence of a razzia, completely destroyed. The size and number of the oases decreased, sand filled the wells and cisterns—many of which had been carefully maintained since Roman times—and the age-old trails became more and more hazardous and finally were hardly used at all. The sizable cities along the caravan routes—towns like Agadès, Bilma, Ghat, Murzuq, Garama, Ghadames, and Mizda—were soon lifeless settlements with practically no commerce at all to justify their size and population.

The student of Saharan history is particularly conscious of this change as he travels the old routes made familiar by the descriptions of Lyon, Denham, Barth, and Henri Duveyrier. Murzuq throughout the nineteenth century, for instance, was a thriving, bustling town, crossroads of the main caravan routes of the central Sahara. Arab, Turkish, Egyptian, and even some European commercial agents had offices there to expedite the flow of goods southward to the Chad and northward to the Mediterranean ports. It was an especially favored oasis since it stands between two fearsome deserts, the Great Sand Sea to the south and the Black Stone Desert to the north. It was important enough, in fact, for the Arabs, Turks, and Italians each to have built a fort there, all three of which still survive in varying degrees of disintegration: the Arab fort with its conical tower of plastered mud is about to collapse; the Turkish castle is abandoned; and the Italian fort, built in the best tradition of a Hollywood Foreign Legion epic, is only partially occupied by a detachment of Libyan police.

These forts no longer serve any purpose, for Murzuq, formerly the capital of the Fezzan, is now only a halt on the Tripoli–Lake Chad trail—an unmade and unmarked track which is used by an occasional truck convoy carrying supplies down to the oil camps in the Tibesti. It has no other function, and an air of decay hangs over the town, especially over the great square where the thousands of slaves who had survived the march across the Tibesti Mountains and Southern Sand Sea were auctioned off to the dealers. As in other Saharan oases, the streets are crowded with men and boys who have nothing to do, since women and donkeys cultivate the gardens and women do all the selling in the market. Some of the older men, aloof in their white robes and hoods, seem to be remembering the great days of Murzuq, when a caravan of hundreds of camels and thousands of slaves arrived from the south several times a year and the town was full of Arab traders, Tuareg tribesmen, Turkish soldiers, and the riffraff of the desert. This was how the first European travelers saw Murzuq, including the young Scottish surgeon Joseph Ritchie, who accompanied Captain Lyon into the desert in 1819. Ritchie died here of fever, "expiring without a groan or a pang," and was buried secretly at night so that his companions could read the Protestant burial service over his grave. Wandering through the streets of Murzuq, especially after sunset when the desert night seems to swallow up the forts, mosques, and slave market of this doomed oasis, the traveler has the time and solitude to recall those who were here before him and their accounts of their trials, endured with so much courage and simple faith.

Even after the slave trade had been suppressed, the old life of the desert survived for a while for one simple reason if no other: the absence of salt in the Sudan. Nearly all the salt in Central Africa had always come from the north across the Sahara on the backs of camels, donkeys, horses, and oxen. The salt mines in the middle of the most terrible wastelands of the desert—at Taghaza, at Taodeni, and at Bilma—had always been worked all the year round by Negro slaves, who died within a few years of their arrival at the mines and were immediately replaced by new workers. The salt they mined was worth its weight in gold in Timbuktu, and its transport across the desert was a commercial enterprise of unbelievable size, involving the assembling of as many as 40,000 camels to make the quick dash from Bilma to Kano. These immense convoys carrying salt on the outward journey and cloth and corn when homeward bound helped to support the Tuareg's economy, since they had to breed great numbers of camels to replace those lost on the journey and to provide guides and escorts for the train. This caravan traffic continued right up to the beginning of the twentieth century, and would still continue today if it were not for the internal-combustion engine. But the motor truck has replaced the camel in the desert as surely as the tractor has replaced the farm horse on the prairies of the United States.

To the Western observer of a romantic turn of mind the disappearance of the camel from the desert is a cause for regret until, perhaps, he considers the amount and degree of suffering that the system entailed. There are certainly tens of thousands of human and animal skeletons now buried beneath the sand to testify to this fact. The loss of entire caravans consisting of 2,000 men and 1,800 camels, as in 1805, is not uncommon in Saharan history. On this occasion the whole convoy perished of thirst on the Timbuktu–Taghaza trail. Other large parties wearily marching across the desert had met the same fate before and since. In fact, what with the sufferings of the Africans driven northward to slavery, the horrible life of the salt miners, the torments of thirst endured by the caravaners, the terror of the dwellers in the oases subjected to continual raids by the desert bandits, not to mention the misery of the overladen and exhausted beasts of burden, the history of the Saharan trade is neither romantic nor pleasant. In a sense it is further debased by the ruthlessness and cruelty of the Arab bosses who controlled it from earliest times. About all that can be said in excuse, if excuse it is, is that Christians exploited and profited from the same trade for four hundred years, during which captive Africans were shipped to the Americas from the West African ports by the tens of thousands. Whether conditions were any better on the ocean voyage than on the desert journey is unlikely; or whether slaves were any happier on the cotton plantations of the southern United States than in the palmeries of southern Tunisia is unknown. In all cases the black men were chased like animals, rounded up and marched away like convicts, and allowed to die like flies.

In 1910 Hanns Vischer wrote descriptively in *Across the Sahara*:

> . . . the ground [near the well] was literally strewn with old ropes, baskets, and pieces of clothes, the remains of horses, donkeys, camels, human skulls and thigh bones, which certainly gave one an idea of the traffic of former days. It is always near a well that the greatest number of bones are seen. The young slave children, weary from the cruel march through the desert, had perhaps strayed from the caravan or fallen by the road. When sufficient force enabled them to crawl to the well, they had found the caravan gone—without food, and too weak to draw up water for themselves, they had lain down to die, quietly, in company with some sick camel, who, abandoned by the men, had with its last remaining strength followed in the track of its companions.

The sufferings of these slave children dying from starvation after they had crawled to the wells had long been justified by the Church, both Catholic and Protestant: the slave trade, said the divines, gave Christians an opportunity of saving Negro souls. With the blessings, then, of both the Moslem and the Christian religions, the trade continued unabated until the British decided to abolish it. The immediate result was that the slave ships, chased by Royal Navy gunboats, crowded on all sail and jettisoned their cargo. In the meantime, the overland caravans continued to plod across the Sahara Desert under the whips of their Moslem masters. In both cases the priests were proved correct. The Africans bound for the Americas were converted to Christianity; those for the Middle East, to Islam.

James Wellard has been a Rockefeller Fellow, war correspondent, and Fulbright lecturer. This article will appear in The Great Sahara, *to be published in February by E. P. Dutton & Company.*

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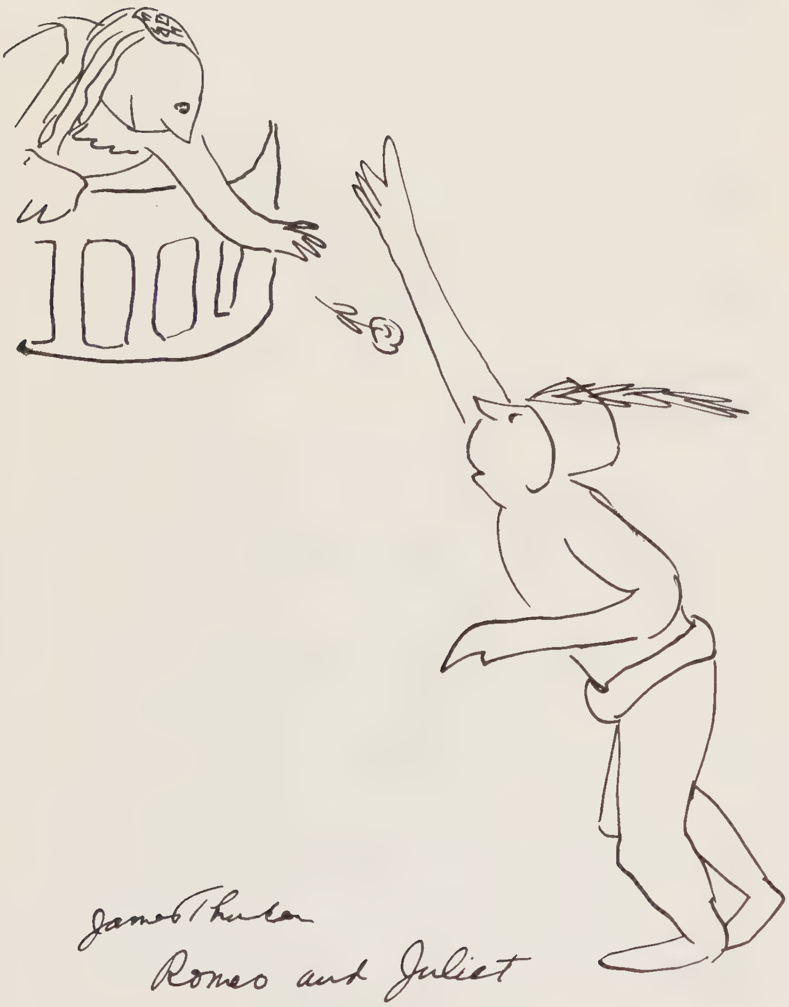
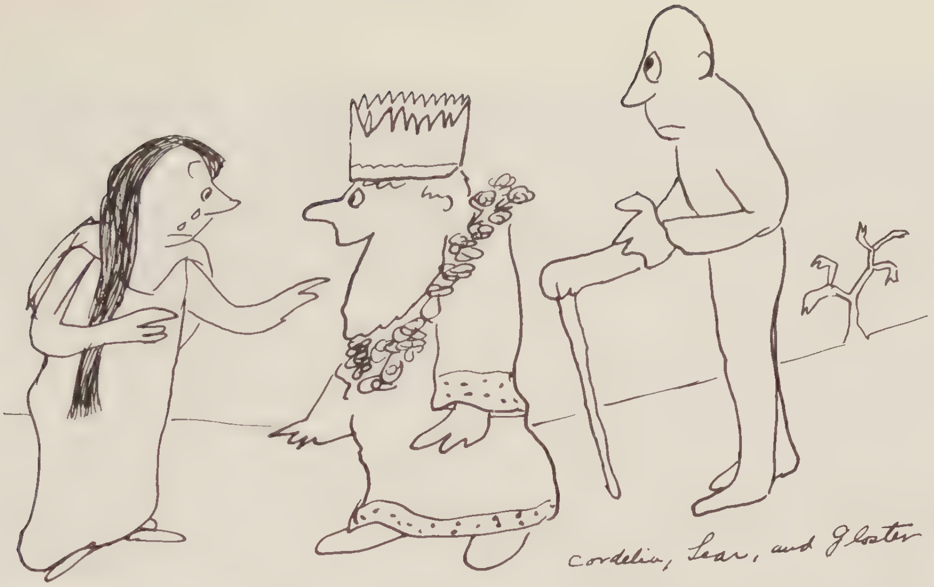
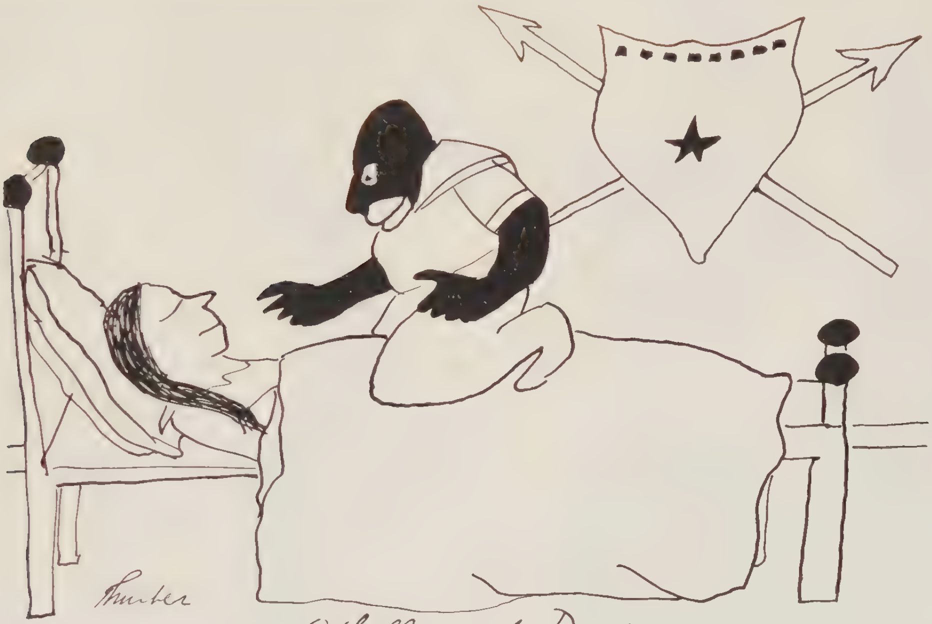


THURBER
ON
AVON

The Shakespeare quadricentennial year has just ended. The Bard has been honored not only by the performance of his plays, but with postage stamps, children's sweat shirts, and a mountainous outpouring of spoken and written words. HORIZON has only a postscript to add to the anniversary. These drawings by the late James Thurber appeared in 1935 in a now defunct magazine called *Stage*. They didn't commemorate anything. There just happened to be a larger than usual number of Shakespeare's plays produced that winter in New York, and one of the editors of *Stage* just happened to be a friend of Mr. Thurber's. The pictures have never been reprinted anywhere because, Mrs. Thurber says frankly, "They got lost, and we only found them recently."

And so, to end the matter until 2064, we present James Thurber's interpretation of William Shakespeare.


Cordelia, Lear, and Gloster



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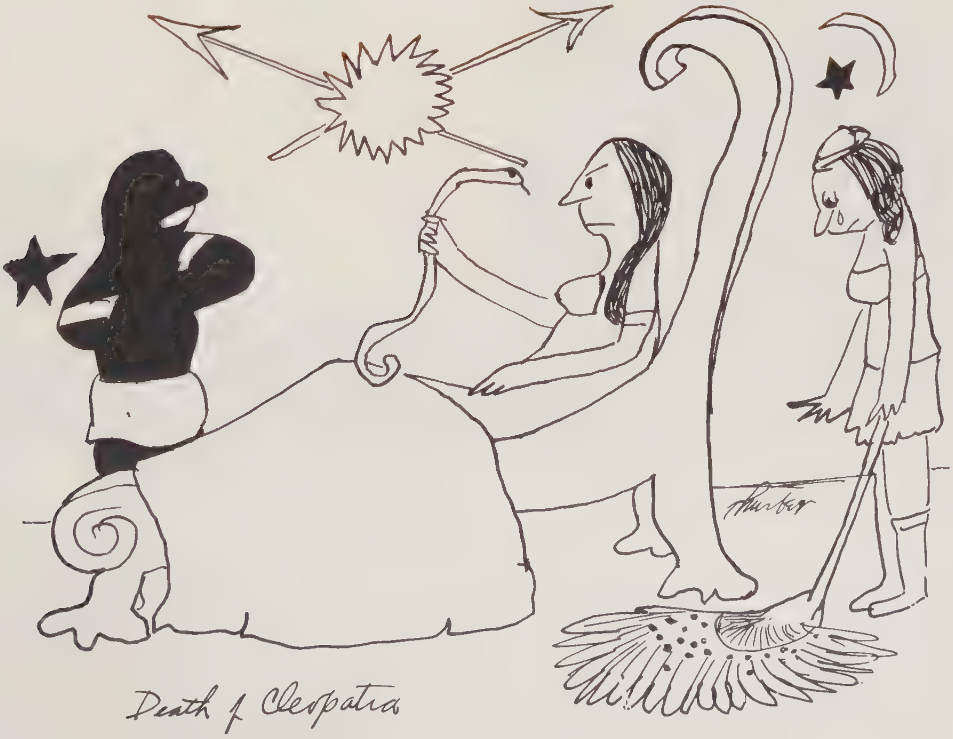

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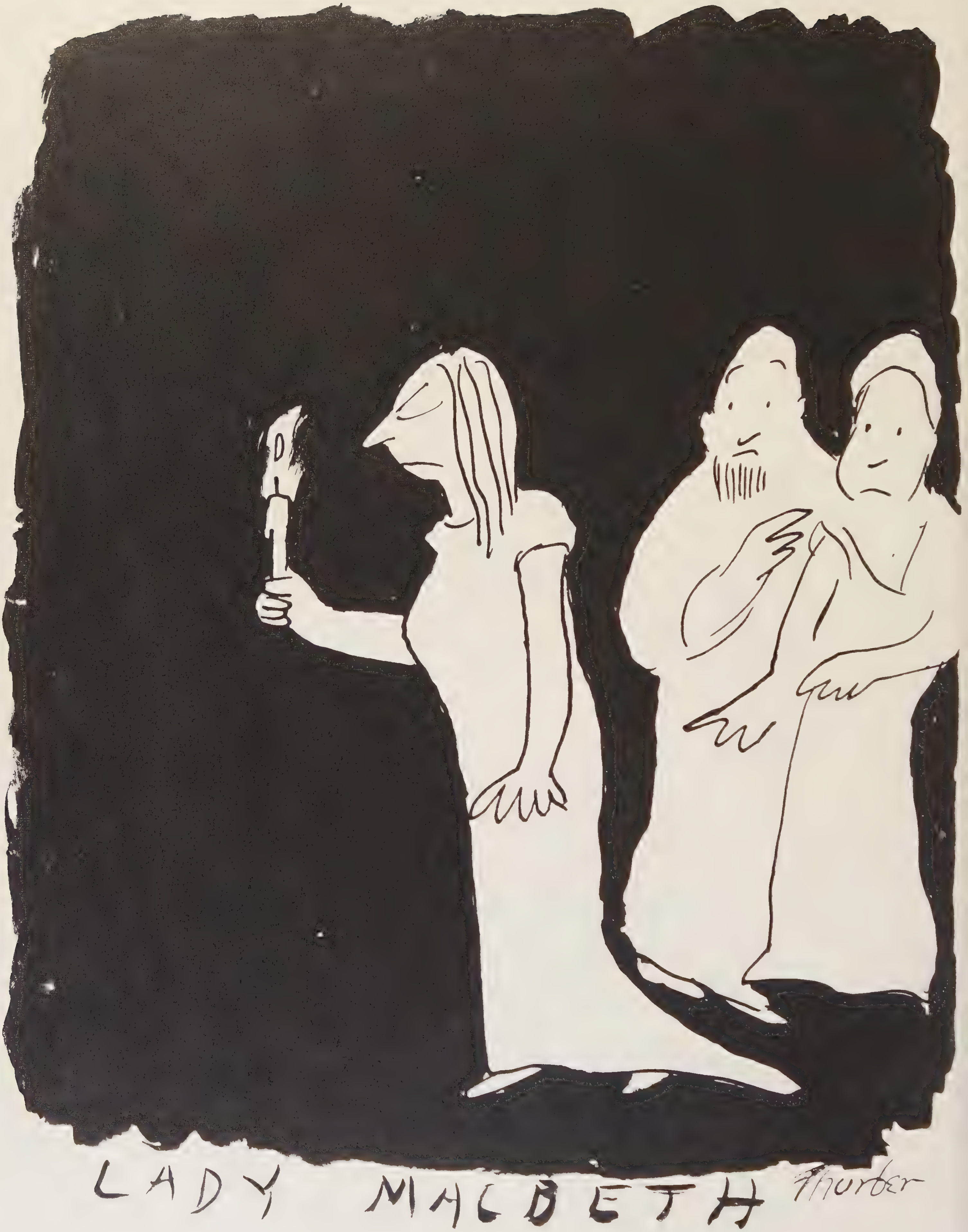

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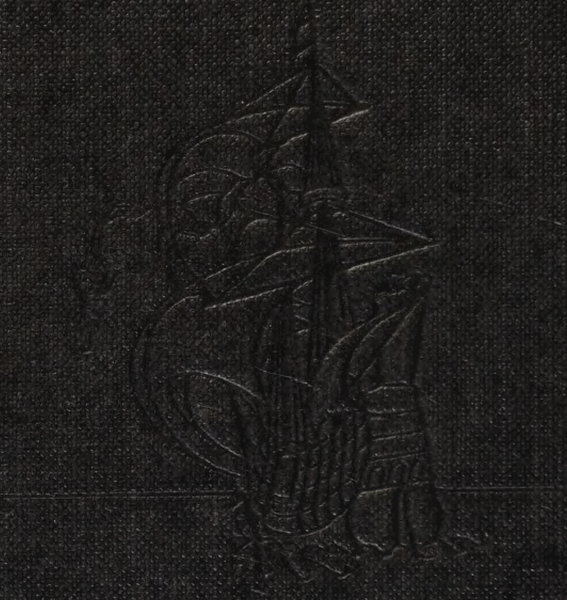

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